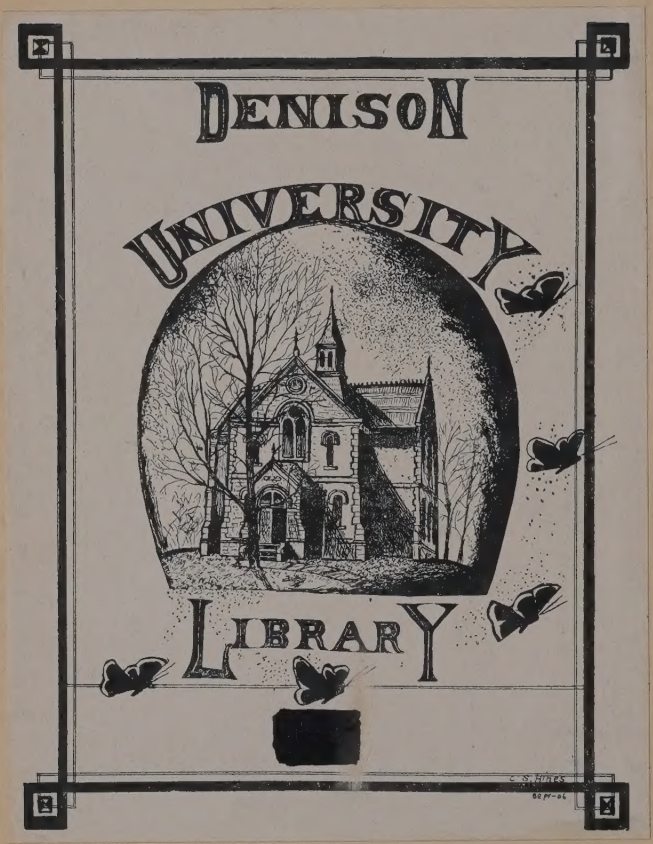
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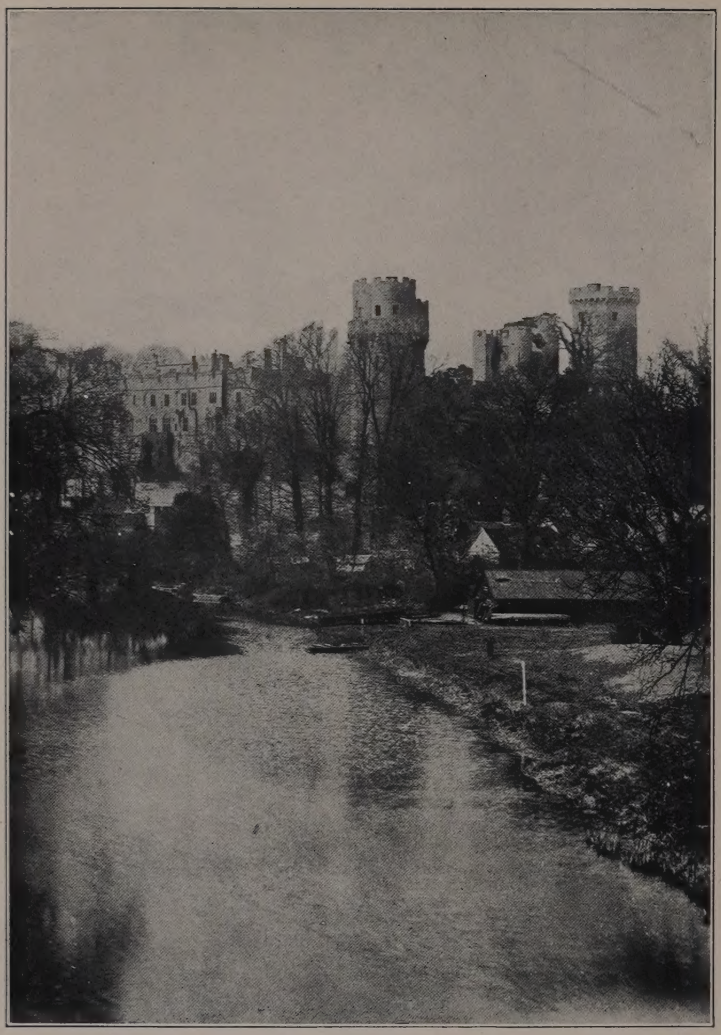
CARPENTER'S WORLD TRAVELS

—

Familiar Talks About Countries and Peoples

WITH THE AUTHOR ON THE SPOT AND THE READER IN HIS HOME, BASED ON A HALF MILLION MILES OF TRAVEL OVER THE GLOBE

"READING CARPENTER IS SEEING THE WORLD"



IN ENGLAND

One is never long out of sight of the castles and churches in the building of which, many centuries ago, the kings and nobles of the past gave expression to their wealth, power, and religious faith.

CARPENTER'S WORLD TRAVELS

THE BRITISH ISLES AND THE BALTIC STATES

England, Wales, Scotland, Northern Ireland, the Irish Free State, Germany, Poland, Latvia, Russia, Esthonia, and Finland

BY
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WITH 96 ILLUSTRATIONS
FROM ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPHS

GARDEN CITY NEW YORK
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
1926

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ACKNOWLEDGMENT

IN THE publication of the story of my travels in Germany, Poland, and the Baltic republics, I wish to thank the Secretary of State for letters that have given me the assistance of the official representatives of our government in the countries visited. I thank also our Secretary of Agriculture and our Secretary of Labour for appointing me an honorary commissioner of their departments in foreign lands. Their credentials have been of the greatest value, making available to me sources of information seldom open to the ordinary traveller. To the authorities of these countries I desire to express my thanks for exceptional courtesies, which greatly aided my investigations.

I also thank Mr. Dudley Harmon, my editor, and Miss Josephine Lehmann, my associate editor, for their assistance and coöperation in the revision of notes dictated or penned by me on the ground.

F. G. C.

NOTE

Owing to his untimely death in Nanking, China, in the midst of what he planned to make his final trip around the world, Mr. Carpenter was unable to make another visit to the British Isles, as he had intended. The chapters in this volume relating to England, Wales, Scotland, North-

ern Ireland and the Irish Free State, were, therefore, prepared by the undersigned, who visited these countries, and endeavoured, in both itinerary and method, to carry out, as far as possible, Mr. Carpenter's own plans for gathering material there.

While most of the illustrations in CARPENTER'S WORLD TRAVELS are from Mr. Carpenter's own negatives, those in this volume have been supplemented by photographs from the Topical Press Agency of London, the Publishers' Photo Service and Ewing Galloway of New York, William Thompson, and the American Red Cross.

D. H.

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THE BRITISH ISLES
AND
THE BALTIC STATES

THE BRITISH ISLES
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THE BALTIC STATES

CHAPTER I

JUST A WORD BEFORE WE START

IN THE travels of this book we shall spend most of our time in the British Isles, in countries that are more interesting to us, as Americans, than any outside the United States. For many of us, they are the lands of our fathers, and in visiting them we are prepared to feel quite at home. As a people, we are close kin to the British, deriving from them our language, our customs, our social institutions, and many of our methods of government.

We shall go first to London, and from there make excursions into some of the picturesque regions of England, to Oxford, and to the great industrial centres. In this way we shall get views of both the England of the past and the living nation of to-day. In Wales, we shall visit the coal fields of the south, and make our way through the hills to the famous castles and beaches of the north. Along the Clyde in Scotland, we shall see one of the great cradles of British shipping, and at Edinburgh shall breathe the air of romance of the days of Mary, Queen of Scots. We shall proceed along the northeast coast of Scotland to Inverness, "capital of the Highlands," and, returning

south, pass through the Grampian Hills, the highest mountains of northern Britain.

Crossing over to Ireland, we shall traverse that country from Belfast to Killarney. In Dublin we shall meet the group of young men who are piloting the Irish Free State through the troubled seas of political independence. From Ireland we shall proceed to the continent of Europe, there to get glimpses of the youthful war-born republics along the Baltic.

Before beginning our journeys in Great Britain, let us take a moment to consider that country and her position in the world to-day. It is the headquarters of the British Empire, which now embraces one quarter of all the land on earth, and one fourth of all the people in the world. The British flag flies on every continent, and on islands in every ocean. Practically every commodity known to world trade is produced within the British Empire, and British ships constitute nearly forty per cent. of the tonnage afloat on the seven seas. Mother Earth is girdled by a chain of British ports.

The empire is a vast aggregation of dominions, colonies, protectorates, mandated territories, and military outposts. From Gibraltar, with its area of only two square miles, to Canada, larger than the United States, and Australia and India, nearly as large, it contains so many units that not one Englishman in a hundred could name them all. The British prime minister and his aids hold in their hands a skein of strings that reach out to the most remote corners of the world, and control many of its most important regions.

It is customary nowadays to speak of the British Empire as a "commonwealth of nations." This refers, of course,

to that part of it consisting of Great Britain and the self-governing dominions of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, the Union of South Africa, and the Irish Free State. Newfoundland, Britain's oldest colony, also enjoys self-government. In every one of these countries, the supreme power is nominally vested in the British King, yet each of them has as large a measure of self-rule as we have, pays no more tax or tribute to Great Britain than we do, and is free to follow the United Kingdom into war, or remain at peace, as it pleases. We think of the British as ruled by a monarch, yet they will tell us that they consider they enjoy even more democracy than exists in the United States, and that they have more liberty than we in "the land of the free."

Compared to the empire, the island of Great Britain, where control of this mighty combination of political power and world trade is centred, is hardly more than a rock sticking up out of the sea. England, Wales, and Scotland have together an area less than that of Oregon; and England, by far the most important section, is but a trifle larger than New York. England is not especially rich in natural resources, yet, in proportion to its size, it supports a larger population than any country in the world.

The British owe much of their strength to the fact that their country is an island. Although the English Channel is less than thirty miles wide at its narrowest portion, its deadly currents and uncertain weather have kept Britain free from invasion. Until the Zeppelin and airplane bombardments of London from the air during the World War, the English capital had not been attacked in more than one thousand years. While the countries of Europe have been repeatedly laid waste by wars, England has enjoyed

unbroken centuries of comparative peace at home. Her civil wars did not bring ruin either to the land or the people, and her armies have done practically all their fighting in other countries. The English of to-day are a mixture of Saxons, Angles, Danes, and Normans, but for centuries they have been as one people. They achieved unity of race, religion, and government while their neighbours in Europe were torn asunder by wars and religious dissensions. The British were the first to learn the value of team work and compromise in national affairs.

Secure in their own "tight little isle," the British became the world's greatest traders. Because their island is situated opposite the great ports of northern Europe, the shipping of that continent has always had to pass their very doors. The fleets which the British built to ward off invasion won for them also a dominance in world trade which Spain, France, or Germany was not able to break.

Since the days of Queen Elizabeth, the British have been foremost among the seafaring peoples, ready to take their chances on the ocean, and to try their fortunes in some distant land. The day of the Drakes and the Raleighs has passed, but English young men are still adventuring into the undeveloped portions of the world. Practically every family has a son in America, Africa, or the Orient, adding his bit to the wealth and strength of the empire, and never ceasing to think of Britain as "home." The British have sent their money abroad, as well as their young men, and have to-day an annual income of some fifteen hundred million dollars from their enterprises in other lands. These, together with the merchant fleet and the great industries at home, support the forty-two million inhabitants of the island of Great Britain.

When the American sees in England baths built by the Romans nearly two thousand years ago, he begins to realize the age of the country. There are also many evidences of Roman occupation in the older portions of London.

Despite England's wealth in factories, ships, and mines, the pressure of population drives many into the ranks of the unemployed, and sends into London's streets hundreds of mendicants and peddlers.

CHAPTER II

THE BIGGEST CITY ON EARTH

I AM in London, the premier metropolis of the globe. It is the most important political and financial centre of the world, and the home of one and one half million more people than live in New York. Its residents could populate two cities the size of Chicago or Berlin, with enough left over to fill up Cleveland, Ohio. Paris, which the French consider the centre of the universe, is less than half as large as London. The English capital contains one sixth of all the inhabitants of the British Isles, or more than the total population of New England.

In area, London greatly exceeds our largest cities. It has almost twice as much ground as Los Angeles, and more than twice as much as New York. Eleven cities the area of Washington, D. C., could be put in the London area, which is more than six times larger than the block of land, ten miles square, ceded by Maryland and Virginia to form the original District of Columbia. Greater London includes all of Middlesex County, and large portions of Essex, Surrey, Kent, and Hertfordshire.

There are really several Londons, varying in size, area, and mode of government. The original London—"the City" of the London of to-day—has an area of only one square mile, and a population of hardly twenty thousand people. "The City" is the financial district of modern London, and, like Wall Street in New York, it teems with

hundreds of thousands of workers by day, but is practically deserted by night.

The next largest London is the County of London, with an area of 115.8 square miles. For postal purposes, London is an area of 240 square miles, which the post office authorities have divided up into East Central, West Central, Southwest, etc., to facilitate the delivery of mail. The London of the metropolitan water board is 559 square miles in extent, while "Greater London," protected by the metropolitan and city police, has an area of 602 square miles and a population of nearly eight millions. It is now proposed to create, for purposes of sanitary regulation, an even greater London, which will gather in so many of the suburbs as to have an area of three million acres and more than nine million inhabitants.

Not only are there several Londons, but the County of London is an aggregation of cities within a city. In addition to the ancient "City of London," there are also the "City of Westminster," and twenty-seven other boroughs. Until about forty years ago, these areas, which, like Topsy, had "just growed," without any well-defined relation to London, were controlled by no less than forty-two administrative bodies and nearly one hundred and fifty non-administrative bodies Until well into the nineteenth century, the government of London was parochial and mediæval, and nothing approaching our modern city management existed. In 1888, a semblance of order was brought out of this municipal chaos by the creation of the London County Council, consisting of twenty aldermen and one hundred and twenty-four councillors. The taxpayers elect the councillors, who in turn elect the aldermen. Each of the boroughs has also its council, composed of

aldermen and councillors, which fixes the borough taxes and in general has jurisdiction over matters not included in the powers of the London County Council.

The London County Council comes nearest to being the supreme authority in the mixed government of modern London. It supervises street improvements, fire protection, and building regulations. It has general oversight of education, of bridges, ferries, and tunnels; it builds and rents houses for the working classes, licenses theatres, operates the tramways, and regulates the busses, taxicabs, and other vehicular traffic of the city. Its activities range from looking after the welfare of blind persons to testing weights and measures. It spends more than one hundred million dollars a year. To get an idea of the total cost of governing London, one must add to this sum the ten million dollars expended by the corporation of the City of London, the twenty-five millions spent by the metropolitan water board, and the fifteen millions expended by the metropolitan asylum board, a total of one hundred and fifty million dollars. This does not include the cost of the police, which are controlled and paid by the Home Office of the British government, which corresponds to our Department of the Interior.

In matters of water, gas, and electricity supply, the London systems are as mixed as is her mode of government. Private water companies have been largely eliminated, but there are several gas and electricity systems, some municipally owned, and some in the hands of commercial interests. The first fire brigades were maintained by the insurance companies, and to this day they bear part of the cost of the London fire department.

The mediæval system of government still survives in the

City, where even the powers of the London County Council are almost negligible, and where the police force is a separate body from that patrolling the rest of London. For a thousand years or more, the City was controlled largely by merchants and traders, and now, in the twentieth century, the Corporation is still in the hands of the commercial and financial interests, which have successfully withstood efforts to abolish or lessen their ancient powers.

When the Romans conquered England within ten years after the death of Christ, there was a city on the site of London. The Britons called it "Llyn-din," a Celtic name meaning "Lake Fort." Less than twenty years later Tacitus reported that "Londinium" was resorted to by crowds of merchants and traders, many of whom had made their way fifty miles up the Thames in vessels from overseas. For four centuries London was one of the most prosperous cities of the Romans, but after they left, it sank into obscurity until the time of the Saxons. We know that in 866 King Alfred rebuilt the walls enclosing the city. During the next two hundred years, London rose to importance again, and it was in this period that many of the most ancient of its institutions came into being. Some of them, such as the offices of sheriff and alderman, are found in our own government to-day.

William the Conqueror, when he landed in England in 1066, found the merchants of London so powerful that he granted the City a special charter, the original of which I have seen in the Guildhall. At the same time, William took the precaution of building for himself a great stronghold, the Tower of London, on the banks of the Thames within the city walls.

Under succeeding kings, London not only retained but

increased its powers and privileges. Monarchs in need of cash resorted to the merchants of London. These loans to kings were usually made the occasion for obtaining more privileges for the City. James II, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, sought to gain London's support for his tottering throne by promising to restore ancient privileges which he and his brother, Charles II, had revoked.

From early times the control of London was practically in the hands of "liveried companies," or guilds, made up of the chief crafts and trades. It was they who chose the aldermen and councillors and the lord mayor—and they do so still. There were originally more than one hundred of these guilds, and there are eighty of them on the official list to-day, on which the first twelve are still known as the "Great Companies." In their order of precedence, these are the Mercers Guild, the Grocers, Drapers, Fishmongers, Goldsmiths, Skinners, Merchant Tailors, Haberdashers, Salters, Ironmongers, Vintners, and Clothworkers. The famous Lord Mayor Dick Whittington was a member of the Mercers Guild.

These companies have to-day an aggregate income of more than three million dollars, much of which is expended on technical and industrial education. Membership in a "liveried company" entitles the holder to a vote in the affairs of the City, besides attendance at the annual dinners, which are usually notable occasions at which prominent men are among the guests. Most of the guilds still have their own buildings, and the Guildhall, erected four hundred years ago for their common use, is the place where sovereigns and princes are entertained, the "freedom" of city is conferred, and other great functions take place. It houses also the offices and council chamber of the City, the

Lord Mayor having his official residence in the Mansion House.

When British kings of the Middle Ages returned victorious to London it was the guilds which provided the pageantry and display of the times, just as to-day the shopkeepers look upon the royal processions as valuable aids to "good business." Each year, on November 8, a new Lord Mayor is installed in office. On the following day all the costumes, ceremonies, and pageantry of centuries ago are revived, and the proceedings are appropriately known as "The Lord Mayor's Show." The status of this official in olden times is indicated by the unique privileges he enjoys to-day. Within the City he takes precedence over every other subject of the British crown. The King himself does not visit the City without stopping at the site of the ancient Temple Bar and receiving the Lord Mayor's permission to enter. Each quarter a representative of the King gives the Lord Mayor the password to the Tower of London, and he is summoned to sit with the Privy Council whenever a new king ascends the throne. He used to have the privilege of serving as butler at the coronation banquets, but this has been allowed to lapse. A few years ago, however, an English court solemnly ruled that the Lord Mayor had the right to "bear the crystal mace" at each coronation.

Convenient as they used to find it to borrow money in the City—and even more convenient not to pay it back—the British rulers were jealous of its ever-growing wealth and powers. They were even more opposed to the growth of London outside the walls, and repeatedly tried to stop it. All suburbs were viewed with suspicion as potential places of refuge for dangerous persons. Queen Elizabeth

decreed that no house should be erected within three miles of the city gates, that not more than one family should live within a single dwelling, and that houses built within seven years should not be let. Charles I, in 1630, tried by similar edicts to hold in check the greater London, which by that time had more than three hundred thousand people. The inhabitants of the London of the Saxons numbered only from ten to twenty thousand, and under the Normans the city had a population of but forty thousand. When Henry VIII seized the property of the Catholic Church in England, in pursuance of his matrimonial plans, it was estimated that one third of the population of London were nuns and monks, who held lands and buildings covering one fourth of its area. The first census of London, not taken until 1801, showed only eight hundred and sixty-four thousand inhabitants. This city, in other words, has multiplied itself nearly nine times in the last century and a quarter, and there is no indication that it will not continue to grow.

There is nothing in the least impressive or beautiful about the physical setting of London. The absence of any big hills makes it impossible to get a general view of the city except from an airplane. It was not built according to any plan, and is to-day a city without form. The dominant element, of course, is the Thames, which the city still straddles as of old, but the river that formerly flowed through marshy lands has been confined within a comparatively narrow channel by stone walls and quays. An American who rather contemptuously compared the Thames to the rivers of our country received this reply from a British statesman: "Ah, but you are mistaken, the Thames is not a river; it is liquid history."

Although an enormous population lives on the south side of the Thames, it is largely an area of industry, the ugliness of which along the river has not been relieved by fine buildings and parks as is the case on the north bank. The Romans were the first to span the Thames, but there are now some fourteen "London bridges," and numerous tunnels have been driven underneath it. On several occasions in ancient times the Thames was frozen solid for weeks at a time, and fairs were held on the ice, but such great freezes have not been experienced in more than one hundred years. For centuries the Thames was the chief highway of the London area, the roads being almost impassable. In Shakespeare's day many Londoners crossed the river to the Globe Theatre and other places of amusement, and as late as the seventeenth century its surface was thronged with boatmen. You will remember that when Lady Jane Grey went from Westminster to the Tower of London for her brief hour as queen she proceeded by water. Later the sedan chair and the coach came into use, to be followed by the bus and the taxi of modern times, and to-day the steamers and barges of commerce have largely displaced the pleasure boats of past centuries.

When London began to spread beyond its walls, it grew in all directions, but the most important development was to the west along the north bank of the river, where is now the modern city of Westminster. This is the centre of government, society, shopping, clubs, and entertainment in London, and also, together with the old City itself, the chief area of historical and literary interest. It comprises most of the famous West End which since the eighteenth century has been the heart of the city. The East End of

London is given over largely to the docks and slums, and to the north lie many of the great middle-class residential areas.

For nearly one thousand years the land along the Thames upstream from the City walls has been the area most favoured by English monarchs. Following their masters, the great nobles likewise established themselves here. Fleet Street, extending westward out of the City, becomes the Strand in Westminster, and between the Strand and the Thames were the great houses of the nobility. Those who built their huge residences to the north and west were considered as living in the country. Beyond the Strand, and following the curve of the Thames, the government buildings of Whitehall, where Charles I was executed, the houses of Parliament, and Westminster Abbey, dominate the area beside the river. Here is "the Embankment" of London, where promenades, parks, and boulevards occupy what was formerly marshes and islands, while the Mall and St. James's Park, faced by residences of both royalty and nobility, separate them from what is now part of business London. St. James's Park has been successively a marsh, a deer park, then a bowling green and tennis ground, and now a public garden for the rest and recreation of the people. At one end of it is Buckingham Palace, which is also near the entrance to the famous Hyde Park, and beside it is St. James's Palace, residence of the Prince of Wales.

In the City and in Westminster the history of London from the earliest times can be read almost like an open book. Remains of the ancient Roman walls, after nearly two thousand years, still exist, and other relics of the Romans are being found from eight to twenty feet below

the present level of the City. The name, London, is a survival of the ancient Britons, just as Chelsea and Lambeth are derived from Saxon words. Westminster Abbey and the Tower of London are monuments of Norman rule. In the armour and weapons exhibited in the Tower one may see how English liberties were won and preserved through a period of a thousand years; the dungeons, on the stone walls of which the prisoners of centuries ago scratched their prayers; the place of executions, and the headman's block tell the price of failure in those bloody times. In the Abbey, with its burial tablets and effigies, one may read the personal history of the ancient rulers and the great men of their day. St. Paul's Cathedral and many other churches perpetuate the genius of Sir Christopher Wren, the great architect of the seventeenth century, and brings us, from an English standpoint, down to comparatively modern times. Age in this country is relative, as was proved recently when it was announced that the Bank of England, for centuries a landmark of the city, and a symbol of the soundness of Great Britain, would be remodelled. There was a great public outcry against any change in this ancient and historic structure. The uproar was not quieted until the bank itself issued a formal statement declaring that since its home was not built until 1732, it was not an old building, and therefore the people of England need not be disturbed.

Since the earliest times London has been repeatedly swept by fire. For centuries its houses were of wood with thatched roofs. It was not until after the great fire of 1666, which swept away most of the city, that wood was largely eliminated as a building material and brick and stone substituted. Then, of course, was the great op-

portunity to rebuild London according to rational plans, such as were proposed by Wren, Sir John Evelyn, and Robert Hooke, but the jealousy of private interests prevented anything but a rebuilding on the old street lines and individual plots. The one service that the fire rendered to London was to put an end to the ravages of the great plague of 1665.

It is in the names of London that the city's past can best be discovered, and the peculiarities of present-day London understood. Cheapside, a modern thoroughfare of shops, commemorates an open market place of the fourteenth century; and the street called the Poultry marks the site of the poulterers' stalls in the sixteenth century. Lombard Street, in the financial district, gets its name from the money-lenders who came here from Italy, and the Old Jewry indicates where the Jews lived before their expulsion in 1290. The Church of St. Clement Danes stands squarely in the middle of the Strand, marking the site of the house of worship of the Danes who had a settlement in this area before William the Conqueror came to London. The suburb of Hackney stands on what was a lookout hill known as "King Haakon's Eye," or "Haakon's Eye." Bridewell, Clerkenwell, and other names ending in "well" denote the sites of the wells from which early Londoners got all their water. The Broad Sanctuary, to-day the name of a short street near Westminster Abbey, recalls the fact that for centuries the Abbey was a place of refuge. The modern Smithfield meat market is derived from the ancient "smooth field" where cattle were sold; Covent Garden was first the garden of a convent, then a residential square, and is now the chief fruit and vegetable market of the city. The meadow in which was the Church of St.

Martin's-in-the-Fields is now covered with the buildings of Trafalgar Square, and St. John's Wood is a residential district, but in accordance with British custom the names still survive, and no one thinks of changing them. Piccadilly, the Times Square of London, is probably derived from the *pickadil*, a collar of fashion in the seventeenth century. Spring Gardens, in St. James's Park, is traceable to the existence there, in the time of King James I, of a fountain that would drench the unsuspecting visitor who stepped on a hidden spring. "Mayfair," now a term to denote life among the wealthy, as well as a London residential district, is named for a plat of ground where a fair used to be held each May in the time of Charles I. Fleet Street was named for the Fleet River, a tributary of the Thames that has long since disappeared; at Charing Cross in the Strand, past which now flows one of the main streams of London traffic, there stood in 1291 a tiny hamlet, Charinge, where Edward I erected a cross because the funeral procession of his queen stopped there overnight. The "Adelphi," as several blocks in the Strand are known, is so named because two brothers built most of the structures there. Near by once stood the monumental residence of the Duke of Buckingham, whose title is perpetuated now not only by "Duke" and "Buckingham" streets, but also by "Of Street." Ludgate, Newgate, and the other names with that suffix commemorate the eight gates of mediæval London. Indeed, there is hardly a name in old London which, when traced to its source, does not reveal something of the ancient life of the city.

The London of Ben Jonson, Raleigh, and Shakespeare centred about such "inns" as the Mermaid, in Cheapside, in the old City. The great daylight meeting place

in those days was the nave of St. Paul's cathedral, where merchants did business, lawyers met their clients, and the font served as counter. Fleet Street was a street of shows and the exhibition of freaks, and the garden of Gray's Inn was a favoured promenade as late as the time of Samuel Pepys. In eighteenth-century London, the Mitre Tavern, where Dr. Samuel Johnson talked with his friends, stood in Fleet Street, while the Cheshire Cheese, still standing in Fleet Street, claims literary associations from Johnson and Goldsmith down to Charles Dickens.

CHAPTER III

WALKS ABOUT LONDON

SUPPOSE you join me this afternoon in my leisurely wanderings through the streets of London. We shall start from my hotel, within sight of Trafalgar Square, and not far from the Embankment and the gardens along the Thames. As we walk toward Trafalgar Square, our ears warn us that we are approaching one of the great nerve centres of London. There is a constant blowing of motor-car horns, not the rasping, barking noise we know in America, but a sonorous tooting not unpleasant.

In the centre of the square towers the monument to Nelson, the hero of the Battle of Trafalgar. It is a granite shaft one hundred and forty-two feet high, with a statue of Nelson on top and four great bronze lions about its base. The large paved area around it forms an island in the sea of traffic; here people are feeding pigeons, as at St. Mark's in Venice, and here have been held some of London's greatest open-air demonstrations. About this main island are many little concrete "isles of safety," by means of which, using them as stepping stones, pedestrians may cross the Square and the streets leading into it.

From the east and the north, respectively, the Strand and Charing Cross Road pour never-ending streams of vehicles into the square, some of which go southward through the avenue of government buildings that line

Whitehall; others pass through the arches on the west side of the square and into the Mall beside St. James's Park. Vehicles use the outer two of the three arches, the centre one being closed with great gates that are opened only when the King is to pass through. On the west side of the square is also Cockspur Street, leading to Pall Mall and the Haymarket, and lined with the offices of the great steamship companies of the world. In their windows are displays of the attractions of all the far corners of the earth. Here also is the Canada building, a massive stone structure, painted yellow. When we visit the Strand we shall see similar buildings, representing the other dominions of the British Empire. In their windows are exhibits of the wheat of Canada, the wines of Australia, the fruit of Tasmania and Rhodesia, and the mineral wealth of South Africa, together with invitations to the young men of England to leave the old country and try their fortunes in the new.

Half of London passes through Trafalgar Square every day. It is an especially fascinating spot in which to watch the traffic. In this part of London the horse is but little in evidence; motor-cars and trucks have taken his place. We see the English cars, mostly smaller than ours, and a dozen familiar American makes. Of the thousands of motors in London, fully half are buses and taxis. The latter look old-fashioned to us, but their drivers are skilful and have a superhuman knowledge of the vast maze of London's streets, rows, courts, gardens, terraces, and squares.

The double-decked buses, their red sides covered with advertisements, are veritable Leviathans of the streets. They often run at high speed, and yet, so far as I can learn, they cause almost no accidents. The sight of one of these

monsters bearing down upon a crossing is enough to make the stranger leap wildly out of the way. There are more than twenty thousand buses running in London, and near Piccadilly the other day I counted more than forty in sight at one time. Sometimes, in a traffic jam, they are crowded so closely together that one could walk the length of a block by stepping along their upper decks. We see many motor trucks of both English and American makes, and also a heavy-duty vehicle not known to us. This is the steam-wagon, which, like our road rollers, has a boiler and steam engine up in front.

But let us watch that helmeted policeman, standing in the midst of the surging traffic. He uses no semaphore signal or other device, yet he has the vast stream under absolute control. He has but to hold up one hand, or turn his back, and the vehicles come to a full stop. Another motion of his hand and they are started again. It is all done far more simply and quietly than with us; I have yet to hear any shouts or curses pass between a London "bobby" and a motor driver.

The London Metropolitan Police is a remarkable body of men, the largest, and in some respects the finest, police force in the world. There are about twenty-five thousand of them, or nearly twice as many as New York has. They are called "bobbies" after Sir Robert Peel, the Home Secretary who organized them. Unlike our police, they carry no firearms; in making arrests they have no other weapon than their truncheons, and could not shoot an offender if they would. I asked a "bobby" the other day how he got on without a gun. He said:

"I don't believe in shooting up people, or bashing in their heads. It isn't necessary. I have been twenty

In the making of the new London, American capitalists, architects, and sculptors are playing an important part. This modern office building was erected by a citizen of New York and dedicated to the friendship of the English-speaking peoples.

On the Thames Embankment giant twentieth-century hotels adjoin the historic houses of the ancient nobility, and swarms of young women workers pass daily the places where lords and ladies used to take boats to cross the river.

years on the force, and never yet have I had to blow my whistle (for help) or use my trunch. I find that even law-breakers are reasonable if you only handle them right, and what I do is to talk to 'em and persuade 'em to be sensible. If we policemen carried guns, then every petty thief would carry a revolver, too. A lot of them would get killed, and so would a lot of us."

As I thought of a recent headline reporting the tenth New York policeman killed by thugs in a space of a few months, I began to believe there might be something in the English theory. On looking up the records, I find London has so much less crime than New York that the two cities can hardly be compared. Crime in all England is decreasing. In a recent year there were only one hundred and fifty murders in all England and Wales, or seven less than ten years previously. In 1913, 63,269 persons were tried for indictable offences; ten years later the number was only 56,764. Our prisons, federal and state, are crowded, but twenty have been closed in England and Wales since 1918, and the prison population is not half that of 1914.

The English attitude toward the use of weapons against lawbreakers was strikingly demonstrated last week. The owner of an automobile detected a man stealing some clothing from the rear seat and making off with the plunder. He started in pursuit of his property, and drawing a revolver, fired at the thief. Police came up and promptly arrested the man with the pistol. In court, it was shown that one of the bullets had passed through ten pairs of trousers displayed in front of a clothing store, whereupon the victim of the robbery was fined ten dollars for endangering life and property on the public highway.

As we make our way by a short cut toward Piccadilly, we pass a number of saloons, or public houses, as they are called here. Through the open door we can see not only men, but women, standing before the bar, drinking beer, ale, and stout served by red-cheeked young women. The English barmaid is still on the job, but I am told that her numbers are diminishing.

Coming from prohibition America, it is startling to see that here alcohol is not outlawed, and that drinking in public, by both men and women, is in complete conformity with respectability. Probably three fourths of the public eating places serve beer, wine, and whiskey with meals, and the "temperance" hotel, where no liquors are sold, is only an occasional reminder that even in England there is a minority that does not use alcohol.

Since the World War, the sale of alcoholic drinks has been strictly limited throughout the United Kingdom. The hours during which public houses may be open have been drastically cut down, and taxes on liquors are much higher. The workman now pays eight cents for the glass of beer that used to cost him four, and whiskey that formerly sold for about a dollar a quart now costs over three times as much, and is not so potent as the pre-war Scotch. Most of the increase in price goes to the government in the form of a tax. The result, of course, has been to decrease both drinking and drunkenness.

Except on Saturday nights, I have seen no drunken persons on the London streets. Still, there is no doubt that, as a people, the British drink more than is good for them physically or for their pocketbooks. It is revolting to see, as I have seen, two little girls waiting at the door of a public house while their mother is "having one"

inside; or a woman with a baby in arms trying to get her husband to leave a bar. Among business men, drinking has greatly decreased, especially during office hours. Deals that used to be closed over a bar or a public-house table are now consummated at desks. The old-style London clerk still takes his pint at luncheon, but among the younger men "it isn't done."

The English regard American prohibition with mingled feelings of contempt, pity, and fear—contempt because they believe our law is not enforced, pity because we have deprived ourselves of the right to drink if we please, and fear lest the same thing happen to themselves. There is a strong temperance movement in England, and many believe prohibition will eventually be adopted as an aid to business and industrial efficiency. On the other hand, the brewers and distillers of Britain are even more strongly entrenched than they were with us, and are prepared to spend almost any sums to maintain their trade.

Now we are in Shaftesbury Avenue, and in the heart of London's "tenderloin." See that line of people, extending to the end of the block and around the corner. Some are standing, but most of them are sitting on folding stools; among them are little boys in smart pages' uniforms. All are waiting to buy unreserved seats at a theatre. It is still five hours before the door will open, and some of these people have been here since noon. Such "queues," as the English call them, are a daily incident of every play having a good run.

Men selling candies and soft drinks do a good trade with the people in the queues, and beggars likewise try to gather a few pennies from the waiting throngs. Some sell matches or similar trifles; others are sheer alms-seekers.

One man I saw last night was trying to stand on his head on the end of a bottle in the hope of a shower of pennies if he succeeded.

Since the war, the number of beggars in London has greatly increased. Many are former soldiers who have not had steady work since demobilization. Some have become sidewalk artists, drawing crude pictures on the pavings in coloured chalks, and lettering appeals for charity; others are street musicians. In the government offices and elsewhere one finds many maimed and crippled men serving as messengers and watchmen. Another means of earning a living open to former soldiers is the Corps of Commissionaires, to which belong the men in military uniform who preside on the sidewalk in front of smart hotels, restaurants, and shops. They are noted for their moustaches, waxed to a fine point at both ends.

Among the famous characters of London streets are the "flower girls." They are really ugly and shabby old women. Many have earned a living in this way since childhood, and have become individually known. Then there are the news-vendors, displaying the great coloured posters furnished by the newspapers to stimulate sales. Usually these contain only three or four words in big type, and vaguely suggest, rather than state exactly, the most sensational news of the day. Sandwich men walking about with advertising placards on back and chest, or displayed above their heads on a frame fastened to their shoulders, are more numerous here than in our cities. In recent years, London has adopted electric signs, in the face of many protests that they are ruining the city. Leicester Square and Piccadilly Circus are dazzling with lights in the evening, and one of the great newspapers

It is like stepping into another world to enter one of the Inns of Court, occupied for five hundred years by members of the English bar and where to-day many of the forms and traditions of the past are still observed.

For traffic congestion, the Strand in London probably leads the world. Here more than half the vehicles are the huge double-decked busses, which sometimes carry as many as five million passengers in a single day.

has several roof signs on which news bulletins and advertisements are shown at night in moving letters of electric lights.

Piccadilly Circus, of which you have heard so much, is an irregular circle formed by the meeting of several streets. To the south is the Haymarket; from the east come Shaftesbury Avenue and Coventry Street. Regent Street crosses it from the northwest, and to the west lies the street called Piccadilly. Here the shopping, theatre, and restaurant sections of London meet, forming a great traffic centre that is thronged both day and night.

Let us stop here a minute and watch the people. They really look much like ourselves; it is no longer possible to label everyone in a London crowd as English or American. In smartness of dress, the throng does not equal the average of Fifth Avenue or Broadway, but there is not the number of dark-skinned foreigners here such as make New York no longer an Anglo-Saxon city. There are women in dainty summer frocks, but many of them are in rather severe attire. The men do not keep their suits as neatly pressed as we do; their collars are often narrow and ill-fitting. In fact, a somewhat baggy, if not shabby, appearance is often a matter of pride with the Englishman. The other day a former premier apologized to his labour constituents for appearing in trousers that seemed to have been pressed by a tailor, saying that they had been folded away so long they had acquired a crease. The silk-hatted type is not nearly so common in London now as before the World War.

The shops of London are, of course, famous, and I find them fascinating. The most fashionable ones are in the West End, in Piccadilly, Regent, Oxford, and Bond streets.

They are also the most expensive; one can often get the same goods in the Strand or the City for less. The West End shopkeepers have now adopted American ideas of window display, and there are several department stores, or "universal providers," in imitation of the famous establishment founded here by an American. However, the British are still largely specialists, and the older firms prize above all else their reputation for superlative quality in a single line of goods. Consequently, one sees in the windows of West End shops articles of the very finest quality and workmanship, the prices of which, however, make them tempting only to millionaires. But the wealthy of all the world, as well as of Britain, come here to buy, and I see no signs of poverty among the famous shops. Business in them is conducted with a ceremony not known with us, but at the same time with all the shrewdness of a Yankee trader. Even in the cheapest establishments, the extreme of politeness prevails, and a dozen " 'Nkews," for "Thank You," are exchanged in the simplest transaction.

Business London is being rebuilt, and whole blocks of structures are giving way to the pressure of changing conditions. Extensive street-widening operations are under way in the Strand and elsewhere, much of Regent Street has been rebuilt, and even in the City modern buildings are replacing the antiquated structures in which generations of Londoners have done business. In the building of the new London, American architecture and construction methods are playing a large part. The Strand to-day is dominated by an eight- or nine- story office building equipped with every convenience known in the States, yet of exterior design that does not clash with the

buildings of the law courts and other ancient structures near by. It was designed by an American architect for an American owner. In Piccadilly, Devonshire House, a huge stone pile that was for generations the residence of the Dukes of Devonshire, has gone, and an American-designed structure takes its place. Another American has bought and proposes to remodel in our style a famous Piccadilly hotel.

Regent Street was rebuilt in practically one operation. Most of the land there belongs to the crown, being rented under ninety-nine-year leases, all of which expired simultaneously. The new structures were erected at the expense of the tenants, and all conform to a single architectural scheme. Most of the new buildings are from four to six stories high, with white stone façades.

The King is not the only Englishman who owns large tracts of valuable business property in London. Much of the land in the vicinity of the Strand belongs to the Duke of Bedford estate, and the income of some of the richest men in all England is derived from the ground rents of what were country places two hundred years ago, but are now worth hundreds of dollars a square yard.

Besides viewing the wealth and luxury of the West End, I have spent some time in London's East End slums. From them have come many world-famous men, our own Samuel Gompers and Charles Chaplin among them. There I found an enormous population swarming in interminable rows of brick and stone houses. It was Sunday morning, and all the people were dressed in their best. The sidewalks were lined with fakirs, and one street I passed through was filled from curb to curb with peddlers' carts. These street merchants were selling

everything imaginable, from tin ware to hair tonics. Cockney workmen, under the supervision of their wives, were trying on new coats amid the persuasions of the Hebrew merchant, and girls were dickering for cheap perfumes and jewellery.

Thence I crossed the Thames to Southwark, to see how the London County Council has transformed one of the worst of slums into an area of decent tenement dwellings equipped with modern improvements and playgrounds. I visited the Tabard Street development, in the section made famous by Dickens in "Little Dorrit." Near here was the Tabard Inn, whence Chaucer's pilgrims set out for Canterbury. On the fringes of the improved area I saw dwellings of the type cleared away. They were low two-story affairs, with narrow doorways leading into passages that opened upon filthy stone courts in the rear. Some of these tumble-down houses are nearly two hundred years old, and still bring high rents. In the now-improved area there used to be streets less than ten feet wide; the houses, without water or sanitary conveniences, sheltered populations of six hundred to the acre. The death rate was twice that of the surrounding areas. Some families lived here for three and four generations, never saw any other part of London, and by intermarriage produced physically inferior offspring.

The County Council cleared fourteen acres, and erected thereon blocks of five-storied flat buildings. It has put through similar improvements in other congested areas, and has many projects now in hand, both in the city and in the suburbs. The work goes slowly, partly because while four thousand people may be dislodged from a slum, only two thousand of them can be accommodated in the im-

ATLANTIC
OCEAN
SCOTLAND
Northern Highlands
Moray Firth
Inverness
Aberdeen
Dundee
Firth of Tay
St. Andrews
Bannockburn
Dunfermline
Firth of Forth
Copenhagen
Glasgow
Edinburgh
Greenock
Ayr
Firth of Clyde
Southern Highlands
Solway Firth
North Channel
Lundonderry
Belfast
Donegal Bay
ISLE OF MAN
IRISH SEA
Newcastle
Leith to Hamburg
Leith to Rotterdam
Hull to Hamburg
Hull to Rotterdam
NORTH SEA
Preston
Bradford
Leeds
Hull
Blackburn
Rochdale
Bolton
Liverpool
Manchester
Sheffield
Dublin
Dublin Bay
Dublin to Liverpool
Llandudno
Holyhead
Conway
Rhyl
Chester
Carnarvon
Snowdon Mts.
Cricceth
Harlech
Barmouth
Dolgelly
Ruabon
Shrewsbury
Nottingham
Leicester
Birmingham
The Wash
Norwich
St. Ives
Ipswich
IRELAND
Galway
Galway Bay
Limerick
Kilkenny
Kildare
Wexford
Waterford
Mallow
Killarney Lake
Cork
Queenstown
Queenstown to N.Y.
New York to Fishguard
Waterford to London
Cardigan Bay
St. George's Channel
Liverpool
Fishguard
Swansea
Cardiff
Bristol
Bristol Channel
Oxford
Thames
Eton
London
Gravesend
Epsom Downs
Folkstone
Southampton
Portsmouth
ISLE OF WIGHT
Brighton
Exeter
Plymouth
Falmouth
LAND'S END
Southampton to Havre
Cape Town
ENGLISH CHANNEL
CHANNEL ISLANDS
FRANCE
SHETLAND ISLANDS
ORKNEY ISLANDS
Scale of Miles
0 10 20 30 40 50 60 70
GENERAL DRAFTING CO. INC., N.Y.

proved dwellings and the surplus population must either add to the congestion of some other district, or the men must live far from their work. The Council has built some nine thousand houses in less than ten years. It owns more than seventeen thousand dwellings, accommodating one hundred and nineteen thousand persons, who pay rents amounting to three million dollars a year.

The architect for the Council, who recently studied housing in America, caused a stir on his return by advocating many changes in London's dwellings. These included recommendations for higher buildings, and for the use of house-heating furnaces. Central heating is still in its infancy in England. Practically all dwellings, and even most of the hotels, depend upon the fireplace in each room. Many Londoners will tell you that while radiators may be convenient, the heat from them is unhealthful.

London is fortunate in her parks, for which she is much indebted to monarchs who in past centuries set aside large areas for their private use. In St. James's, Green, and Hyde parks, and Kensington Gardens, London has a chain of parks that extends through the heart of the city for nearly three miles west of the Strand. Farther up the Thames are Richmond Park and Kew Gardens, Hampton Court Gardens, and Bushy Park. Regents' Park, with its zoo, is only half a mile north of Hyde Park. All together, London has 12,321 acres of parks, of fifty acres or larger, and a host of smaller ones.

Because of its associations, and its place in the life of London, Hyde Park is the most interesting. It is the resort daily of tens of thousands of people, and on Sunday it is the promenade of London fashion. Along one side

extends Rotten Row, a broad dirt track for horseback riders. Here the King often exercises early in the morning, and on Sunday it is thronged with men, women, and children of the rich, all on horseback. Near by is the promenade where the fashionable walk after Sunday morning church service. It is then that half of London seems to be wearing top hats.

Near the Marble Arch, at one of the entrances to Hyde Park, is the home of England's "free speech." Here any subject is free to say what he pleases on any topic to any who will listen, and on Sundays open-air meetings are in progress most of the day. Police are always present, not to censor the speakers, who are usually radicals, but to protect them if their remarks provoke their hearers to anger or violence. As a matter of fact, any open space in London seems to be available for any one who wants to make a speech.

One of the surprises of London is the number of its little parks and grassy squares. They are found in the most unexpected places, and one comes upon them unawares. Sometimes they are surrounded by business buildings, and sometimes walled in with residences. Even the old churchyards are practically public gardens, and one may see men and women sitting on benches amid the tombstones of the dead of two centuries ago.

A narrow, uninviting street, or even an alley, may be the only entrance to one of these hidden gardens. The other day a friend led me through a tiny archway in High Holborn, the crowded Seventh Avenue of London, and in a moment I beheld the broad lawns, mighty trees, and flower-bordered walks of Gray's Inn. This, like the other three Inns of Court, is an aggregation of buildings

owned and occupied by lawyers for nearly six hundred years. Queen Elizabeth used to walk with Bacon and Burleigh in the gardens of Gray's Inn, and Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors" was produced there in 1590. In the gardens of the Inns one is in the very heart of London, amidst buildings centuries old, and seemingly a thousand miles from the hustle and bustle of a modern city. Associated with them are many of the great figures of English history; and within their walls one may read the story of England and the institutions that she has given to the world.

CHAPTER IV

THE MOTHER OF PARLIAMENTS

WHEN I asked an English constitutional expert to explain to me the development of the British system of government, he said: "Go to the Tower of London and Westminster Palace, and you'll have the whole story."

I have visited the Tower, and this afternoon and evening I spent in the Houses of Parliament at Westminster Palace, where I saw the government in actual operation. Like ourselves, the British live under a constitution, but theirs is not a written document. Instead, it is a mass of precedents, based on the settlement of political issues from the time the barons won the Magna Charta from King John at Runnymede to the action of the government in the latest industrial dispute. The story of the British parliament is a record of the continual growth of its powers and privileges, and especially those of the House of Commons, at the expense of the authority of both the King and the nobility. In the House of Commons, more than anywhere else in the world, have been fought out those ideas of popular representative government which to-day form a part of practically every political system in the civilized world. Each of the British self-governing dominions has its replica of the parliament at Westminster, which is itself the supreme legislative authority for the Empire.

After church service on Sunday morning the "fashion parade" takes place in Hyde Park, where everyone goes to see and be seen. Near by is Rotten Row, where the fashionables ride horseback earlier in the day.

One of the finest examples of early English architecture is Westminster Abbey, parts of which were built nearly nine hundred years ago. Here are buried the most notable of England's dead, including the "Unknown Soldier" of the World War.

THE MOTHER OF PARLIAMENTS

The roots of the British parliament lie deep in the past. For more than seven hundred years the meeting place of knights, nobles, and clergy has been on the site of Westminster Palace. The building itself, with its soot-blackened walls and Gothic pinnacles, looks old, but it is really an infant among London's historic structures. Except for the part known as Westminster Hall, built in 1097, it was erected when Queen Victoria was a young woman. Like Westminster Abbey, it is situated on the north bank of the Thames; in fact, the finest view of the building is to be had either from Westminster Bridge or from the opposite side of the river. It covers more than eight acres, and besides the session chambers and offices of the two Houses of Parliament, and accommodations for members, it contains residences of various officials. In the square clock tower, three hundred and twenty feet high, is the famous bell, "Big Ben." The booming of this bell as it strikes the hours is now transmitted by radio not only to all parts of Britain but even to listeners-in in the United States.

Armed with a card from the Foreign Office, I was able to pass rapidly through the series of policemen and others who guard the approaches to the House of Commons. As I proceeded, my path became ever more devious, leading through narrow passageways and up steep, winding stairs. In its latter stages, my journey was supervised by attendants in short coats, dress shirts, and knee breeches, each of whom wore on a chain around his neck a brass seal as big as a saucer.

The chamber of the House of Commons is more ornate than the hall of our House of Representatives at Washington, but not nearly so large, nor so well adapted to its

purposes. It is only seventy-five feet long, and has not seats enough for the six hundred and fifteen members. The other day, when the Chancellor of the Exchequer was to present the budget, some members of the House came at five and six in the morning, in order to be sure of a seat when the Chancellor spoke at four in the afternoon.

The accommodations for visitors are even more limited. Above the Speaker's chair is a tiny press gallery, and above that is a ladies' gallery, in front of which is a wooden screen that suggests a Turkish harem. Opposite these galleries are those for "strangers," "distinguished strangers," "ambassadors," and "peers." There are also narrow galleries along the sides of the chamber, reserved for members.

The Speaker sits in a high-backed canopied chair, something like a throne, placed on a dais at one end of the chamber. He wears a wig that rolls down upon his shoulders, a long black gown, black breeches, and silver-buckled shoes. A red-faced, genial-looking man, he smiles benignly during the debates. He can well feel pleased with himself; besides a residence within the parliament building he gets a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars a year.

Below the Speaker's dais is a broad table. On it are papers, some books bound in green leather, and a couple of dispatch boxes. Three clerks, in wigs and gowns, sit at this table. At the end farthest from the Speaker is the mace, perhaps four feet long, the symbol of the Speaker's authority. When he leaves the chair, the sergeant-at-arms solemnly lifts the mace from the table and places it upon supports underneath.

Along the two sides of the chamber are five rows of upholstered benches, rising one above the other, until

the heads of those on the back benches are well up under the side galleries. Members of the party in power sit on the benches at the right of the Speaker; those in opposition at the left. No one has a right to any particular place on a bench; he must find a seat where he can. Leaders of opposition parties and members holding ministerial posts sit on the front benches. These are so close to the Speaker's table that when I located a former prime minister, now leader of the opposition, he was sitting with his feet braced against the edge of the table-top.

On the opposite side of the table sat the prime minister and the members of his cabinet. The premier himself is an elected member of the House, who holds his position by virtue of his leadership of the majority group in the Commons, and appoints as ministers in the government other selected members belonging to his party. Unlike our Representatives, they do not have to contest their seats every two years, and may sit for as long as five years without standing for reëlection. More often, however, some issue comes up in less than five years which causes the prime minister to ask the King to dissolve parliament and order new elections. In this way the premier appeals to the country for a majority in the House that will support his policies. If the voters, who now include the women, fail to elect a majority of members from the premier's party, the King asks the leader of the opposition to form a new cabinet, and the latter becomes prime minister. Under this system, the British go to the polls to vote on issues when they arise, whereas we vote by the calendar on such issues as can be mustered every two or four years. The Conservatives, the party of the aristocratic, moneyed, and landed classes, are now in power.

One of the ministers on the front bench wore his silk hat and morning coat, and behind him were several other members similarly dressed. It is one of the rules of the House that a member must have his hat on if he wishes to make a certain point of order. Over in the opposition, among the Labour party men, were only sack suits and "ready-mades." I recognized many of the prominent figures of successive governments since 1914, but taking the House as a whole its members were ordinary-looking men like the rest of us—indeed, some of them a little more so.

Members of the House of Commons are paid only two thousand dollars a year, or one fifth as much as our Congressmen get. A member need not reside in the district he represents and unless the party in power changes he may have to campaign for reëlection only once in five years. As with us, campaigning for election is expensive, averaging about five thousand dollars a member. Behind each elected member, especially among the Conservatives, is usually a district association of the party, which manages his campaign, and attends to his political "fences." While there are many differences between the British and the American political systems, I find that underneath all their traditions and peculiarities, British politics is of the same "practical" variety as our own.

When I entered the chamber of the House, the question hour was in progress. Under this institution, which it seems to me our Congress might well adopt, members of the cabinet appear in person on the floor of the House and give an accounting of their administration of the government. Most of the questions naturally were from the opposition side, and many implied criticism of the various ministers.

The question hour in the House is usually lively. With all its traditions, the Commons is not the most dignified body in the world, and questions and answers are often greeted with noisy approval and dissent. If a Minister made what members of his party thought a telling answer to a shot from the opposition, his side of the House cheered. Shouts of "Hear! Hear!" alternated with equally loud choruses of groans and "No! No!" It was just like a mob scene in a play. At times, when both sides shouted at once, the noise swelled into a roar.

During these proceedings I saw a red-haired young woman enter and speak to a clerk; I thought she was a secretary of some official. In a moment, however, she took her seat on the opposition benches, and I learned that she is a famous leader in the Labour Party, and a member of the House. Almost opposite her, on the government side, sat a tall woman smartly dressed in black; she was Lady Astor, first woman member of Parliament. Something was said about the export of whiskey; quick as a flash she was on her feet with a witty thrust at the liquor interests, which she has fought in the cause of temperance.

Members of the House desiring to speak must catch the eye of the Speaker and be recognized. If they leave the chamber during proceedings they bow to the Speaker as they go out. When there is a division, that is, a vote on a question, the members make a rush for doors behind the Speaker, leading to rooms where they record their votes with the clerks. When the voting is completed, four men approach the Speaker's table, announce "so many ayes to the right," and "so many noes to the left," whereupon the Speaker declares the motion won or lost.

The House of Commons usually meets at 2:45 in the

afternoon, and its sessions are supposed to end at eleven. Much later sittings are quite frequent, and recently there have been several that lasted all night. The reason for the late opening of the session, I am told, is that most of the members have business or professional interests to attend to in the morning. Not nearly so many members are lawyers as in our Congress; ninety of them, for example, are manufacturers, and a number are labour union secretaries.

In going to the House of Lords, I went through another series of narrow passages and winding stairs. I was given a seat in the press gallery, which has accommodations for only about eighteen reporters. The front seats in it were occupied by representatives of the biggest newspapers and press associations. Most of them took full notes in shorthand, and were relieved by colleagues every half hour or so. Inadequate as are the facilities for the press in the British parliament, its proceedings are much more fully reported by the newspapers than are those of our Congress.

The House of Lords is a very different sort of place from the Commons. What impresses one first is the quiet and the richness of the furnishings. The walls are panelled in carved oak, and red leather upholstery is used throughout. As in the Commons, the members sit on tiers of benches. The galleries at the ends of the chamber are small; those along the sides are wide enough for only one bench, reserved for peeresses. When I entered, one of these was empty, and the only occupants of the other were two girls. In an impressive whisper, the attendant informed me that the young woman with the pink hat was the Duchess of York, wife of the King's second son. Her

husband was sitting on one of the benches below; he was present in his own right, as a peer of the realm.

The Lord Chancellor, who presides over the House of Lords, is a berobed figure who sits on a huge divan, upholstered in bright red, with a big red pillow at his back. This is "the woolsack," and sessions begin when he takes his seat there. In front of him are two narrow divans, likewise covered in red, and next is a big table littered with books and papers, at which two clerks sit facing the Chancellor.

Each of the important departments of the government has a member to represent it in the House of Lords. These men sit on the front bench, at the Chancellor's right, and the opposition members sit on the other side. Also on the right of the Chancellor sit the bishops, dressed in their ecclesiastical robes. Among them I saw the Archbishop of Canterbury, one of the speakers of the day. It is the Archbishop of Canterbury who anoints the King at his coronation in Westminster Abbey. At the opening of each parliament, the King comes to the House of Lords. His Majesty speaks from a throne behind the woolsack, with the Queen sitting beside him, and the Prince of Wales on a chair placed a little lower than that of the King.

The Chamber of the House of Lords is not only more beautiful than that of the Commons, but the membership presents quite a different appearance. Here one sees many morning coats and silk hats. In the debates, voices are seldom raised; there is the utmost restraint in both manner and expression. A speaker is seldom interrupted; there are none of the cheers or groans of the Commons, and no sharp tilting between members. One of the peers made a speech more dull than any I ever listened to in the

Senate, but his audience did not desert him, as would our Senators.

The House of Lords has been gradually stripped of most of its powers. The discussions there have but little effect upon government policy, which is controlled in the Commons. Under certain circumstances a bill passed by the House of Commons can become law even though voted down by the House of Lords. Only a small proportion of the nobles ever attend its sessions, except to present themselves when they are elevated to the peerage, receipt of a summons to the House being, in fact, proof that they are peers. There are various proposals for further reform of the upper house, but even the Labour Party is not really in favour of abolishing it, for fear that some other chamber would be created which would be an even more powerful stronghold of wealth and conservatism than the present chamber.

On the Thames side of the parliament building is a broad paved terrace, overlooking the river. Here tea is served to members and their guests, and "tea on the terrace" is one of the much-sought privileges of a visit to London. It was on the terrace that I had a talk with one of the leaders of the British Labour Party. I asked this former minister to tell me just what he and his associates are trying to do. This is what he said:

"The British Conservative and Liberal parties base their political philosophy on the belief that society cannot progress unless the incentive for personal gain is given free play. To encourage that incentive they have legislated accordingly for centuries. We of the Labour Party do not believe that the incentive for personal gain is the exclusive and all-powerful force for progress. On the

Just as half the world gives heed to the debates and decisions in the British House of Parliament, so all London listens for "Big Ben" in the great clock tower to strike the hours of day and night.

The House of Lords meets in a beautifully decorated chamber in Westminster Palace. The peers occupy the benches along the sides, and the presiding officer sits on a big red divan in the centre, called the "woolsack."

contrary, we would harness that incentive, and make it function in part for the public good.

"We would have the national government give more power to the local authorities, the county, borough, and municipal councils. These authorities already own and operate their water, gas, and electrical supply systems; they look after schools and roads, and provide parks, playgrounds, and baths. We would encourage them to extend their activities, and to provide the people with necessaries of life such as bread, milk, life insurance, and even credit. We would encourage them to buy land, not merely for housing purposes, as at present, but for agricultural production. We would expect them to manage such lands in the most scientific manner, and work them with labour drawn from the ranks of the unemployed. The amount of land under cultivation in England to-day is decreasing; we would restore that idle land to production of food, and thus make ourselves that much less dependent on the outside world for what we eat.

"As to the national government, we are in favour of extending its powers, so that it might own and control the coal mines, the railroads, and the canals. For example, a considerable item in the cost of producing our coal is the payment of royalties by the mine operators to those who happen to own the land under which the coal lies. The owners of those lands did not put the coal there; they have done nothing to make it in any way more valuable. They should not, therefore, be receiving a profit which they have in no way earned, and it would be our policy to end, with due compensation, the payment of coal royalties.

"We distinguish between natural wealth, such as coal,

and man-created wealth, such as a steel mill or furniture factory. We would not, at least for a time, interfere with the management of such productive enterprises, but we would take over for the state such natural wealth as mineral resources, and such monopolistic services as those of our railroads."

It is the trade unions that provide the machinery of the Labour Party as a political organization. The man I have quoted is still affiliated with the union for which he used to be an organizer. His union, like many others, helped to finance the campaigns of several candidates, and it now pays salaries to those of its men who were elected. Most of the Labour Party members are men of small means, and their official salaries are not sufficient to support them on a suitable scale and enable them to represent their constituencies effectively.

As an individual factor in the actual government of Great Britain and the Empire, the King has been almost completely eliminated, but he is personally the most popular man in all England, and, the British will tell you, the most democratic. As a king, he is more of an institution than a ruler. He is considered above and beyond the realm of party clashes and political struggles, which often are more bitter here than with us. Ministries rise and fall, but the King goes on, preserving a continuity in the affairs of the kingdom, giving a headship to the British "commonwealth of nations," and linking together all the dominions, colonies, and protectorates that make up the empire.

The King still dissolves Parliament, but he does so only when the premier advises him that an issue has arisen requiring such action. His "speech from the throne" at the opening of Parliament is written for him by the

officers of the government in power, and even the names of those to receive honours or posts abroad are submitted to him from the same sources. If the King were to attempt to veto a bill passed by Parliament a revolution would ensue. The procedure of the British government still is based on the theory of all power being vested in the King, but it is merely a matter of form, and he possesses not one quarter of the actual authority of the President of the United States.

About the King and the royal household centres the social system of Britain. He is the means through which ancient shows, pageants, and forms are kept alive. The other day I stood within ten feet of the King and the Queen as they made their progress toward the City. They rode in an open state coach, drawn by eight horses, with postilions, outriders, and footmen. I saw the King also at the annual "Trooping of the Colours," one of the most interesting military ceremonies in the world. At its conclusion, the King, dressed in the picturesque uniform of one of his royal guards regiments, made a fine figure as he rode off at the head of the troops. These soldiers are considered the "King's Own," and yet he could not use them for any but show purposes without specific authorization from his government.

Each day at eleven throngs gather to watch the ceremony of changing the guard at Buckingham Palace, the huge but not beautiful city residence of the King in the heart of London. Here the courts are held, at which the débutante daughters of both Britain and America are presented to Their Majesties, and in its eighteen acres of grounds the King's garden parties are held. At Windsor, I walked miles through the state apartments of the castle

where the King spends much of his time in summer. In this vast structure live also many personal friends of the King—people of title and position who are granted free use of apartments during the King's pleasure.

When the King and the Queen made their royal progress along the Strand the other day, all traffic was diverted, and tens of thousands of people stood for hours to cheer as they went by. But when the King and the Queen choose to make unofficial visits to any part of London, the people give them the privilege of going about freely, unmolested, and not besieged by such crowds as usually pursue our President.

The English seem able to distinguish sharply between the crown as an institution and the King as a human being, and they cheerfully concede to him the privileges and pleasures of any other person. The King is, in fact, a busy, hard-working man, as, indeed, are other members of the royal family. Their days, week on end, are filled with such duties as unveiling statues, visiting charitable and educational institutions, witnessing launchings, laying cornerstones, and accepting honorary memberships in this body and that. No man with heavy official duties could fill the place of the King in lending, through his personal presence, the prestige and recognition which keep going a multitude of British institutions.

ARCTIC OCEAN
ARCTIC CIRCLE
NORWAY
SWEDEN
Gulf of Bothnia
FINLAND
Murmansk
White Sea
Uleaborg
Tammerfors
Abo
Helsingfors
Viborg
Lake Ladoga
Lake Onega
Leningrad (Petrograd)
Gulf of Finland
Reval
Narva
ESTHONIA
Oslo
Stockholm
BALTIC SEA
Gulf of Riga
Riga
LATVIA
Libau
Mitau
Dvinsk
LITHUANIA
R. Kovno
Vilna
Moscow
RUSSIA
NORTH SEA
DENMARK
Kiel
Lubeck
Hamburg
Bremen
Stettin
Konigsberg
Free City of Danzig
EAST PRUSSIA
Niemen
Berlin
Posen
Warsaw
Vistula
Essen
Dusseldorf
Cologne
Leipzig
Dresden
Chemnitz
Breslau
Katowitz
Lodz
POLAND
Cracow
Lemberg
Frankfurt
Nuremberg
Stuttgart
Munich
GERMANY
CZECHOSLOVAKIA
AUSTRIA
HUNGARY
RUMANIA
SWITZ.
ITALY
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GENERAL DRAFTING CO. INC. N.Y.

CHAPTER V

THE PORT OF LONDON

MOST American visitors to the British Isles land at Southampton or Liverpool, and hence see little or nothing of the port of London, one of the oldest and greatest ports in all the world. I have had to-day a full view of it, spending the morning on an official launch on the Thames, and in the afternoon visiting some of the great docks.

The three biggest ports of the world are London, Antwerp, and New York. In years New York is a mere baby compared to the other two, yet several times since 1914 it has exceeded them in the tonnage of its shipping and the value of its foreign trade. Still, London has much right to the claim of being the premier port of the world. Through it each year pass goods worth three billion dollars, and it handles one third of all the foreign trade of the kingdom. In addition to being the chief entrepôt for goods consumed in Britain, it has been for centuries the place to which merchants of other lands have come to buy commodities from the far corners of the earth. The mouth of the Thames is at the crossing of some of the most important trade routes on the globe. It is opposite the outlets of the Rhine and the Scheldt, through which passes a large part of the trade of Europe. Not until the Thames dries up or Europe is swallowed up in the ocean will London cease to be one of the world's greatest ports.

If the port of London served only the city and its vicinity it would still have an enormous trade, for London is the greatest market and the largest manufacturing centre in England. There are factories worth one thousand million dollars on the banks of the Thames. These plants receive fuel and raw material by water at their very doors; many of their products leave in the same manner. In addition, they are connected by trunk-line railroads with all parts of the country, and it is now planned to link the docks and the waterside factories more closely together by means of an underground belt-line railway. This railroad will also serve Smithfield, Covent Garden, and the other big city markets, where the cost of handling foodstuffs is now very high because everything must be hauled to and from them by trucks and drays.

The port of London extends from the mouth of the Thames for a distance of seventy miles upstream to Teddington, where the first lock in the river is situated. For practical purposes, however, it comprises only a fifty-mile stretch of the river. Big ships do not go above the Pool, at London Bridge, and the chief dock area begins at Gravesend, twenty-six miles below London. Above London Bridge, the watercraft consists chiefly of small steamers, tugs, and thousands of barges.

It was at Gravesend that I boarded a launch of the Port of London Authority, the body which has chief jurisdiction over the Thames and its docks, wharves, and shipping. Gravesend is an ancient seafaring town. It is also the burial place of Pocahontas, who, you will remember, came to England after marrying John Rolfe. To-day incoming ships report there to customs and medical officers, and dropping the pilot who guided them through

the lower reaches of the Thames, take on another one for the remainder of the voyage. I saw a number of the pilots; they were smart-looking fellows in blue coats and white-topped round caps. Some of them earn as much as ten thousand dollars a year.

At Gravesend the Thames is a muddy stream from a half to three quarters of a mile wide. When I was out on it this morning the channel was full of vessels coming upstream with the flood tide. Many centuries ago this river was a sluggish stream, and the tides used to overflow the low marshy lands on both sides. Some think that it was the Romans who built up the banks that confined the river to about one tenth of its former area, causing a more rapid flow of the tide, which, in turn, scoured out the channel. It is more generally believed, however, that the course of the river was narrowed as a means of reclaiming for agriculture the lowlands on both the Kent and the Essex sides of the stream. The process of making new land is still going on. Some men are getting rich buying up the flats along the Thames, filling them in with city refuse, and selling as factory sites at five hundred dollars an acre tracts that cost them only five dollars an acre.

The tides in the Thames average about twenty-one feet, so that the channel depth of thirty feet at low tide at Gravesend means fifty feet of water at high tide, or more than is needed by the largest vessel afloat. The big tides are also responsible for the system of docks along the Thames that cost many millions of dollars to build. In New York, for example, we merely extend piers out into deep water, and the largest steamers come up alongside them, rising or falling only a few feet with the tides. In this country, vessels must be berthed in big basins cut

into the land, equipped with gates just wide enough to admit ships. They are floated in at high tide, and the gates closed behind them, so that the water within the dock remains at the same level.

I saw the first of the great Thames docks just above Gravesend, on the opposite side of the river. These were the Tilbury Docks. Here steamers from Australia, South America, and India land their passengers, who proceed the rest of the way to London by train. The Tilbury Docks have a combined land and water area of nearly six hundred acres. They are equipped with sheds for the storage of goods and electric cranes and railways for the efficient handling of freight. These facilities are supplemented by a jetty, built out into the channel, for the use of vessels desiring to discharge only a part of their cargo here. In order to attract more passenger business to Tilbury, it is now proposed to build there a huge floating landing stage, at which liners can discharge their passengers quickly at all periods of the tide.

As we proceed up the river we meet all sorts of craft. The most numerous are the sailing barges, which have been an institution of the Thames for centuries. They are so skilfully handled by the bargemen that in the business of lightering cargoes to and from ships they can successfully compete with the strings of barges towed by tugs. These barges are rigged much like an American sloop, except that most of them have also a tiny sail on the stern. Their sails are coloured a deep red, the result of tanning the canvas to make it weatherproof. Some of the barges have no sails, yet by means of the current and one or two huge oars the bargemen are able to work them up and down the river and in and out of the docks. In the win-

At the opening of Parliament the King and Queen proceed to Westminster in the royal state coach, and enter the House of Lords, where the King reads the "address from the throne," prepared for him by his ministers.

Preservation of the monarchy is the means of continuing the gorgeous shows and pageants of olden times, such as the military ceremony of "trooping the colours," performed on the King's birthday on the famous Horse Guards Parade.

ter, when thick fogs are frequent, the barges are in great danger of being hit and sunk by other craft. The Thames fogs are a serious handicap to the port of London; not infrequently they tie up all shipping for four and five days at a time.

The big steamers we meet coming downstream are attended by tugs. This is in accordance with the rules of the port; large vessels are not allowed to turn in the channel without the aid of a tug. The other day, near London Bridge, I saw an incoming freighter execute a quick turn in the river by suddenly dropping its anchor and allowing the tide to swing it around, but large vessels are not supposed to execute this manœuvre.

As our launch ploughs her way upstream a veritable forest of tall chimneys looms ahead. There are dozens of huge cement works, where the chalk subsoil of the Thames valley is ground up and made ready for use in buildings not only in England but throughout the world. In recent years many small plants have been scrapped and big modern factories built in their places as part of the reorganization of British industry since the World War. There are also many flour mills, and one big factory that is the largest margarine works in England. Just beyond it is a sugar refinery, and a little farther on a pulp mill. Wheat from Canada, vegetable oil from the tropics, and pulp from Scandinavia are brought alongside the jetties in front of these works and unloaded directly from the ships into the storehouses.

Now we pass a big oil station with its park of tanks that look like giant pillboxes. Only high-test oil is allowed in this part of the river; for reasons of safety the big depots of low-test fuel oil are located below Gravesend. The tank

farm we now see belongs to an American-owned corporation which is successfully competing with the British in the sale of gasoline, or "petrol," as it is called over here. A little farther up the river we run by long lines of barges, loaded with coal, awaiting delivery to factories and power-houses along the river.

We pass on our left the great government arsenal at Woolwich, its munition factories and storehouses extending for more than a mile along the Thames. Opposite it I saw London's biggest power plant. Then there were margarine works, fertilizer plants, and a countless host of other factories, jetties, and giant docks, extending all the way up to London Bridge and beyond.

The docks of London are comparatively modern; the first mention of them occurs in Pepys's Diary, in 1661. Before that, vessels were beached for unloading, or anchored in the stream and loaded or unloaded by lighters. Pilfering was rampant in those days, and even the King's customs officers used to wear coats that had big bag-like pockets for the purpose of carrying off goods from the cargoes they inspected. The provision of London with docks really began with the West India and East India docks built early in the last century. During the great development of the nineteenth century there was much friction between the dock owners and other interests. This ended only in 1908, when the Port of London Authority was created. This body now has charge of the ten great dock systems, which have a total area of seven hundred and thirty-one acres of deep water and more than three thousand acres of land. It has twenty-eight members, ten of whom are appointed, and the balance elected by those who pay the charges that supply it with

revenues—shipowners, lightering companies, wharfage companies, and such. The dockworkers also have a representative on the Port Authority.

If we were to visit all the docks of London we should find in their warehouses practically every commodity known to world trade. Buyers come here not merely to place orders, but to sample and inspect goods actually landed and shown for sale. The wool sold on London docks in a year is sometimes worth one hundred and twenty-five million dollars; two fifths of it goes to foreign buyers, the rest to English mills. London has had a monopoly on tea importations for two centuries and more, and much of the rubber from Malaya and the East Indies passes through this port. London is England's chief port for the entry of herbs, spices, and medical materials; most of the copper, tin, and other metals likewise come in by way of the Thames. Sugar from the West Indies, silks from the East, lumber from the Baltic countries and the St. Lawrence, and meat from Argentina and Australia, reach the great English markets through this port. Since the earliest days of the East India Company London has monopolized British trade with India.

The docks I visited were those named after the famous East India Company. They are situated in the East End of London near the Blackwall vehicular tunnel under the Thames and in the heart of the congested areas where dwell most of the forty thousand harbour workers of the port of London. Shutting off the docks from the street is a big wall, which extends down East India Dock Road for a quarter of a mile or more. Inside the wall there is a labyrinth of other walls, and one may walk for miles

along the quays and through the sheds that line this great ship basin.

I was shown about by the dock manager for a noted British steamship line that operates a fleet of vessels to South Africa. Together we boarded some of the ships lying in the dock. One was taking on a cargo of cement for East Africa. This cement was made in a plant a few miles down the river, and had been brought up in a sailing barge lying alongside. It was being hoisted, six or eight bags at a time, from the barge to the deck of the steamship, and lowered into the hold far down below. There was a crew on the lighter to hook on the bags, another on the steamer's deck to operate the hoist, and a third down in the bowels of the vessel to stow away the sacks. The work was strenuous and the pace fast.

Another ship we visited was unloading bales of hemp from Africa and cotton from Kenya Colony. On the quay beside her was a great pile of sacks from which brown crystals of unrefined sugar were spilling out. That sugar came from cane grown on the island of Mauritius in the Indian Ocean.

In recent times strikes among the dockworkers have paralysed Thames commerce and caused disturbances to trade that have been felt throughout all England. Concerning these troubles the dock manager said:

"The London dockworker is a much better man than he has been represented to be, and there is no doubt that in times past he has been shamefully exploited. He is a capable fellow, often very expert at his job, who works hard and renders invaluable service. Moreover, he is usually reasonable, and willing to do the fair thing. Those of us who employ him, however, feel that he is too much in-

The port of London is in some respects the premier port of the world and extends for fifty miles along the Thames. It handles one third of Britain's foreign trade, and has passenger sailings to all parts of the globe.

London bridge is the nominal head of navigation in the Thames, and the beginning of the port of London, but as a matter of fact, small steamers and the thousands of barges go much farther up-stream.

fluenced by union officials who fear that they will lose their positions of leadership if they are not constantly agitating for something more for the men."

The dockworkers now get about three dollars for a day of eight hours, with a higher hourly rate for overtime, and double the regular rate if they work through a meal-hour. Ordinarily they quit at five o'clock; if a ship wants them to work as late as seven o'clock, which includes the docker's "tea time," or supper hour, it must pay for one hour at the overtime rate and one hour at double time rate, so that for these two extra hours the workers get almost a half-day's pay. It is such conditions as these, imposed by the dockworkers' unions, that the employers resent.

As all the men are paid off at the end of each day, a dockworker must find a new job every morning. The men are hired at the "morning call," at a quarter to eight, when the foremen take their stand in designated spaces on the pavements at the dock gates. Each has a supply of zinc checks, bearing a number and the name of his firm. These he hands out to the men he selects, as evidence of the fact that they are hired. Often, if work is steady, a foreman will hire the same gangs day after day. If a docker applies to a foreman for whom he has not worked before, he shows him a numbered brass check he carries as proof that he is a registered, qualified man. This system prevents men out of work in other lines coming and taking the dockers' jobs away from them.

Labour controversies on the London docks are dealt with by a committee made up of representatives of the shipowners, and a group representing the unions of the dockworkers. Besides adjusting rates for work by the day,

this joint body also fixes piece rates for nearly every commodity handled on the docks. The shipowners have greatly extended the piece system since the World War, and say that under it the men do more work and earn twice as much money. The employers feel that the unions have succeeded in imposing upon them wage rates and conditions that are out of proportion to the work done, and consequently hurtful to the port of London by making it an unduly expensive place for shipping. When I asked a member of the Port Authority for the answer to the dock labour problem he threw up his hands and said: "Who knows? Probably revolution!" But he did not seem at all worried by such a prospect.

The repeated demands of the dockworkers at Liverpool are given by some British shipping men as one of the reasons why so many of the transatlantic lines have transferred most of their business to Southampton. Still, Liverpool continues the second port of England, from which one seventh of the shipping tonnage of the world is registered. Its system of docks, warehouses, and cargo-handling facilities is one of the finest in existence.

When I landed at Liverpool from New York, I spent some time in the city looking over the docks. They extend along the Mersey a distance of seven miles and have nearly twelve hundred acres of water area and twenty-seven miles of quays. An elevated railway serves the docks and the multitude of warehouses and grain elevators beside them in which vast quantities of wheat, cotton, and tobacco from the United States are stored. The docks themselves are controlled by a board elected by the dock taxpayers.

The passenger landing stage at Liverpool is the largest

in the world. It is a huge raft, half a mile long, floated on two hundred iron pontoons and connected with the quay by hinged bridges that rise and fall with the tides. Above the landing stage are all the facilities required by the tens of thousands of steamship passengers that use it every year. These include railroad tracks that permit special boat trains to come to the very water's edge.

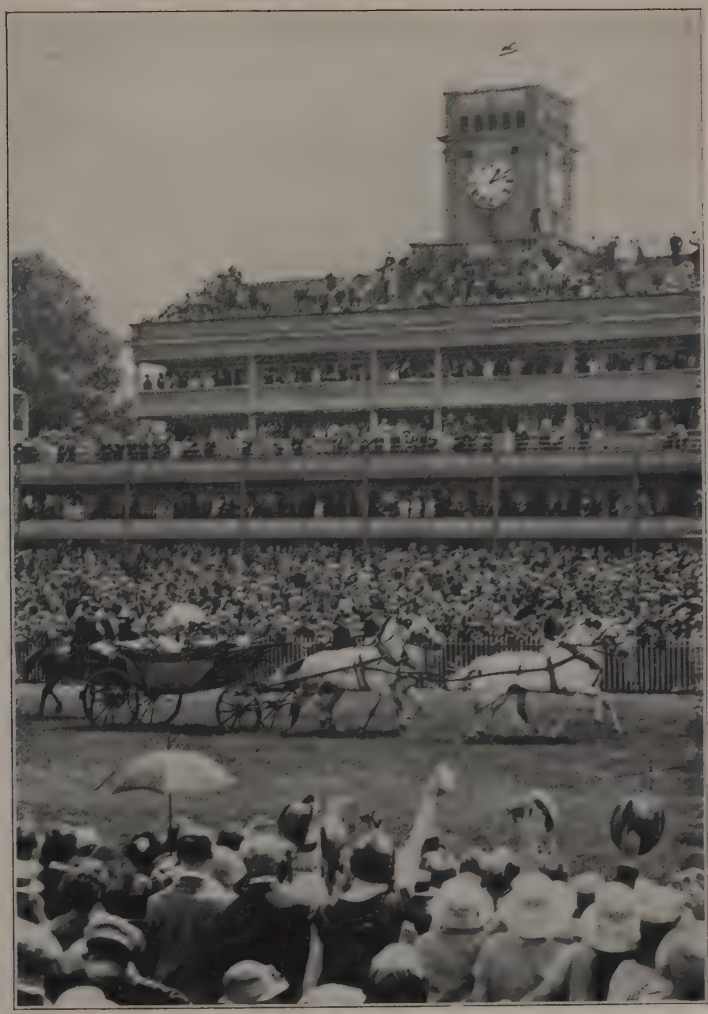
Near the landing stage are some of the chief buildings of Liverpool, which is noted for its massive business structures. Among them is the Royal Liver Building, a seventeen-story skyscraper, the tallest in all Britain. Its towers are surmounted by the "liver bird," the mythical creature from which Liverpool is supposed to get its name. Across the Mersey is the city of Birkenhead, the big industrial and shipping suburb of Liverpool.

CHAPTER VI

THE WORLD'S GREATEST HORSE RACE

THIS week I have seen the Derby at Epsom Downs. The Derby is far more than a horse race; it is a national event, and one of the ties that hold the British Empire together. Derby Day excites almost as much interest among the millions of British in the dominions and colonies as in Britain. It is witnessed every year by men who have journeyed from the far corners of the earth, and in every part of the Empire thousands eagerly await the flashes of the cable that announce the winner.

One can only guess at the total amount of money that changes hands when the Derby is won, but one can get an idea of the scale of the betting from the great pools organized year after year. The most noted of them is the Calcutta Sweepstakes, the first prize in which this year was worth four hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The lucky ticket holder in the London Stock Exchange Sweepstakes won about a quarter of a million dollars; and there are several other pools worth from twenty-five to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Pools on the Derby are organized also in clubs, hotels, offices, and other places of employment. This year the two biggest prizes were won by a shipping clerk in Liverpool and a widow employed in a Regent Street shop. The papers are full of interviews with the lucky winners, but I am told that an



The King and Queen usually attend both the Derby and the Ascot races, thus lending by their presence royal sanction to the sport of which both the commons and the nobility are enthusiastic followers.

The height of fashion rules at the Ascot races, held at Ascot Heath, near Windsor. Everybody who claims to be anybody attends, and all the fine homes in the vicinity are gay with house-parties for the week.

investigation once showed that in no case in the past had the men or women made rich overnight by the Derby enjoyed either happiness or permanent possession of their winnings.

Interest in the Derby develops long in advance and rises to such a high pitch that during the two or three days before the race is run it is the chief topic of discussion everywhere. Newspaper vendors display placards advertising the latest news from the race course, where the competing horses are stabled, and some of the sporting sheets confidently predict the name of the winner. The night before Derby Day every man and woman on the streets of London is either seeking a tip on the probable winner, or, quite as often, passing out "inside information." I found, for example, that the elevator man, the waiter, the valet, and the maid at my hotel each had profound convictions on the race, fortified in every case by a dozen reasons why the horse of their choice was sure to win. Except at the track itself, betting on horses in England is illegal, yet bets are made in every city in the kingdom.

The Derby was founded by Lord Derby in 1780, and ever since then has been regarded as the premier sporting event of the year. It is more of a popular than a fashionable event. In the latter respect it is far outdone by the Ascot races. Still, it is not so many years ago that the Commons and the House of Lords used to adjourn over Derby Day, and even this year attendance in both houses was thinned by the presence of many members at the race course. In the House of Commons yesterday afternoon, as soon as the name of the winner was received over the wires in Westminster, a member rose and asked one of the

government ministers who had just spoken if, "in making his reply to the question, he had taken into consideration the fact that Manna had just won the Derby?" In this way the news of the race was communicated to the entire House without violating parliamentary dignity. This year Derby Day fell on a Wednesday, which is the day the Cabinet meets. Nothing was said about the Derby, of course, but the cabinet meeting was postponed until Thursday.

It is estimated that the attendance at the Derby exceeds half a million people, or five times as many as the largest crowds ever assembled for a football game, prize-fight, or baseball game in the United States. In London and elsewhere employees in offices and shops arrange each year as to which ones shall have the day off to attend the Derby. The other night I overheard a girl telling a friend that she had quit her job because her employers would not let her off for the Derby; she preferred losing her position to missing the race.

Epsom is about twenty miles southwest of London. The movement of the great crowds thither began the night before. I went down by motor early in the morning, and the traffic was so great that our car was in a procession all the way. On Derby Day every contrivance that moves on wheels is pressed into service. More than two hundred big double-decked busses were taken off their usual routes through the streets of London and sent down to Epsom under special charter to private parties. I saw dozens of big sight-seeing busses and thousands of taxicabs and private cars. Some of the smart set proceeded to Epsom in the old-style coaches and fours, and there were countless wagons and pony carts loaded

down with tradesmen and their families. In the old days, the famous costers, or peddlers, from the East End of London, with their two-wheeled donkey carts and their wives bedecked with ostrich feathers, were one of the chief features of the annual parade to Epsom. The costers' donkey carts are now fast diminishing, though there are still enough of them left to form an entertaining feature of the fashionable horse show at Olympia every year. But many of the costers now own motor-trucks, and their wives seem to have learned that fine feathers do not necessarily make fine birds.

Some of the parties I saw on the road, even in the early hours of the morning, were more than jolly. Glasses were raised to us as we passed the vehicles containing 'Arry, 'Arriet, and the children. At every public house pony carts and motor trucks were drawn up, while their occupants endeavoured, by means of another drink, to make sure that the day would be a success.

The arrangements for handling the traffic were splendid. All the way through the city there were London policemen at every turning, and as we neared Epsom their numbers increased. About five miles from the course the stream of traffic was divided, horse vehicles being sent over one road, motor busses and trucks over another, and private cars and taxis into a third route. I saw no traffic jams or tangles such as so often attend our great gatherings. Field wireless stations enabled the police officers in charge to know at all times the conditions on every road and to direct the streams of vehicles accordingly.

Epsom Downs is a plateau rising in a gentle slope to the height of perhaps one hundred feet above the surrounding plain. Below it are the red roofs and brick walls

of small towns and villages, on the edges of which suburban cottages are fast eating into the farms. The slope is dotted with scrub trees and masses of yellow gorse. Here also were scores of horses feeding on the grass. They were not race horses, however; they belonged to the gypsies, who, ever since the Derby was inaugurated, have swarmed at Epsom Downs to prey on the great crowds. The hillside was sprinkled with their camp outfits and covered wagons. Some of the latter were as gaudy as circus wagons. Among them were a few motor-trucks. The gypsies lie in wait for all comers, the fortune-telling women holding out their hands to be crossed with silver, and the children begging for pennies.

I arrived at Epsom several hours before the great race, yet the top of the hill was already black with cars and people, all as near the course as they could get. Grandstands line one side of the course, near the finish post, and directly opposite the judge's stand is the Jockey Club. In the middle tier of the club stands is the box reserved for royalty.

The King and Queen came down by special train, and were driven from the near-by station to the entrance of the Jockey Club stand. The King was dressed in dark morning suit and silk hat and had a white flower in his buttonhole. At the Ascot races he will wear a pearl-gray top hat. He smiled genially and lifted his hat in acknowledgment of the cheers of the throng that watched his arrival. As the party proceeded to the royal box, some of the crowd called out good wishes for the King's horse entered in the big race.

Although the stands were packed with thousands of people who had paid good round sums as admission fees,

most of the vast assemblage saw the Derby for nothing. Epsom Downs is on crown land, and for centuries has been open to the public except for the stands and enclosures I have mentioned. Beyond the oval of the race course is a broad slope, and long before noon it was covered with a mass of people, all of whom had good views of the race free of charge. Next year conditions may be different; the Jockey Club has bought the interest of the lord of the manor and will control the whole area. Already the club is planning to put an end to the annual gypsy camps at Epsom Downs.

An hour or so before the first race the bookmakers arrived on the scene. They set up in the enclosures little stands bearing slates on which the odds against each horse were marked in chalk. Each man had his name in big letters somewhere on his stand; some had brass plates announcing "Alf Bailey, of Manchester," or "Jock Hammond, Leeds," and not a few displayed photographs of themselves, so that patrons might be sure they were dealing with the real "Alf" or "Jock." Slung from their shoulders were little satchels, which they soon began to fill with the money of the bettors. I saw one bookmaker wearing a broad leather strap, like a Sam Browne belt, studded with silver coins.

There were thirty or more bookmakers in the enclosure where I had my seat, and as many more in each of the others. As the hour of the race drew nearer, the bookies shouted out their offers, and urged the crowd to hurry along with their bets. Across the course, on the big slope where admission is free, there were hundreds of other bookmakers, taking bets as small as twenty-five cents. There also were all sorts of fakirs, tipsters, and

confidence men. I am told that the man who takes his chances in that crowd on Derby Day had best keep his hands in his pockets, as it is a favourite field of operations for tricksters living by their wits. Wild scenes sometimes occur there, especially when an unscrupulous bookmaker tries to sneak away without paying his losses. In the enclosures, however, only licensed bookmakers are allowed, and he who is lucky or shrewd enough to pick the right horses is sure of collecting his winnings. Some of the bettors I watched placed their money with conviction; others wavered until the last moment as to which horse they would back; still others bet their pounds or half crowns on "hunches" and a liking for a horse's name. Women and girls were almost as numerous among the bettors as the men; indeed, the English consider betting on the Derby, like a cigarette and a drink, one of the normal pleasures of life, to be enjoyed by everyone in moderation.

The first race was run on the straightaway course of five furlongs. As soon as the numbers of the horses coming in first, second, and third were put up on the board at the judge's stand, the lucky ones went down to the bookmakers to collect their winnings, after which everyone adjourned to the refreshment counters under the stands, there to celebrate success or drown sorrow. Then the second race was run, and again the crowd cheered as the horses came down the turfed course. The jockeys rode standing up in their stirrups, heads on their horses' necks, and their backs horizontal.

Next came the great race of the year—the Derby. The horses entered were first walked past the stands, so that all might have a good look at their choices, and then turned

and galloped to the starting point on the far side of the mile-and-a-half course.

A bell rings. They're off! Everyone in the stands is on tiptoe, trying to identify the horses as they dash along the undulating back stretch. As the runners make the turn at Tattenham Corner into the home stretch all Epsom Downs resounds with a vast roar. The horse in the lead is identified. Those who have backed him shout—not the name of the horse, but that of the famous jockey who rides him. He keeps his lead and finishes, an easy winner. It is the sixth time this jockey has ridden a horse to victory in the Derby. He is so much in demand in both France and England that he flies back and forth over the English Channel in an airplane to keep his numerous racing engagements. Now the King sends for the owner of the winning horse and congratulates him. He congratulates also the jockey.

The Derby has been run and won. For a large part of the crowd, though there are other races to follow, the day is over. They start home, some winners, some losers, but all cheerful. The Britisher can lose every bet he places at Epsom, and still consider Derby Day a great success.

While the English lover of horse-racing must get his thrill within the space of two minutes or so, the reverse is true of England's national game, cricket. The other afternoon I went to Lord's, the famous cricket ground of London. The match was between two county teams, Middlesex and Sussex, and among the players were England's most famous bowler—or pitcher, as we would call him—and two of her greatest batsmen. The game was played in a small portion of a great green oval, surrounded by one- and two-decked stands, accommodating,

I should say, from fifteen to twenty thousand people. Within the oval, the turf was as smooth and close shaven as that of a golf course. All the players wore white flannel trousers, white shoes, and white sweaters and blue peaked caps, and they made a pretty picture against the green.

I did not stay to the end of the match for the reason that it lasted three days. In America, everyone wants to know how the baseball game ended; the Englishman seems satisfied to see how the cricket match is getting on. He brings his wife out to Lord's for a few hours, and then relies on the newspapers of the next day or the day after to tell him the final result. He has heard with horror of the noisy "rooting" of our baseball fans and the organized yelling of the cheering sections at our college football games. At a cricket match he occasionally claps his hands at a good play or says, in a conversational tone, "Well played!" At four-fifteen in the afternoon every cricket match is adjourned for fifteen minutes while the players have tea, and the spectators patronize the refreshment booths where tea or something stronger is served.

British visitors to America complain of the language of our baseball writers, but it seems to me a case of the pot calling the kettle black. You may judge for yourself by the following paragraph clipped from the cricket columns of a great London daily:

Gilligan made two good strokes to square leg, and then played outside a ball that took his off-stump, whilst his successor, Holmes, did not survive his second ball, the middle stump turning a somersault. Two wickets fell at 14, and it was the hardest of luck that Durston did not take three wickets in his fourth over, for Wensley was

Football is played in England from September to April, and probably has a stronger hold on the masses than any other game. The championship matches are often witnessed by one hundred thousand people.

Although the impoverishment of many of the great landed proprietors in England in recent years has tended to reduce hunting, the British still spend some sixty million dollars a year on this expensive sport.

morally bowled with the sixth delivery. However, Wensley celebrated his escape with a brace of fine hits to square leg, each of which produced four, one being all run.

The English schoolboy is brought up on cricket. You will recall Wellington's remark that the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing field of Eton. The English boy is taught to lay more emphasis on the sportsmanship and the quality of his play than on mere victory; hence when any deed is termed "good cricket," it means that it is the best of its kind.

On the big county teams there are two kinds of players, "gentlemen," or amateurs, and professionals. The latter are paid far less than our baseball stars get. A "gentleman player" is named on a programme as "Mr. J. W. Laws"; if Laws were a professional, his name would appear as "Laws, J. W."

The British are convinced that their devotion to outdoor sport has had much to do with the building of the Empire. The other day a man of title publicly declared that all England's economic ills could be cured if only more attention were given to sport; that if employers would provide more recreation fields for their work people, and play cricket with them, the troubles between capital and labour would cease. I have met another member of the aristocracy who says that it is hunting that has enabled the British to gain domain over a quarter of the world.

In the schools, cricket and football are the chief organized sports, with rowing given much attention at the universities. Association football has a tremendous hold on the masses; more than one hundred thousand people witnessed the "cup final" match at London a few weeks

ago. For the average individual, probably tennis and golf are the favourite games. Even in crowded London one finds tennis courts in the midst of high brick walls, and many business firms have recreation grounds for their employees. Men play cricket with their sons and tennis with their wives and daughters. One sees golf courses everywhere in England. As a rule, the club-houses are far less elaborate than ours. The long summer evenings in England, lengthened an hour by daylight-saving time, are an aid to outdoor sports.

Among the aristocracy, hunting and shooting are the favourite sports. I talked the other day with a man, a former master of hounds, who took pride in the fact that some sixty million dollars is spent on hunting in Great Britain every year. In England, hunting refers only to following on horseback the hounds in pursuit of a fox, stag, or hare. In these days it is a most expensive sport, and on the decline. Another game much favoured by the aristocracy is polo, played by officers of the British army in all parts of the world. There is a movement to popularize polo, and at two clubs near London matches are played almost daily. Next week a team representing the United States Army begins a series with the crack military team of England.

The English have a passion for spending as much time as possible in the open. Both the poor and the rich have tea out of doors as often as the weather will permit. The English still take walks. It is the Sunday recreation of millions, in both town and country, and riding a bicycle is still considered an outdoor sport in England. The devotion of the British to the outdoors is surprising in view of their climate, which is cold and damp most of the year.

So many days are cloudy and showery that sunshine is reckoned by hours, not days. Cold winds and rains that would break up a golf match in the States, or send our picnickers scurrying for shelter, are usually disregarded over here. There are two kinds of people in England—those who raise umbrellas when it rains, and those who don't. The latter seem to be in the great majority.

CHAPTER VII

THE BANK OF ENGLAND

THERE are a great many banks in England, but only one "Bank of England," and when a Britisher speaks of "the Bank," he means that institution. It is not by any means the largest in the country; several of the joint-stock banks have greater assets and do a bigger volume of business. "The Bank" has no deposits or checking accounts in the ordinary sense, and yet it remains the greatest financial institution of the world. It is a national symbol of strength and stability and the keystone of the arch of British finance. A dozen governments might fall with less harm than would result from any weakness in "the Bank."

The Bank of England is a private corporation, over which the government has not the slightest control, yet it issues the bank notes that form a large part of the paper money circulating in Britain, and it prints the government notes also. There is no representative of the government on its board, yet it is the exclusive agent for the handling of the national debt, which now amounts to some thirty-five thousand million dollars. Its directors have in their custody the reserves of all the other banks, and they control a discount rate, the fluctuation in which affects business not only in Great Britain, but throughout the world, yet not one of these men is a banker by profession.

For two centuries the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," as the Bank of England is called, has virtually controlled British finance, and helped to make London the financial capital of the world.

Not only do London's financial interests extend all over the globe, but the Royal Mint makes money for many foreign countries, and its vaults are stacked high with sacks of silver coins, to be used in far-away lands.

Not once in a decade does the Bank or any official thereof give an interview or issue a public statement, and the institution never lends its name to the discussion of economic subjects such as are contained in the publications of many of our largest banks, yet a whisper emanating from its inner recesses is sufficient to change the trend of business throughout Great Britain. It has no authority and imposes no penalties, yet its recent hint that British capital should be conserved for a time was enough to stop at once all flotation of foreign loans in London. The Bank is really the brake on British finance, by which credit is controlled and a check imposed on commercial borrowings.

The Bank of England is more than two hundred years old, and its establishment marked the beginning of modern banking. It was founded in 1694 as a result of the necessities of the government of the day. In return for a permanent loan to the government of six million dollars with annual interest at eight per cent. it obtained the right to receive deposits, issue demand notes, and make loans. It began business without a dollar of actual cash. Later, when it extended further aid to the government in times of need, it secured additional privileges. To-day it has practically the exclusive right of issuing notes, is free from all taxes, and it pays regularly semi-annual dividends of six per cent.

A Scotsman, William Paterson, is given the credit for founding the Bank of England. He was a wealthy resident of London who had spent some years in Boston, where he made a fortune as a ship owner and trader. When the Bank was organized, the government finances were in bad shape and the currency was debased. The goldsmiths of London were at that time the chief money-

lenders in England, and the custodians of most of the gold in the kingdom. At times they had in their vaults crown jewels and even parts of the royal wardrobe as security for loans to kings. Before the goldsmiths began to function as bankers, merchants used to store their gold in the Tower of London, until Charles I confiscated some half a million dollars' worth of it deposited there. His son, Charles II, less than twenty-five years before the Bank was started, seized more than six million dollars' worth of gold loaned to the royal exchequer by the goldsmiths. Immediately upon the organization of the Bank these evils disappeared, and the benefits of the new institution made themselves felt immediately. To-day, the Bank lends the government sums so vast that they make the gold confiscated by seventeenth-century rulers look like small change.

London is sometimes called the fifth wheel of the financial world. The Bank of England is its hub in its physical location as well as in a figurative sense. It is situated at the chief nerve centre of the City, on one side of a triangular space on the other two sides of which are the Royal Exchange and the Mansion House, the latter the official residence of the Lord Mayor. The Royal Exchange occupies a site that has been the gathering place for London merchants for hundreds of years, and the portico of the present building is one of the places where a new king is proclaimed. Near by, also, is the Stock Exchange. Several of the most important streets in the City come together here, and five hundred busses an hour pass through their intersecting point. On one side of the Bank is Threadneedle Street; hence its name, "The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street."

The Bank moved into its present quarters in 1734, just forty years after it was founded. The building was enlarged in 1788, and now, after two centuries, is being remodelled. In deference to public sentiment, the outer appearance of the Bank will remain about the same, though the changes, when completed, will afford accommodation for all of its three thousand employees, hundreds of whom are now scattered in other buildings near by. For reasons of safety, it was decided that the Bank must be lighted from an interior court, hence the outer walls have no real windows. The building is only one story high, and it is literally black with age. It covers an area of several acres and contains nine courts. Indeed, to the visitor it seems a bewildering labyrinth. In one of the courts are a fountain and several big elm trees. This area was once a churchyard.

The Bank is entered from Threadneedle Street through a large arched gateway leading into the first court, from which all parts of the building may be reached. One would think from the attendants in this court that he was about to enter the palace of a prince. The porter in charge wears a uniform of bright red, covered with gold lace, and carries a staff. The Bank messengers are likewise beautifully arrayed. They are dressed in swallow-tail coats of a delicate salmon-pink ornamented with silver buttons, red waistcoats, black trousers, and shiny silk hats. These uniforms were adopted generations ago, and no one in London would think of changing them for more simple and modern attire.

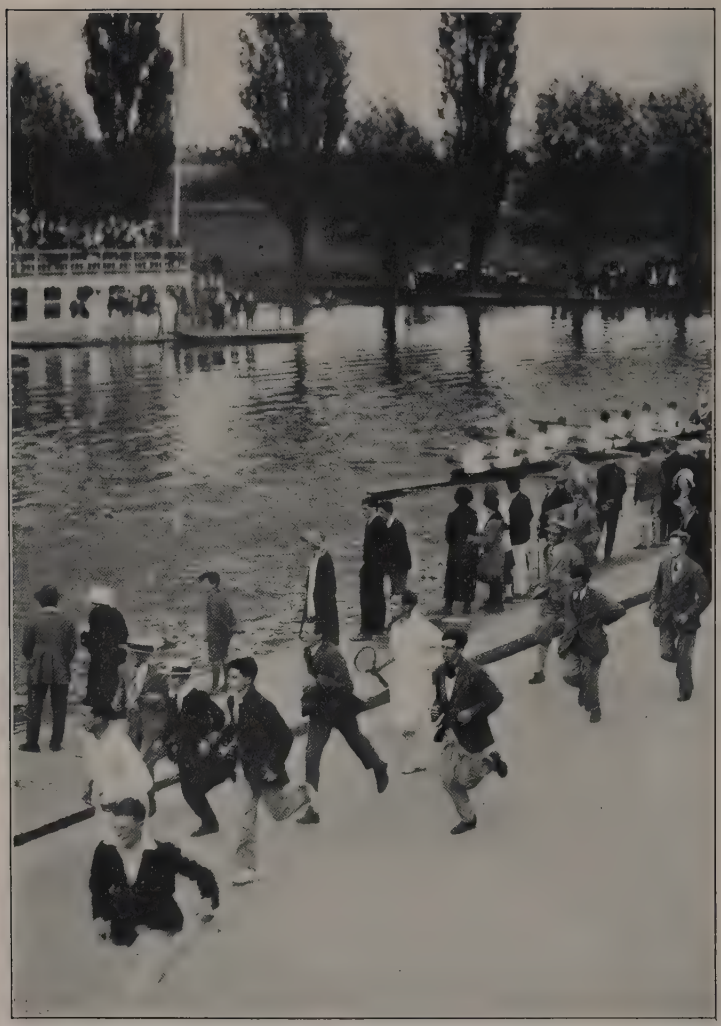
The Bank is a veritable museum of ancient customs, carried over into the twentieth century, long after the reasons that called them into being have disappeared.

For example, in the Gordon riots in 1780, the Bank was threatened by a mob and a night guard of thirty-six soldiers was stationed in the building to protect it. The need for troops quickly passed, but to-day, nearly one hundred and fifty years later, thirty-six soldiers are quartered in the basement at seven o'clock every night. I have been told that because some authority at the Bank directed that each man of the original guard should have a bottle of wine every night spent on duty in the building, each soldier of the present guard is still furnished the same refreshment for his nightly vigil. I have heard, but cannot vouch for, another story about the tendency of the British to continue for ever what is done once. According to this tale, one of England's queens saw beneath a window of the palace at Hampton Court a daisy growing where no daisy had ever been seen before. She was so pleased with the visitor that she directed that the flower be carefully tended, and the story is that ever since then a daisy plant has been kept growing beneath that window.

The inside of the Bank is not like any bank or office building in the United States. It seems more like an institution than a business building. The rooms used by officials have their walls hung with paintings and contain many mementoes of the past. Except in the big public rooms and clerks' offices, one sees almost no people about. An air of hushed solemnity pervades the inner rooms, and there is a complete absence of hustle and bustle.

The board of governors of the Bank meets once a week in a handsome room facing on the fountain court. Although this body virtually controls British finance, its meetings are always short, seldom lasting more than an hour and a half. It has been said that if the governors

Above the roofs of Oxford rise the towers and spires of the more than twenty colleges that make up the university. Parts of the town are veritable labyrinths of narrow streets and high stone walls.



One of the gayest events at Oxford is "Eights Week," when the boat races between the various colleges are held. Many American Rhodes scholars have added to their popularity by filling places on the numerous crews.

ever sat as long as four hours a panic in London would ensue, as everyone would fear there was something radically wrong. There are twenty-four directors, besides the governor, and the deputy governor. The office of governor is filled each year by the man who has held the position of deputy governor during the preceding year, and usually it is the oldest member of the board who has not been governor that is chosen each year as deputy. As a rule, a director becomes deputy governor after he has been on the board about twenty years, and he reaches "The Chair" in the succeeding year. Vacancies on the board are filled by the election of comparatively young men, so that in twenty years, when it becomes their turn to serve as deputy and governor, they will still be in the vigour of life.

On the other hand, any danger of the Bank being controlled entirely by young bloods is averted by the custom of retiring several directors each year, and it is from the ranks of the younger men that the retirements are made. All men who have served as governor remain with the Bank until they die or resign. Election to the board of the Bank is a great honour, not in the least diminished by the fact that the man chosen may be asked to retire in a few years. Selections are usually made from the personnel of the conservative business houses of "the City." The reason no banker is ever elected to the court is that it was formerly considered that every bank was a keen competitor of every other bank, and that hence it would be unwise to entrust the Bank of England to men interested in other banks.

The governor and the deputy are in general charge of the conduct of the Bank, but there is no fixed executive

organization corresponding to the officers of our banks. A great many matters are entrusted to standing committees appointed from the membership of the governing board. Employees are on practically a civil service basis, and men entering the Bank in their youth frequently serve there until they die of old age. Their health is looked after by the medical officer of the Bank, and they have a mutual savings society which pays death benefits and annuities.

The Bank is the sole agency in England for the import and export of gold. In the company of the deputy governor and his secretary I visited the basement vaults where the bullion is stored. I was impressed with the informality with which we entered the low-ceilinged room containing nearly eight hundred million dollars' worth of the yellow metal, and the absence of the impressive mechanical devices and guards with which such treasure would be surrounded in the United States. The gold bricks were piled upon little trucks or stacked against the walls, and the door from the court was wide open. Nevertheless, the arrangements were not so simple as they looked, and I was assured that the Bank officials have every reason to feel certain that there is absolutely no danger of a theft or raid upon the national gold reserve.

The gold pigs and bricks in the vaults came from all over the world. I saw gold from the United States, from South Africa, and from Australia. The attendants were able to identify every brick on sight by its colour and size. In the room were great scales on which the value of the bricks is checked by weight. The ingots are shipped in wooden boxes bound with iron straps. These are entering and leaving every week, as gold moves about the world in accordance with the needs of commerce.

The Bank prints its notes on a white paper manufactured in a mill devoted exclusively to that purpose. In both size and shape the notes are inconvenient to handle, being nearly as big as half a sheet of business letterhead paper. They are a clear white except for the black lettering and numbers on them, and have none of the elaborate designs and intricate engraving of our paper money. They look, in fact, as though they would be easy to counterfeit, but experience has shown that the fine thin sheets are practically imitation-proof. Every bank note issued bears a number which is made a matter of record. After they have been redeemed the notes are cancelled by a piece being torn out of the corner of each one, but they are kept in vaults for several years thereafter in case any question is raised about their past ownership. No note is redeemed until the man who presents it endorses his name on the back. There is a story that J. P. Morgan once presented a five-pound note for redemption at the Bank. When an official asked him to endorse it, he refused, saying that as the note was "to bearer" and was genuine the bank should cash it in gold without an endorsement. Upon the cashier insisting, Mr. Morgan said: "Very well, if you won't redeem your own note, I'll let it go to protest!" The bank official was so horror-stricken at the idea of a note of the Bank being protested that Mr. Morgan endorsed it and the cash was paid over.

Another story about the Bank concerns the redemption of notes worth one hundred thousand dollars that had been stolen and then sold to a Jew. Both the Jew and the Bank knew, when he presented them for payment, that they were stolen notes, and the Bank refused to redeem

them. Whereupon the Jew began exhibiting the notes in "the City," with the statement that the Bank refused to redeem its own paper. He kept this up until the money was paid over. That was a great many years ago, and no such trick could be worked to-day. In times past the Bank has been victimized by swindlers; in one instance American forgers got away with half a million dollars, but they were subsequently captured and most of the money was recovered. In the second year of the Bank's existence it was nearly ruined by the goldsmiths. Jealous of the new institution, and taking advantage of the shortage of coin because of the reform of the coinage then in process, they presented to the Bank more notes than it was able to redeem, and payments were temporarily suspended. Once, when the Bank was under a strain, members of the nobility drove up to its doors in coaches loaded with golden guineas which they deposited to help the institution out of a tight place.

Banking in England is carried on under a system different from ours. Instead of hundreds and thousands of bank corporations, such as we have, there are only twenty-two joint-stock banks in all England and Wales and seven private banks. The big banks have, however, a great many branches, more than six thousand in all, so that in going about one sees the same bank names in practically all the cities and towns.

The reason London is called the fifth wheel of the financial world is that it is the commercial capital of the world's greatest creditor nation. Although after 1914 the British were compelled to sell out many of their investments abroad, they still hold stocks in private enterprises in other countries and the bonds of foreign govern-

ments worth some thousand million dollars, from which they derive an annual income of approximately five hundred million dollars. Moreover, they still have available one hundred million dollars each year for further investment abroad. The affairs of many railroad and lighting corporations in South America, oil companies in Mexico and Persia, rubber plantations in Malaya, are controlled right here in London.

In the City, not far from the Bank of England, is a hotel where nearly every day the stockholders' meetings of one or more corporations are held, representing enterprises operated with British capital in all parts of the world. At these meetings the chairman of the board usually makes a speech discussing political as well as economic conditions in the country concerned, and expresses his views as to what should be done in the interests of good business. As these speeches are usually published in full as paid advertisements in the financial columns of the big London dailies, they furnish an education in the actualities of world trade, from the British point of view, and throw light on the state of affairs in all parts of the world.

CHAPTER VIII

OXFORD

I WRITE to-day in Oxford, the Athens of the British Empire. I despair of giving you more than an impression of the university and its fascinating surroundings. No man with the slightest love of books and study can come here without wishing he could stay. Nathaniel Hawthorne spoke the truth when he said of Oxford that "The world has no place like it, and it would take a lifetime and more than one to comprehend and enjoy it satisfactorily."

I have visited most of the classic spots on the globe, but none like this. Oxford is more impressive than Athens, and the spirit of both antiquity and learning seems to hover over it. For more than one thousand years men have come here to gain knowledge. Tradition ascribes Oxford's foundation to King Alfred in 972, but the oldest of the present colleges were not established until the thirteenth century. Men of the Church were the first teachers, and up to comparatively modern times the university has been the scene of great religious controversies. It was in one of its ancient buildings that Cranmer defended his doctrines against all the learned men of both Oxford and Cambridge, and it was in front of Balliol College that he was burned for his opinions.

For centuries Oxford has been not only a seat of learning, but a cradle of British statesmanship, and at times has

exerted a powerful influence on the affairs of the kingdom. To this day, members of the university elect two men to the House of Commons. Oxford has known both the favour and the enmity of kings and political parties, yet throughout has maintained its freedom in thought and teaching. There are other educational institutions in England which are more modern in both their curricula and equipment, but to the English there are really only two universities. One of them is Oxford, and the other its ancient offshoot, Cambridge. The University Club in London admits to membership only Oxford and Cambridge men.

Situated about sixty miles from London, the city of Oxford is embraced by the Cherwell River and the Isis, or Upper Thames, which come together just below here to form the Thames. The college buildings are not segregated, but are scattered through the town, some of them fronting on the main streets. Seen from a distance, their numerous gray towers and spires distinguish Oxford from every other place in England. Many of the streets are lined with buildings almost as ancient as the colleges themselves, and leading off from them are all sorts of stone-walled passages and lanes. On the north side of the town is a most attractive residential district, in which are the red brick homes of the University professors and college authorities, surrounded by lovely gardens. Oxford has also a number of important industries, but these the visitor seldom sees or even hears of. Since early times, the university has dominated the town, and its vice chancellor has virtually supreme authority in all matters pertaining to moral conditions in Oxford and the discipline of students.

Oxford University is not one college, but twenty-one colleges. Each is a complete unit within itself, with its own chapel, dining hall, and living quarters for its students. The colleges are massive stone structures of two or three stories, built around courts and quadrangles. Within the walls of most of them are gardens as big as a city park with flower-bordered lawns and mighty trees centuries old. Each has also its playing fields for cricket, tennis, and football. The grounds of several of the colleges extend to the Isis and the Cherwell. In spring both rivers are crowded with the shells of the racing crews and the snub-nosed, flat-bottomed punts of the pleasure seekers.

The colleges are indescribable in their wondrous architecture and in their time-worn and venerable grandeur. Their gray stone walls are fairly chewed by the teeth of time. Many of them look like monasteries, and were, indeed, once so used. One almost expects to see monks in gowns and cowls step out from their cloisters and carved doorways.

One of the finest of the colleges is Christ Church, the largest, richest, and most aristocratic of them all. Its chief buildings, erected by Cardinal Wolsey, face on Cornmarket Street not far from the Thames. There is a gate in the centre with a statue of the Cardinal above it and a stone tower, built by Wren, rises over that. A porter is always on guard at the gate, closing it at night with massive doors and scrutinizing carefully all who go in and out during the daytime. The gateways of the colleges at Oxford are to them what a market place is to a town. Their walls are lined with all sorts of notices, and the porter and his assistants know more than any one else of

On June 24 of each year an open-air service is held in the St. Swithin's Quadrangle of Magdalen College, and a sermon is preached from the tiny pulpit in the corner of the wall of one of the time-worn buildings.

At Eton College, perhaps the most famous boys' school in all the world, the sons of England's first families undergo a rigorous training in classical studies and in the British code of sportsmanship.

the comings and goings of the students. They are unofficial oracles of whom it may be said that "what they don't know isn't knowledge."

In the tower over Christ Church gate is the great eighton bell of the university. It is known as Big Tom, and its nightly curfew can be heard for miles. At five minutes past nine, one hundred and one strokes are sounded, one for each member of the original foundation of the college. As soon as the bell stops ringing, two proctors of the university start out to look up recreant students. The proctors might be called the chiefs of the college police. They are university men, and each has four assistants known as "bulldogs." If the proctors find a man on the streets without the cap and gown required after dark they accost him with a question:

"Do you belong to the university?"

If the man answers "yes" his name and college are brusquely inquired, and he is ordered to go in at once, and to report at the vice chancellor's court at ten the next morning for fine and punishment. Each college fixes the hour at which its students must be in at night, the latest of which is twelve. I am told that among the many undying traditions of Oxford, the various methods of getting into college after hours without being seen by either proctors or porters are among the best preserved.

But let us go through the gate and into the "Tom Quad," the largest and finest of the five quadrangles of Christ Church. This is an immense court more than an acre in extent, with close-shaven lawn. There is a fountain in the centre, from which wide walks radiate to the main entrances of the buildings.

At every hundred feet or so in their walls are low arched

doorways leading to the rooms occupied by the students. Every man at Oxford has a bedroom and a sitting room, and as a rule a college admits no more students than it can accommodate. The rooms have electric lights, but they are heated by grate fires. The students live in the colleges much as in a hotel. Each man shares with seven or eight others the services of a "scout," one of whom, with his assistants, is assigned to each stairway. He runs errands, takes care of the rooms, and serves in them such meals as are not eaten in the dining hall. Students usually have breakfasts in their rooms, and also entertain in them a great deal, at tea, after-dinner coffee, and wine suppers. Dinners must be eaten in the college dining halls.

The kitchens of the colleges are among the curiosities of Oxford. That of Christ Church has been in existence since the days of Cardinal Wolsey, and in it hangs a big gridiron which was used by the cooks of the cardinal. It is a big stone-walled room, with a ceiling at least sixty feet high. At one side is a fireplace large enough to roast an ox, before which fowls and meats are still cooked on spits. There are also large ranges and steamers big enough to boil two sacks of potatoes at a time. Twenty-two cooks, in white coats and caps, are kept busy preparing meals for the students.

The dining hall in Christ Church is like a cathedral. It has beautiful windows of stained glass, and its walls are panelled in old English oak. The room is one hundred and fifty feet long, forty feet wide, and fifty feet high. Its walls are hung with portraits of the great men of the college. I noticed among them paintings of Gladstone, John Wesley, John Locke, and Lewis Carroll, author of "Alice in

Wonderland." Another portrait was that of Doctor Fell, of whom you may remember the verse:

> I do not like thee, Doctor Fell,
> The reason why I cannot tell;
> But this one thing I know full well,
> I do not like thee, Doctor Fell.

Leaving Christ Church, I visited many of the other colleges, each of which has its special objects of interest—historical, literary, or architectural. In Pembroke College one may see the room which Samuel Johnson occupied and the desk on which he wrote his dictionary. At New College, which is more than six hundred years old, Sydney Smith was educated, and in Balliol, Cardinal Manning, Dean Stanley, and Matthew Arnold studied. I visited also the Bodleian Library, where the books used to be chained to the shelves, and even kings were not permitted to borrow them; and the Sheldonian Theatre, where commencement exercises are held and degrees conferred. In accordance with an ancient custom, the names of all candidates for degrees are posted outside the theatre, so that tradesmen may have a chance to collect bills owing to them by students about to leave the university.

There are a hundred or more American students at Oxford, most of them Rhodes scholars. You will remember that in his will Cecil Rhodes set aside a fund to be used in founding scholarships at Oxford, to be awarded to students from each one of the United States and each of the British dominions. It was the empire builder's idea that this mingling of students from different countries at Oxford would promote the unity of the English-speaking peoples. When the scholarships were established in 1902,

the extreme conservatives were for a time resentful of what they considered an intrusion of outsiders, but now everyone seems to regard the plan as a success.

I have talked with several of the American Rhodes scholars, and without exception found them enthusiastic about Oxford. They pointed out that in nearly every respect it is different from any American university.

"The most fundamental difference," said one of them to me, "is that there is practically no compulsion on the students here. There are no classes or recitations, and a student is not even required to attend any lectures. Moreover, after a man is established in his special subject or school—philosophy, economics, history, law, or whatever it may be—it is quite likely that he will not have to take any examinations for two years. But those examinations, when they are taken, will cover the whole field of his subject, and are certain to show whether he has really mastered it or not. In addition to the written papers, the university may also require an oral examination, in which any sort of question may be asked by men of expert knowledge, and which may last all day and late into the night.

"A student works chiefly with his tutor, who does not teach him by page and paragraph, but helps him plan his work and supervise his progress. The tutor suggests books and lectures, but it is entirely up to the student as to whether he reads the books or goes to the lectures.

"The life at Oxford is most delightful. It is free and easy, and a man is encouraged to make the most of his opportunities for congenial association with his fellows. Here again there is absolutely no compulsion. A student's participation in such activities as debating societies, athletics, and the like is left entirely to him, but of course

Many of the great landed proprietors of England are finding their big country houses, with their parks and gardens that have been maintained for centuries, so heavily taxed and so expensive to keep up, that they are forced to sell these properties.

The average English farmer is conservative and opposed to change. He tills the soil to-day in about the same way as his forefathers did, and in many cases is living in dwellings built centuries ago.

the degree to which he goes in for these things contributes toward his success. As each college has its athletic teams and crews, there are enough places on one or another for every man willing to go out and try for something."

The American Rhodes scholars have, as a whole, made good here and are well liked. Many of them are fine athletes, and add to their welcome at Oxford by playing on the various teams. This year there are one or more Americans on the eight-oared crews of practically all the colleges, and there are several Americans on the track team which will represent the university in meets with Yale, Harvard, and Princeton in the United States this summer.

As to scholarship, their reputation is not quite so good. Judged by English standards, the Americans are but poorly prepared in the classics and in philosophy, which Oxford has always most emphasized. The university makes no concessions to the idea that college should train a young man in the arts of making a living, but it does consider itself a great school for training gentlemen in the art of living. While her standards of academic honours are very high, Oxford considers most important the fact of residence within a college, and when a man comes up for a degree his college must certify that he has "kept bed and board continuously" within it. The university is not at all disturbed by the fact that a large proportion of students choose "pass" courses, in which a degree without honours may be obtained with but little study.

A year at Oxford is quite expensive. The original allowances for Rhodes scholars were about fifteen hundred dollars each; they have been raised to seventeen hundred and fifty dollars a year. One of our American students told me to-day that a Rhodes scholar must add about five

hundred dollars a year to this sum if he lives up to the prevailing standards and participates in the university life. His own college bills, he said, average about three hundred dollars for each of the three terms. These cover tuition charges, the cost of his room, and meals eaten in his college, leaving only about eight hundred and fifty dollars for his other expenses during term time and the long vacations.

More than half the year of the Oxford student is spent on vacation, the total of the three college terms being only twenty-four weeks. These vacations are not purely holidays, as with us. Many students devote term-time to making the most of Oxford "life," and do their hardest studying in the vacations. Once, when it was proposed that the terms be lengthened, the plan was vetoed on the ground that to do so would cut down the students' time for "reading" in the vacations.

The relations between the colleges at Oxford and the university are as complex as the British constitution. In some respects the colleges are stronger than the university; in others the reverse is true. It is the university that confers degrees, but instruction is largely in the hands of the colleges, yet of the sixty professors at Oxford, all are attached to the university, and the colleges have none. About all that is required of the professors is that they give a relatively few lectures each year. Indeed, their specific duties are so few that when it was proposed to provide pensions for them someone said: "Why, an Oxford professorship *is* a pension."

The colleges are financially independent of one another and the university; in fact, they contribute funds to the university, which is relatively poor. The endowments of the colleges date, for the most part, from very early times,

when the gifts made to them consisted largely of landed estates. In some cases, what were farm lands have now become town properties, with valuable business buildings on them. Christ Church, for example, is a big landlord in London.

The system at Oxford is such that it is almost true that any group of people could start a college here by setting up a common residence and providing themselves with a teaching staff. Ruskin College, for example, founded to give working men an opportunity to study at Oxford, is in Oxford, but not of it, for it has never been incorporated in the university. There are also several hundred women students at Oxford, eligible to attend lectures and to qualify for degrees, but the institutions where they live are called halls instead of colleges, and are not incorporated in the university.

The colleges are a law unto themselves in the matter of admitting students, and they take only those whom they choose to accept. The name of a young man desiring admission to Christ Church, Balliol, or any of the more favoured colleges, is considered months before he is ready to go up to Oxford, and every personal and family influence is brought to bear in his favour. In recent years, the pressure of students upon Oxford has greatly increased, and since the university has no desire to grow, the most popular colleges have been more than ever able to pick and choose candidates for admission. Last year, for example, fifty Rhodes scholars applied to enter one college that had but two vacancies.

Since the earliest times, Oxford has attracted the sons of the best families and even of kings, and is noted for the positions of eminence won by her graduates in letters,

science, and statesmanship. It is a mathematical certainty that among the young men seen about Oxford today, as careless in dress and in manner as our American college students, are future cabinet ministers and premiers of Great Britain. There is an undergraduates' political club here that can name nine of its former members who are holding ministerial posts in the present British government. The Oxford debating society, known as the Union, is a veritable incubator of statesmen.

Many Oxford men take up law, others go into the Church, and still others into medicine and teaching. Large numbers enter the service of the government, either here at home, or in India and the colonies. I doubt if the average American realizes what big organizations these represent, or the opportunities they afford to well-educated men to make for themselves honourable careers. Not as many graduates are going directly into politics—that is, seeking election to the House of Commons—as was formerly the case. It is a matter of money, for one thing, for, as a people, the English are poorer than they used to be, and a larger proportion of young men must take up something that is at least reasonably remunerative.

Hardly less interesting than Oxford is Eton College, probably the most famous of English boys' schools. I visited it the other day after going through Windsor Castle. The town of Eaton lies just across the Thames from Windsor, and the great castle can be plainly seen from the school. Eton was founded nearly five hundred years ago. The walls of its ancient buildings are scratched with the names and initials of men who have been in their graves for centuries, and bear tablets inscribed with the names of Etonians killed in England's many wars.

The boys do not live in the college proper, but in the masters' houses, and are subject to rigid discipline. The afternoon of my visit was a half-holiday, yet all who had not leave of absence were assembled in the quadrangle for roll call at noon, at two-fifteen, and at six. As you know, Eton students are required to wear silk hats. Those above a certain height wear standing collars and tail coats, while the shorter boys wear abbreviated jackets and the broad turned-down collars named after the school. When I watched the roll call in the school yard, although it was a hot day, I noticed many of the boys had on long overcoats. I learned that underneath they were dressed for cricket or tennis, but as long as they had on their tall hats, it was assumed by common consent that their overcoats concealed the rest of the regulation costume.

Eton is one of the so-called "public schools," which are really not public at all, and are more exclusive and aristocratic than any private school in America. They are the chief feeders of the universities of Oxford and Cambridge. It is the drilling in the classics that English boys get in these schools that makes them seem so much better read than the American undergraduates at Oxford. The customs, training, and living conditions at the English public schools are often Spartan in character, as readers of Kipling's "Stalky & Co." will recall. It is difficult to exaggerate their effect upon the character of the British and the development of the Empire.

In London I had still another view of English education when I had lunch in the hall of King's College, situated in the Strand. King's College is a part of the University of London, which, physically speaking, is scattered through the city. It has about as many students as Oxford, but

nothing like the same prestige or glamour of antiquity. Its students come not from schools like Eton and Winchester, but from those that more nearly correspond to our public schools in that they are free institutions, supported by government funds. The system of free public education is of much more recent establishment in England than with us, and has not been developed here to anything like the same extent as in the United States.

CHAPTER IX

ON A GREAT ESTATE

I HAVE spent to-day upon the estate of a noble lord. I shall not mention his name, but he is the holder of one of the most ancient titles in the realm, and owner of three estates worth together more than five million dollars. The estate I visited consists of about six thousand acres of land in Worcestershire in the heart of the English Midlands. The property is typical of its kind, and in going over it I obtained a first-hand view of English farming.

The United States is so largely self-supporting that it is difficult for us to realize that John Bull cannot feed himself. Industrialized England produces only enough food to feed its people over the week-end; the balance must be imported from other countries. The United Kingdom raises but one fifth of the wheat its people eat; the rest is bought in the United States, Canada, or Argentina. The fine "English bacon" John Bull eats for breakfast very likely comes from Denmark, his "English roast beef" perhaps was shipped overseas from Argentina, and the sheep providing the joint of mutton probably was raised in Australia.

But let me tell about the estate on which I spent the day. It has been in the family of the present owner since the time of Henry VIII. One of his ancestors entertained King Henry so pleasantly at another estate, near London, that the jovial monarch took the property for himself,

giving his host in exchange lands in Worcestershire which he had recently confiscated from the Church. The bulk of the estate to-day is divided into tenant farms of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty acres. The remainder of the land is devoted to the park and manor house of the owner, the "home farm" of one hundred and sixty acres, and a village where many of the estate employees live.

I drove first through the park. It has many magnificent oak and beech trees under which sheep were grazing. There are also tennis courts, cricket fields, and gardens, and formerly deer were kept in the park. The manor house is a huge pile of red sandstone and brick, five stories high, and big enough to serve as a hospital or a school. In one wing, as large as a small apartment house, are the servants' quarters, of which a great staff is required when the house is open. This structure, with more than one hundred rooms, was started about forty years ago, took ten years to build, and even in those days cost in excess of one million dollars. Since then conditions in England have so changed that rich as is the present owner, he keeps it shut up most of the time, and even when in residence uses only a portion. The house is practically unsalable, on account of its huge size and cost of upkeep, and with the burden of taxes is a good deal of a white elephant. There are scores of splendid country homes like it in England to-day, the possession of which is keeping their owners poor and for which there is almost no market.

Cows, pigs, and chickens are kept on the home farm. The cows must be milked early each day in order to furnish fresh cream for tea in the owner's London home that afternoon. Fruits and vegetables are likewise sent up to

the town house daily during the season. The garden of the manor house is one of the most interesting features of the estate, and quite unlike anything we have in America. It is a tract of several acres, enclosed in a brick, ivy-covered wall. This wall is about ten feet high, and would cost a small fortune if built to-day.

Inside the high wall cherry and pear trees have been trained against the bricks. Their branches, instead of growing out on all sides of the trunk, lie flat against the wall, like the ribs of a fan. In this way every leaf and twig not only gets the maximum amount of sunshine in this land of cloudy skies, but also benefits by the heat reflected from the bricks. Similarly, the apple trees I saw growing in the orchard had been so trained that the lowest branches left the trunks only a few inches above the ground. As a result, the earth beneath them can be worked only by a hand-hoe, instead of by the more economical horse-drawn cultivators. These methods of fruit-growing have been practised in England for many centuries, and are survivals of the days when labour on the great estates cost almost nothing.

In the hothouses, out-of-season fruits and vegetables are produced for his lordship and his guests. There I saw a fig tree, the branches of which had been so trained on a network of wires as completely to cover the under side of the hothouse roof. The leaves formed a perfect canopy of green under the glass. In the adjoining hothouse was a peach tree, the branches of which were trained overhead in precisely the same way. It was loaded with green fruit that will be ripe weeks ahead of the outdoor crop. Next was a hothouse containing grapevines, likewise trained upon the under side of the glass roof. On the

ground beneath were hundreds of tiny green grapes which had been plucked off the vine one by one in order to make those left on the bunches grow to greater perfection. Every inch of stem on this vine is frequently scraped with a knife, and the whole is sprayed daily with water. It is not enough to water the roots; the leaves themselves must have their daily drink and bath.

As is the general practice in England, the farms on this estate are worked by tenants, and not by the owner. It is customary for the same tenant to occupy a particular farm for a lifetime. Rental agreements are made on Lady Day, March 25th, or St. Michaelmas Day, September 29th. These contracts run only from year to year, but practically all are renewed. A tenant must be hopelessly in arrears with his rent, or practise extremely bad farming, before a large land owner will think of dispossessing him. Even then, he must give a year's notice. If the tenant wishes to leave, he likewise must give notice twelve months in advance. When a change is to be made in the tenancy of a farm, the news spreads in the nearest market towns, and the owner, or his agent, is soon besieged by applicants for the land to be vacated.

But let us visit one of the farms. Our guide will be the agent for the estate who resides on the property. He has under him a bailiff and a staff of accountants and clerks besides the labourers necessary for the upkeep of the home farm. We shall call on a tenant who for many years has worked a farm of two hundred and eighty-nine acres. We are fortunate in finding him at home. He lives in a comfortable brick house well back from the main road. Behind the house are brick stables and barns. Just outside his door is a well and pump, and in front of his house

are apple, pear, and cherry trees in full bloom. In a good season, he tells us, he finds it pays to sell his apples; otherwise he takes them to the mill to be made into cider.

The farmer pays the estate a rental of $1,565 a year—or nearly six dollars per acre. This figure is about the average on this and neighbouring properties. He must also pay the local rates, or taxes, for schools, roads, etc., which amount to little. The estate pays the tithe, or church tax, which on this farm comes to seventy dollars a year. The tithe is a survival of the separation of the English Church from the rule of Rome. When King Henry VIII established the Church of England, he imposed upon the cultivated land the burden of supporting the clergy. These annual assessments, known as tithes, are still levied on much of the farm land of to-day. Formerly it was customary for a parson to walk into the farmers' fields, and carry off in wagon or barrow a certain part of the crop of hay or wheat, but now the tithe is on a cash basis, fixed by an ecclesiastical board in relation to the average price of wheat over a term of years. Not every field is burdened with the tithe; those, for example, that were woodlands when tithes were fixed are free of this toll. Lands may also be relieved of the tithes by buying out for cash the interest of the Church.

The terms between the tenant and the estate are definitely set out in a long agreement, which covers all sorts of matters. Among them is the undertaking of the estate to do all outside repairs—on walls, roofs, drains, etc. —and to furnish lumber to the farmer to enable him to keep the farm gates in repair. The tenant, on the other hand, agrees to pay the rent in semi-annual instalments, and subscribes to a number of specific undertakings which

merely mean his promise to practise good farming and not allow the land to deteriorate. He agrees also to give the owner access to the land at all times, and especially during the hunting season.

To work these two hundred and eighty-nine acres, the farmer has to employ six or seven men practically all the time. Some of them he can accommodate in stone or brick cottages, of which there are several on the farm. He is somewhat unhappy these days in the matter of hired men, however, as throughout all England minimum wages are now fixed for agricultural labourers by district wage boards. On these boards sit representatives of the land-owners, representatives of the tenants, and representatives of the labourers, most of whom now belong to the agricultural workers' union. For this district, the minimum wage for men of twenty-one years and over is seven and one half dollars a week, with a rate of about eighteen cents an hour additional for all work on Sunday or in excess of fifty-three hours a week. Boys are paid proportionately less, according to age, and women workers must receive a minimum of nine cents an hour for an eight-hour day, with twelve cents an hour for all overtime.

I have asked several estate owners and land owners what they think of this minimum wage for farm workers, and to my surprise they have told me they thought it an excellent thing. The only criticism I have heard from them is that the standard hours, fifty-three a week for men, and eight a day for women, are too short. The reason they approve of the minimum wage is that many farmers, particularly those renting small holdings, used to take advantage of their labourers and keep their wages below the limits of a decent living.

Besides employing six or seven men, the tenant of the farm we are visiting keeps from six to eight horses. He has about two hundred sheep, including lambs, and just now is milking thirty-five cows. He tells us that milk is his chief source of cash income. His daily output is taken off his hands by the retailers of a near-by town, the edge of which almost reaches his farm. He raises his own calves, and puts the heifers into his milking herd, feeding the bull calves for beef. When the latter are ready for slaughter, he takes them to a town about five miles distant. The market days are held twice a month, on which occasions the farmers, dealers, and local butchers come in to buy and sell. Prices, of course, are governed largely by the cost of imported beeves. As England has not the equivalent of the great slaughtering and meat-distributing industry operated by our packers, the town butcher buys as many beeves, sheep, and hogs as he needs to supply his customers until the next market day.

The farmer takes us through some of his fields. Here is a twelve-acre tract of horsebeans. The stalks are already three feet high, and when they are cut in August will be twice as large. The roots and stalks will be ploughed in, and the beans themselves will be used for feeding stuff. Next he shows us a twelve-acre field of spring wheat. Three workmen are going over it with hand-hoes, cutting out the thistles and dockweed. The agent remarks that hand-hoeing wheat is quite common in England, and the farmer says that he believes it adds several bushels to the yield per acre. As the season has been wet, he does not expect more than twenty-five bushels per acre from this particular field this year; he would consider forty-five bushels per acre a satisfactory yield. I find the average

wheat yield in England during a recent year was thirty-one and a half bushels, more than twice the average yield in the United States. From his oat fields the farmer says he will be surprised if he does not get seventy-five bushels; the crop is now well above ground, and seems to be in fine condition.

The planted fields are smooth surfaced; the black, somewhat pebbly soil has been ploughed and harrowed until finely divided, and then rolled after sowing. The grass in the pastures is thick and luxuriant. On this estate, the land is gently rolling, and some of it is low-lying and rather wet. For this reason, the farmer said, he is unable to use his American-made tractor except in mid-summer, when the fields are dry and the ground firm. Thousands of tractors were furnished by the government during the war, but I am told that many of the farmers have given up using them; partly because of inborn conservatism and partly because they are suited only to large, fairly dry fields. The English farmer is not easily persuaded to change his methods, and he tills the land to-day about as his ancestors did. Some of the more progressive landowners are impatient with this conservatism. They want to see English agriculture developed along the lines that have been so successful in Denmark, where agricultural coöperative societies market practically all the products of the farms and sell to the farmer nearly everything he needs. Thus far, the coöperative movement, either for buying or selling, has made but little progress among English farmers.

I asked the agent, after we had left the farm, if the estate paid. If, he said, the upkeep of the manor house and home farm were not counted in, the property showed a reasonable profit. Last year, for example, all expenses

totalled about fifty thousand dollars, and the receipts were about sixty thousand dollars, This estate is an example of something new in England, in that it has been incorporated. Half the shares of stock in the corporation are held by the owner of the estate; the other half are held by his oldest son. The advantage of the arrangement is that when the present owner dies, the estate will have to pay death duties, or inheritance taxes, on only half the value of the property, as represented by the shares held by the father, as they would be the only ones transferred.

The burden of taxes and the depression of agriculture since 1918 have accelerated the breaking up of the big estates in England. Families have found themselves unable to keep up their huge establishments out of income, and consequently have been selling off lands that heretofore have been held intact for centuries. Since I have arrived in England, several big estates have come on the market, one of which included a city of seventy-five thousand people, all the land in which belongs to one man.

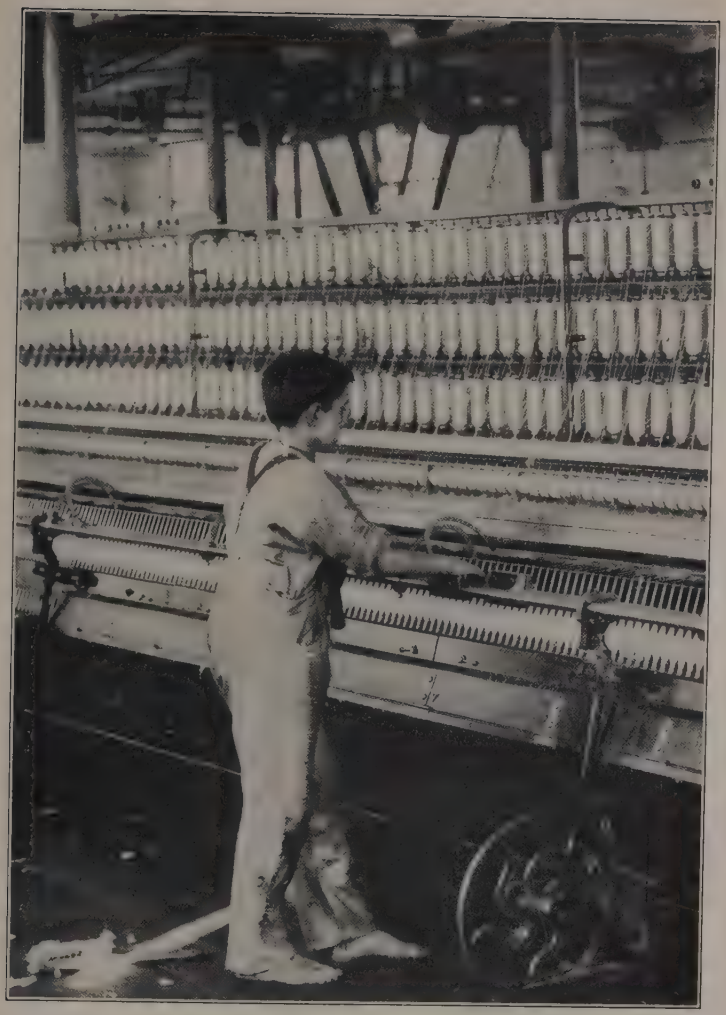
What usually happens is that not the entire estate, but a number of the farms of which it is composed, are placed on the market, and sold for the best prices obtainable. For example, just after the war some two thousand acres were sold from the estate I visited to-day. These consisted of a number of improved farms, which were sold one by one. Invariably the tenant is given the first chance to buy. If he does not care to purchase, then the farm is offered for general sale.

In recent years, farms, including cottages and outbuildings, have sold for about one hundred and twenty-five dollars an acre. English farms are really competing with the agricultural lands of other countries, and hence

their value for purely farm purposes can never rise very high. For the same reason, more and more English land is being put into grass, instead of being kept under cultivation. This fact is constantly bewailed by everyone but the farmers, whose answer is that it simply does not pay to till the soil in competition with cheaper lands and cheaper labour abroad. As a result of the slicing up of big estates in recent years, the number of small holdings is tending to increase. I am told, however, that the average farmer really prefers the tenant system, with its freedom from the responsibilities of ownership, and that many who eagerly bought the farms they had rented for years now wish they hadn't.

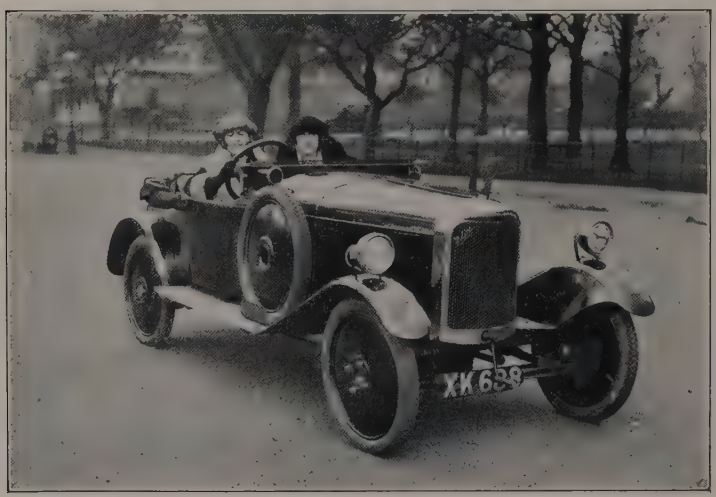
Few Americans realize how heavy are the taxes that have brought about these conditions in Great Britain. We are accustomed to complain against taxation at home, but from the English point of view we do not even know the meaning of the word. The British have always been the world's greatest taxpayers, and since 1914 national taxes have quadrupled and local taxes have more than doubled. It is estimated that one third of the total national income now goes for taxes; that is, the average Englishman works for himself eight months in the year and for the support of the government the other four months. Just after the War he paid an income tax of one and one half dollars for every five dollars of taxable income, and this rate has since been reduced only twelve cents or so at a cut.

The inheritance taxes are especially severe, ranging from one per cent. to forty per cent. These taxes are chiefly responsible for the breaking up of the big properties in land. For example, if the property of the man whose estate I visited, with its estimated value of five million



One reason why the cotton-manufacturing industry of the Manchester district is the largest in the world is that for generations boys and girls have followed their fathers and mothers into the mills, developing great skill at an early age.

The Manchester Town Hall faces on Albert Square, famous for its political gatherings. It was here that Cobden and Bright led the so-called "Manchester School" in advocating free trade for Britain.



Because of the high taxes levied on the horse-power of automobiles, and the high price of gasolene, the British manufacturers have concentrated on the production of small light cars with low-powered engines.

dollars, were not incorporated, at the death of its owner it would be taxed thirty per cent., or fifteen hundred thousand dollars. Such a tax on landed property cannot be paid out of income, so that an estate must either borrow or sell to meet the death duties. If an estate, by reason of a succession of deaths, is transferred two or three times within a few years, its whole value may be eaten up in inheritance taxes. On the other hand, if a proprietor tries to set aside enough each year to accumulate a reserve for the payment of the death duties, such annual deduction, together with the income tax, is quite likely to absorb three fourths of the total net receipts.

The British are to-day carrying a national debt that is four times as great, in proportion to population, as that of the United States, yet the average income in this country is only half the average in our country. On its debt to the United States, the government is paying as much in interest alone each year as it formerly spent on the whole British navy.

In addition, the government is spending vast sums in the form of living allowances, or doles, to the unemployed. The number receiving the dole has at times, in recent years, been as high as one million four hundred thousand a week. Their doles are paid out of a fund of which employers and employees furnish thirty-five per cent. each, in equal weekly assessments for every person employed, and the national treasury provides the balance. The effect of this is that a large proportion of the population is being supported out of the earnings of the majority.

CHAPTER X

ENGLAND'S INDUSTRIAL BEEHIVE

TO-DAY I am in Manchester, centre of the world's greatest cotton-manufacturing industry, and one of the chief strongholds of Great Britain's foreign trade. Here I have seen cotton spun into threads finer than any our mills make, have watched the proceedings on 'Change on market day, and have seen the famous ship canal and docks by which Manchester, although an inland city, has been made the third port in the United Kingdom, ranking next to London and Liverpool. It is Manchester and the other industrial areas of England that in large part make it possible for some thirty-five million people to live in a land that grows food enough for only about seven million.

Manchester is of about the same size as Boston, and the business section of the English city reminds me of that part of the Bay State metropolis devoted to the textile and leather industries. While Manchester has several fine public buildings, and is the home of a great university, it is primarily a business city and looks the part. It has many large modern stores, which serve not only the people of Manchester itself, but the huge population of the surrounding area. Within a radius of twenty-five miles live approximately four million five hundred thousand people, and the population within fifty miles numbers more than ten million. The city is situated in the southern part of

the county of Lancashire, which has almost as many people as Scotland and more than either Ireland or Australia.

Southeast Lancashire is one of the most densely populated regions of the world, and, like our own Rhode Island, is given over to manufacturing. One can stand almost anywhere in this district and count factory chimneys by the hundred. In travelling through it I hardly knew when I was leaving one industrial town and entering another. The air is filled with smoke, and the streams are coloured by dyes and other wastes from the mills. To the west lies Liverpool; Sheffield, centre of England's steel industry, is about the same distance from Manchester on the east. To the north are Bradford and Leeds, where the great woollen industries are concentrated, and on the southeast is Nottingham, famous for its manufacture of the lace curtains hung in the windows of workingmen's homes throughout England.

All these are large cities; Nottingham, the smallest of them, has more than a quarter of a million people. In the Manchester area are many other industrial towns that by themselves would be considered notable, but which are almost lost in this huge factory area. Among them are several whose names are famous because of their association with the rise of the great textile industries. There is Blackburn, where Hargreaves set up the first spinning jenny; Bolton, where Crampton invented the first spinning mule; and Rochdale, where one of the first steam-powered cotton mills was erected, and where, nearly a century ago, the parent of the great English coöperative trading societies was organized by a group of mill workers. The coöperative wholesale society now does a business of

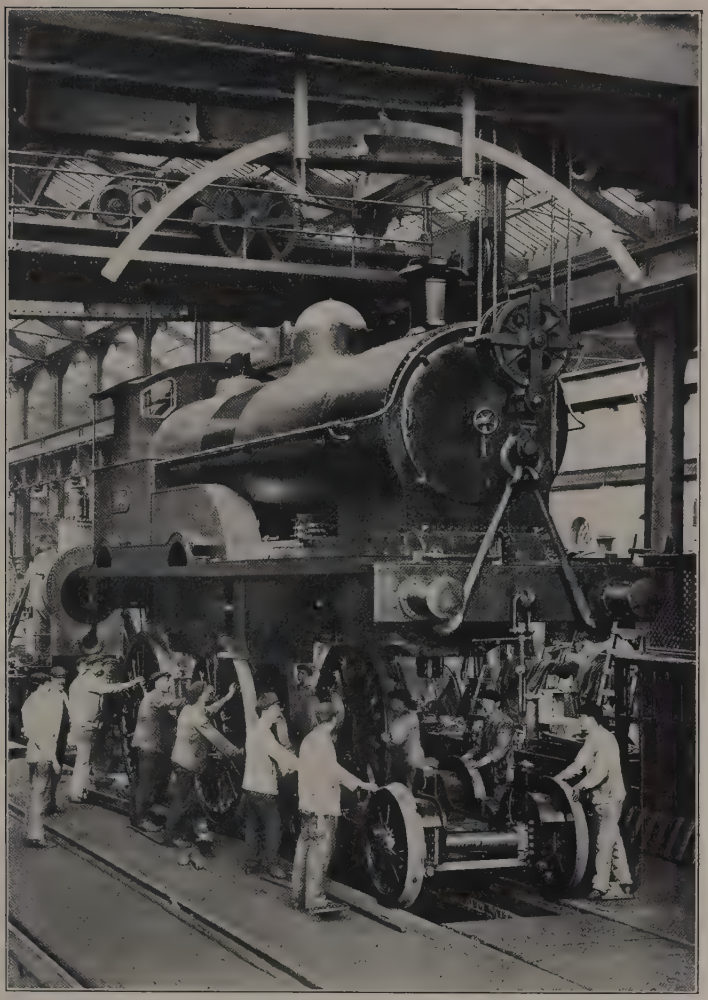
more than three hundred million dollars a year, and the trade of all the retail societies amounts to considerably more.

You can gain some idea of the magnitude of the English cotton industry when I tell you that of the one hundred and fifty-eight million spindles in the cotton mills of all the world, one third are here in England. Only one fifth of their output is used by the British at home, the other four fifths being exported, especially to Africa and the Orient, but also to practically every civilized country in the world, including our own.

The English textile industry began with the religious wars in the Netherlands. To escape persecution, weavers from the Low Countries came here in the seventeenth century and set up their looms. It was soon found that the climate of Lancashire is especially favourable for spinning and weaving. It is moist and foggy, which in textile manufacture means that the fibres of wool, cotton, and linen do not get fuzzy and brittle as they do in a dry climate.

While the Low Countries contributed skilled artisans, it was England that supplied the machinery on which the modern industry is based and the steam engine for operating it. To this day the manufacture of textile machinery, not only for British mills, but for those of all the world, is a large and important English industry, and the bulk of it centres upon Manchester. Finally, when in 1793 America invented the cotton gin, the manufacture of cotton cloth in Lancashire developed on a big scale.

The English cotton industry now consumes about four million bales of cotton a year, obtained chiefly from the United States and Egypt, with our country furnishing about seventy-five per cent. of the total. The Egyptian



In the steel mills and machine shops of England are made products that find their markets in all parts of the world. Were Great Britain to lose her export trade, she would soon be faced with ruin.

Some of the most attractive houses in England are found in the model towns and villages built by industrial corporations to provide comfortable homes for their employees at reasonable rentals.

cotton is used in making the finer goods, in which English mills excel the world.

During our Civil War the Lancashire spinners and weavers suffered almost to starvation because raw cotton could not be obtained from our southern states. Now, more than fifty years later, the cotton industry is again worried because of its dependence upon our cotton. Our national cotton crop has in recent years been about two million bales less than it formerly averaged. Moreover, our own mills are now taking an increasing proportion of this shrinking crop for the supply of the American market. Twenty-five years ago we consumed less than forty per cent. of our cotton, selling the remainder abroad. Last year our mills absorbed more than sixty per cent. of all the cotton grown in this country. The British manufacturers who, I find, know much more about our cotton than the average American, believe that the day is coming when we will need at home nearly all of this staple our farmers can grow. Consequently, they are looking all over the world for other sources of good cotton in the hope of becoming less and less dependent upon the diminishing and high-priced supply available for export from the United States.

Since coming to Manchester I have talked with men who are working to protect British mills from a shortage of American cotton in the years to come. I have visited the offices of the British Cotton Growing Association, and have talked with its general manager, who is one of the world's experts on the raw cotton supply. The association was created for the purpose of increasing the production of the American type of cotton in lands other than the United States, and especially in countries included in the

British Empire. The organization is unique in that the employees as well as the owners of the cotton mills subscribed to its capital stock of more than two million dollars. The association has had an additional incentive for its efforts since the World War, for every bale of cotton the British now purchase from us adds to the huge debt which they already owe the United States.

The Cotton Growing Association enjoys the cordial coöperation of the British government, and also of the governments in the colonies and protectorates of the Empire. The chief fields of its activities are India and Africa, but it is operating also in Australia, Mesopotamia, and the West Indies. Its methods have proved most effective in increasing the production of cotton within the Empire. Last year some two hundred and sixty thousand 400-pound bales of suitable cotton were produced in those regions, exclusive of India, for British mills. In some cases, the association has itself gone into the business of growing cotton in far-away lands, but for the most part it merely encourages natives or capitalists to undertake the actual production of the staple. It builds and operates cotton gins which assure an outlet for the cotton produced, loans money to planters, and facilitates the marketing in Liverpool and Manchester of cotton other than that from America and Egypt. Last year, the association itself handled about sixty thousand bales of cotton. It sometimes supplies machinery to growers, helps to finance cotton-growing companies, and contributes funds for experiments with cotton in favourable regions.

Probably the most important part of the association's work is its activity in spurring on the various governments within the Empire to encourage cotton-growing in their

territory. In India, and in the African colonies and protectorates, vast irrigation projects, new railroad construction, and other improvements have been undertaken at government expense, and special legislation favourable to the production of cotton enacted, largely at the instance of the association.

The work of the British Cotton Growing Association is only one example of the concern for the future felt by the British. Every Englishman of consequence has always in his mind the dependence of England upon the rest of the world for food and raw materials. It was because of this that John Bull built and now maintains the world's biggest merchant fleet. What these vessels earn in carrying goods for other nations helps to keep down the cost of supplying England with what she needs and distributing to the world what she has to sell. One reason for the spread of the Empire all over the world was the desire of the British to assure themselves of permanent dependable supplies of necessary commodities on the most favourable terms. Rubber from British Malaya, oil from Mesopotamia, tea from India and Ceylon, and long-staple cotton from Egypt, are a few examples. Business interests work hand in hand with the government toward such ends, and there is now an endeavour to popularize what has long been both commercial and governmental policy. A well-organized movement now exists to promote "eating imperially," and "buying imperially." These slogans mean giving empire products the preference in purchases made in Great Britain. The people are being told that if they will buy the foods and other commodities produced in the dominions, the money spent will remain within the Empire, instead of increasing Britain's debts abroad; will add to the prosper-

ity of the dominions, thereby making more opportunities in them for settlers; and in that way promote immigration from England, and thus lighten the burdens of excessive taxation and unemployment at home.

The offices of the Cotton Growing Association are located in the Royal Exchange building, a huge, massive structure that is the headquarters of the whole Manchester cotton industry. It houses not only the Exchange itself, but contains the offices of buyers and sellers of raw cotton, cotton goods, and mill supplies; shipping and insurance brokers, and a multitude of interests centring upon the great cotton industry. As a matter of fact, though everyone speaksof the Manchester mills, most of the actual manufacture of cotton is carried on in the smaller towns in the surrounding area. However, the output of nearly all the mills is sold in Manchester, and the city serves as the buying, selling, shipping, and financial centre for the entire industry. Hundreds of foreign buyers, gathered here from the four quarters of the globe, maintain permanent residences in Manchester. On Tuesdays and Fridays, known as market days, practically every man of importance in the industry comes to the city, and usually spends some time on 'Change.

In the company of one of its members I visited the Royal Exchange on the afternoon of a market day. From the strangers' gallery I looked down upon the trading room, which covers nearly two acres of ground. The stone-paved floor was black with men, numbering, my guide said, between four and five thousand. Yet, in spite of the great crowd, there was almost no noise and none of the mad running about I had expected. The men, some of them wearing top hats and tail coats, simply stood about, and

their talk made no more noise than a low hum. It was as though they were a crowd assembled to meet some great personage, quietly chatting while waiting. Yet as I watched this throng, business involving men, machinery, ships, factories, and millions of dollars was being transacted. Deals were being closed on the nod of the head or the exchange of a few words.

Every man who comes to the Exchange knows in just what parts of the trading floor to look for those with whom he wants to do business. There are members who have stood by the same pillars for hours every market day for thirty or forty years. By hustling around among the great crowd, a man finds out the day's trend of business in a given line, and then acts accordingly. To help members to know what is going on, there are great bulletins, like baseball score boards, high up on the walls of the trading room. On them sales of raw cotton in Liverpool and New York are indicated within a few seconds after the transactions take place.

On the top floor of the Exchange Building is the testing laboratory established by the Manchester Chamber of Commerce for the cotton industry. It has become an important national institution that serves manufacturers, exporters, and governments in checking up the quality of materials and goods. I saw there to-day room after room filled with apparatus for testing yarns, fabrics, and dyes. The Testing House, as it is called, is run on a commercial basis, and its services can be utilized by any one. Last year it tested some twelve thousand samples of yarns and fabrics. Its museum contains hundreds of specimens of cotton goods, and a manufacturer can examine here the cotton cloths used anywhere in the world. The willing-

ness of the British to make up goods to suit the taste of a Chinese living by the Yellow River, or a Negro in Uganda, or a Hindu in India, is one of the reasons why they are the world's largest exporters of cotton fabrics.

The Manchester Chamber of Commerce is an important factor in promoting the interests of the British cotton industry. Founded in the eighteenth century, it is one of the oldest institutions of its kind in the world, and has grown to be an agency of considerable power that renders important services to its members. It has sections dealing with such matters as trademarks, textile designs, commercial arbitration, and textile education, and still others that specialize in the trade conditions of various parts of the world. The information published in its monthly magazine is comparable to that contained in the best technical trade journals.

Another great factor in the development of Manchester was the completion, in 1894, of the canal that connects it with the sea. This canal, which is thirty-five and a half miles long and twenty-six feet deep, enables ocean-going vessels of twelve thousand tons to bring directly to Manchester the cotton its mills consume, besides other material used in this big manufacturing district. The great docks at the terminus of the canal are equipped to handle practically every kind of commodity. It is estimated that the building of this canal, which was strenuously opposed by Liverpool and the railroads, saves the Manchester area some five million dollars a year in transport charges.

Before coming to Manchester I visited Birmingham, not quite seventy miles south of this city, another of England's great industrial centres. It has about one million inhabitants, most of whom are dependent upon the metal

manufactures for which Birmingham is famous. That city is the headquarters of the British brass industry and makes besides iron goods of all sorts, machinery, automobiles, and jewellery. Most of Birmingham's workers are employed in big modern factories, but there are also many survivals of the old-time shop run by a master workman and his skilled assistants.

Birmingham is noted for its municipal enterprises, of which the latest is housing. The city has built and now rents out to workers more than six thousand houses. It plans to build thirteen thousand more, for which it already has some nineteen thousand applications on file. Some of Birmingham's industrial corporations also have carried out housing projects for their workers. One of them, a great chocolate company, the name of which is a household word in England, has built a small city on the outskirts of Birmingham. Here it rents to some of its eight thousand employees well-designed houses, each with its little garden. These homes are in sharp contrast to the dreary rows of dwellings in which the bulk of the city's population live. Bourneville, as the chocolate town is called, has also recreation fields and community buildings, and is altogether one of the most attractive places in which to live that I have seen in this country. Another noted town of the same type is Port Sunlight, which I saw near Liverpool. It was built by the world's biggest soap manufacturer, the late Lord Leverhulme.

At Birmingham I went through one of the largest automobile factories in England. This modern plant covers sixty-three acres, and has an output of five hundred cars a week. This production is large for England, but is less than the daily output of several of our motor-car compa-

nies. The majority of the cars made in England are smaller than any built in this country. One reason is that although the English factories pay lower wages, their volume of production is also lower, and so their costs are higher. The chief reason, however, is that the British government taxes automobiles at about five dollars per horse-power per year, hence the production of light cars that can be moved with low-powered engines. The smallest car made at the plant I visited can seat four people, but it weighs only eight hundred pounds and has a seven-horse-power motor. One felt like picking up a sample to take home to the children. That car, by the way, can run forty miles on a gallon of gasoline, and in other respects is more economical than any American make.

I saw a great many women at work in the plant, and the manager told me he would like to employ more. However, since the World War there have been more women than men in England, and in these years of widespread unemployment there is the keenest kind of competition between the two sexes for all kinds of jobs, especially as the women are willing to work for less than the men. The men's unions in the metal trades do not admit women, and require the manufacturers not to employ more than a fixed percentage of female workers.

I find the English constantly complaining about the restrictions imposed upon industry by the trade unions, yet all the manufacturers seem to feel that they are necessary institutions. In this country the employers in every line of industry have organizations of their own, and the general view is that it is desirable that the workers likewise be organized, so that representatives of both groups may meet and settle questions common to the industry as

Paddington is one of London's many railroad terminals. As a rule, the English stations are not so dark as ours, and are so arranged that cabs can carry one almost up to the side of the trains.

The high and long hills of Devonshire and Cornwall come down to the coast, where the indentations between them admit the sea and form the countless harbours that were once the paradise of smugglers.

a whole. The motor-car company, for example belongs to the Engineering and Allied Employers' Federation, which conducts negotiations with the unions in practically every metal-manufacturing industry in England. The Employers' Federation maintains district branches at Birmingham and other centres. Questions that cannot be settled locally are referred to a central council that sits at York every two weeks. If this council fails to settle a dispute, then both sides, employer and union, are free to take such steps as they please, which may mean a strike or lockout.

Similar machinery exists in nearly all the great industries of England. At Manchester, for example, I was shown the council room where representatives of the mill owners meet the union agents for the settlement of disputes. This room was like a court, and was fitted up as handsomely as one of our legislative chambers. The employers expressed to me the belief that the existence of the unions and the creation of machinery by which employers and employees may come together, not only helps to preserve peace, but enables both unions and employers to work together on matters of importance to the industry as a whole

CHAPTER XI

FROM LONDON TO LAND'S END

THE Londoner always tries to spend his week-ends in the country, and we shall do well to follow his example this week by taking a trip down to Devonshire and Cornwall, the counties that form the peninsula of southwest England. At Paddington Station we catch the Cornish Riviera Express that will take us all the way without changing cars. A porter finds an empty compartment for us and stows our things inside. The guard says "Thank you" as he punches our tickets, and in a moment we are off.

As we slip out of London, our way is walled with brick houses, each one just like its neighbours. Except for the cluster of chimney pots on each roof, and the neat-looking gardens of these humble homes, we might easily imagine our train passing through an American city. Soon we are in a factory district where modern buildings of steel and concrete, with walls that are mostly windows, mark the high tide of industrial expansion in England. Alongside the track, in many places, are allotment gardens, where factory workmen and railway employees raise a few vegetables.

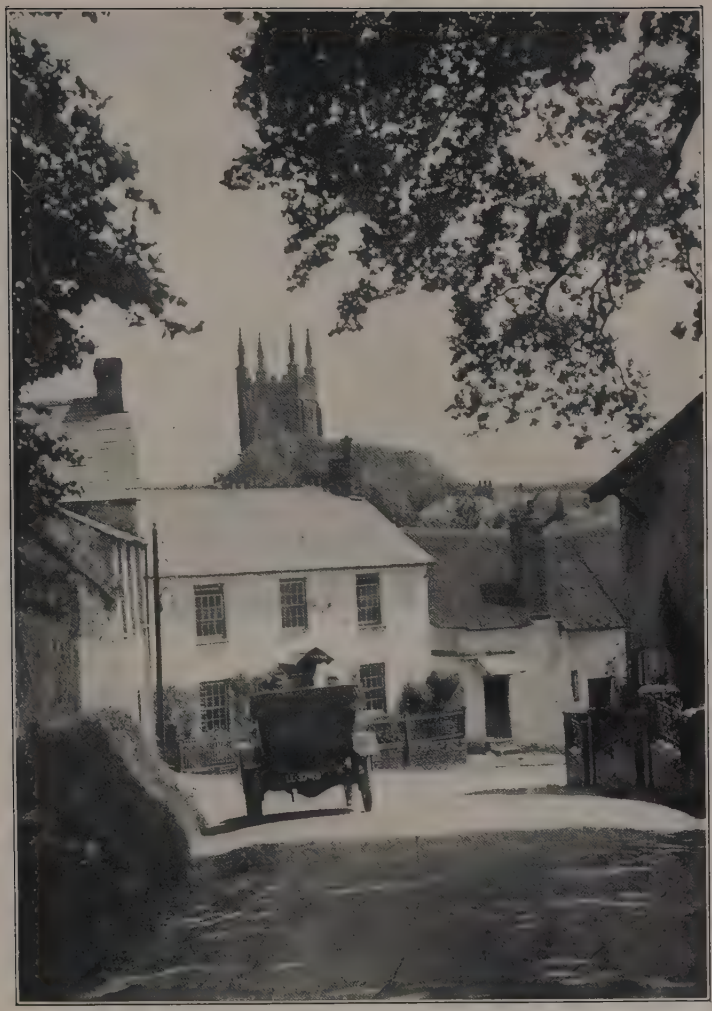
We are riding on one of the best trains in England. Between London and Plymouth, a distance of about two hundred and twenty-five miles, it makes what is said to be the longest non-stop run in the world, in four hours and seven

minutes, and often attains speeds of sixty, seventy, and eighty miles an hour. For both comfort and speed the express trains of England are fully the equal of ours, although both locomotives and cars are smaller and lighter. The cars still have something of the outlines of the old stagecoaches, and instead of being open from end to end, like ours, they are divided into little compartments. These accommodate from six to eight people, who sit facing each other on seats built crosswise. In the older cars, the compartments are not connected with each other, and are entered by doors on both sides of the cars, but these are fast being replaced by the newer type which have a very narrow corridor along one side, permitting passengers to go from one compartment to another, or into another car. Each car usually has compartments of both first and third class, and some of each kind are for those who wish to smoke, whether men or women. The difference between them is that only six passengers are admitted into a first-class compartment, while eight or more may ride in a third-class section; also, the first-class seats are better upholstered and more comfortable. First-class fares average about six cents a mile, and the third class a little more than half as much; there is now no second class. The great majority of the people ride third class. The best trains have restaurant cars, in which all meals are served table d'hôte, with drinks extra. One may not go in and be served whenever he pleases, but must accept in advance a place for first or second sitting, and he who comes late or out of turn is apt to lose his dinner. During an afternoon journey, tea is always served in the restaurant cars. On an English sleeping car, each passenger has a compartment to himself.

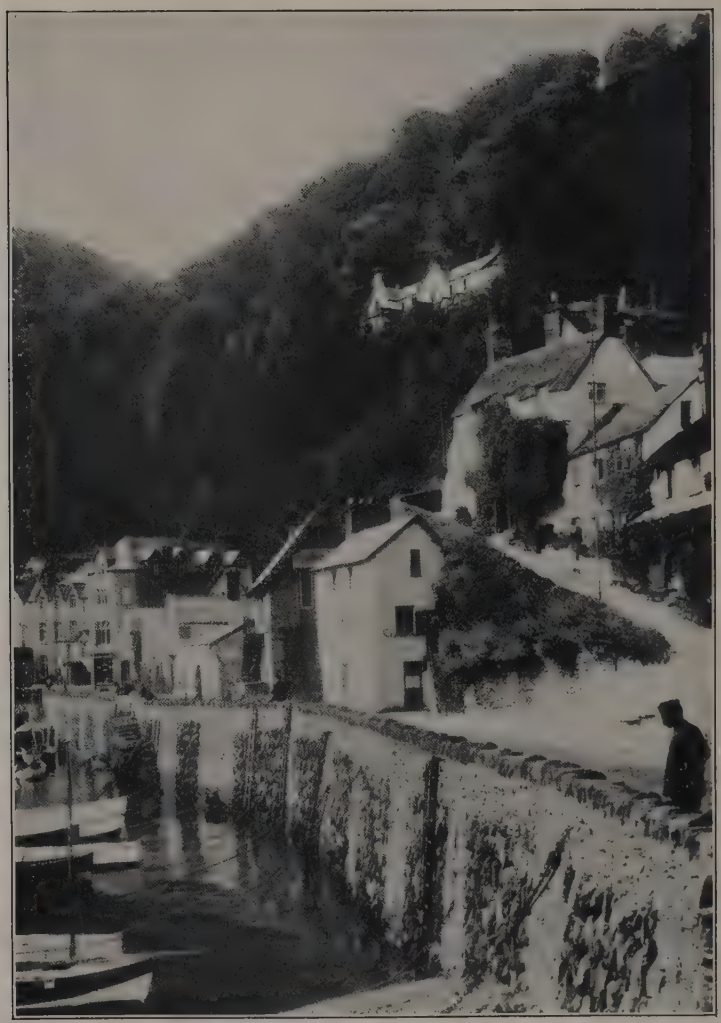
Although we shall not stop until we reach Plymouth, we shall lose several cars en route by dropping them off from the rear end one or more at a time, at various junctions. This system of detaching cars without stopping a train is quite common in England, in both passenger and freight service. The English freight cars, or "goods wagons," as they are called, are so small that we are tempted to smile at the sight of them. They are only big boxes on wheels, and some, it would seem, can hold no more than a good-sized motor-truck. Yet the English consider them well suited to conditions in their country, where the average freight haul is much shorter than with us, and quick service is at a premium. These little cars can be quickly loaded, and when dropped off at a station can, if necessary, be moved up to the unloading platform by hand. English railroads use trucks and wagons with which to collect and deliver shipments, the cost of this service usually being included in the freight rate from point to point.

England formerly had dozens of different railroad companies. After the World War the government compelled their consolidation into four great systems. This merger has brought many economies and conveniences, and on the whole is considered to have been a big step forward. The English railroads impress one as being excellently managed. They seem more enterprising than ours in developing passenger business, and their employees are, as a rule, far more courteous and attentive.

Our train is now in a lovely countryside. The land is almost level, and we can see for miles across fields divided from one another by hawthorn hedges. In some of the fields a few oak trees are growing, left to provide shade for grazing cattle. The ground beneath them is clear of the



The villages that cling to the hillsides of southwest England have an indescribable charm. The ancient houses are usually built close to the road, and their stone walls are often whitewashed or covered with stucco.



From the fishing villages of Devonshire and Cornwall came the men who sailed the seas with Drake, Raleigh, and Hawkins, and who helped to defeat the Spanish Armada. To-day these towns are unsurpassed in their picturesque beauty.

dead branches and rubbish such as often litter our pastures. Sometimes we see a man driving a horse-drawn roller over a grassy field to smooth it down as we do our front lawns. Indeed, in the thousands of years that this land has been under cultivation it has taken on the appearance of a vast garden; or, better, it is all one huge well-kept estate.

The brick walls and red-tiled roofs of the villages stand out against the green of the landscape. Most of the houses in them are built close to the streets, but some of the larger ones are set well back and surrounded by stone or brick walls four or five feet high. In these enclosures we can see flowers, shrubbery, and fruit trees in bloom. There is not an inch of soil in even the smallest gardens that is not growing something, and adding to the attractiveness of these English homes. As we get farther from London we see an occasional stone house, and once in a while glimpse a stone cottage with thick thatched roof. Now look to the left. See that great pile of gray stone with many towers and turrets looming above the horizon? That is Windsor Castle, the chief residence of English sovereigns since it was built by William the Conqueror. Windsor Castle is situated on the Thames, and we get occasional glimpses of that famous river. To an American, it seems a narrow and unimpressive stream, flowing quietly through meadows, its banks often overhung with weeping willows. Now we are beside a mere ribbon of water. It is one of the many canals in England, once an important means of transportation, but little used since they were bought up by the railroads.

We are passing through Wiltshire, or Wilts, an inland agricultural county famous for its dairy farms, its sheep, and its bacon. All along the way we see cattle and sheep

grazing in the fields. To the south rises a high, steep-sided ridge, on top of which is the great Salisbury plain. There, too, are Stonehenge and Avebury, noted for their stone relics of the prehistoric inhabitants of Britain. Next we entered Somersetshire, also an agricultural county, containing many of the most interesting towns and ancient churches in England.

Crossing Somersetshire we come into Devon, where the west of England begins. It is sometimes called the "Shire of the Sea Kings," because it was from its ports that the sea rovers of Queen Elizabeth's day sailed across the Atlantic to explore and ravage the coasts of the New World. The names of Francis Drake, John Hawkins, Martin Frobisher, and many others are associated with the Devon coast. It was men of Devonshire who started the great cod-fishing industry on the Grand Banks of Newfoundland and who built and manned many of the ships that helped to defeat the Spanish Armada when it sailed up the English Channel to conquer England.

The ports of the south shore are formed by the estuaries of numerous rivers that flow down to the sea between the high rolling hills. Of these Exeter, at the mouth of the Exe, and Plymouth, where the Plym joins the sea, are the most important. Exeter is the county seat of Devon, and in its churches and cathedral may be read to-day much of the ecclesiastical and political history of England. Plymouth, from which the *Mayflower* Pilgrims sailed for the New World, is still important in the sea trade of England. Here are the chief dockyards of the Royal Navy and a school for naval cadets, and many of the transatlantic liners regularly call at this port. Sir Francis Drake was once its mayor. It is told of him that he was playing at

bowls on the Hoe, a level parade ground high above the hill-enclosed harbour, when messengers ran to him to report the Spanish fleet coming up the Channel. You will remember also that the United States Navy seaplane *NC-4*, the first aircraft to cross the Atlantic, landed near Plymouth in June, 1919, two hundred and ninety-nine years after the sailing of the *Mayflower*. I have walked about on the Hoe, with its ancient tower overlooking the water and its many monuments to English heroes of the sea.

We had a glimpse of the Devon coast between Exeter and Plymouth, where, for a time, our train ran along the beach. In some places, the red sandstone cliffs rise from the water's edge, so that the railway builders had to tunnel through the rocky headlands. Here the very sands of the sea are red, and the sea itself is coloured the same hue. Some distance inland are the famous moors of Devon, a region of wild rough country, where the bleak hills reach a height of from twelve hundred to two thousand feet. To-day they are practically waste land, and are given over to sheep, cattle, and herds of half-wild ponies. On the moors are many stone relics of the early Britons.

From Plymouth we cross the river into Cornwall, the westernmost county of England, stretched like an arm out into the sea. The country here is even more rugged than south Devon. The hills are higher, their sweep across the horizon is greater, and our locomotive frequently puffs and pants as it struggles up the steep grades. Some of the hillsides are scarred by pits from which china clay is dug for use in the famous pottery works of Staffordshire; others are topped by the tall, tapered chimneys and rubbish heaps of abandoned tin mines.

The fame of Cornish tin was known to the Phoenicians, who came here by way of the Strait of Gibraltar to get it. Some of the tin mines are still operated, after more than twenty centuries, but they have been largely put out of business by the more easily worked deposits in Malaya and elsewhere. Cornish miners are considered the best in the world, and are employed in large numbers in the mines of the United States, of South Africa, and in fact in every country where deep mining is practised. The extreme depths which the Cornish mines have reached is one of the reasons why they cannot compete with the surface deposits of Malaya. The town of Redruth is the centre of the tin mining in Cornwall to-day, and has an exchange where mining stocks are bought and sold. In the near-by town of Camborne is a modern mining school, and also a copper mine three thousand feet deep.

But now we have arrived at our destination, the town of Falmouth, situated at the mouth of the Fal River, and practically the westernmost port of England. For a century and a half, in the days of sailing ships, transatlantic packets used to land their mails here. Falmouth harbour is sheltered by two hills, on one of which is a castle built by Henry VIII, and on the other are the hotels and residences of the modern town. Along the waterfront of the old town is a single street, so narrow that motor-cars cannot park there, and lined with old-fashioned shops occupying the ground floors of gray stone buildings.

Falmouth is the centre of the "Cornish Riviera." This coast is so called because its winter temperatures approximate those of Nice, Cannes, and Monte Carlo, and the thermometer averages between forty and sixty all the year round. Although it is in the latitude of Newfoundland,

this region supports sub-tropical vegetation, and in the gardens around Falmouth are growing palms, orange trees, and banana plants. Cornwall owes its equable climate to the Gulf Stream, of which it gets the full effect. It has also, however, a great deal of rain.

We shall make Falmouth our headquarters during our stay in Cornwall, and shall see this part of England by motor. We shall not want too big a car, for most of the roads are so narrow and winding, and the hills so steep, that a light automobile is best. If we liked, we could cover all of this region in motor busses, which are now operated so extensively throughout England that one may go from one end of the island to the other by combining the use of established routes and the frequent motor tours. Some of the busses are operated by the railroads, which are permitted to use them in carrying passengers to and from points beyond their lines.

After we have climbed the heights behind Falmouth, a rolling sea of hills lies before us. Some of the fields are brown from recent ploughing, but most of them are a rich green. We are in a cattle and dairy country, where comparatively little grain is grown. On the hills we see herds of red cattle, more of which are raised for beef than for their milk. We see also large flocks of fat sheep standing inches deep in the luxuriant grass.

There is hardly a quarter of a mile stretch of our road that is either straight or level; we are constantly going up or down hill and rounding sharp curves. The roads are usually narrow, and lined on both sides by walls made of flat pieces of split stone, neatly joined, and turfed on top. Some of the walls are centuries old; even the fields have the same boundaries to-day as when Captain John Smith

led the colonists at Jamestown. The sides as well as the tops of the walls have become green with vegetation, and just now are sprinkled with yellow primrose blossoms. Frequently the hedge bushes growing from behind or on top of the walls make a solid mass of green reaching six or eight feet above our heads. The walls of earth and stone between the fields are quite as substantially built as those along the roadside. They are often eight and ten feet wide at the base, and although picturesque they are responsible for a waste of land that in the aggregate represents an enormous area.

Now we are going down hill, our brakes set. On the slope above our road are a farmhouse and its outbuildings. All are made of stone, are centuries old, and are good for hundreds of years more. About the house is a grove of elm trees. They have been lately cut back, and the sprouts at their truncated tops make them look like spindly feather dusters.

Across the steep-sided valley we can see a typical Cornish country house of the better class, the home of a titled gentleman and his family. It is set well up on the hillside, and faces south, toward the sun. Like the farmhouse, it is built of stone, but the rough surface has been smoothed over with a pink cement. It is two stories high, and its front has two gables beneath which are bow windows. In the centre, a glass-walled vestibule with coloured panes protects the front door from the winds, and also forms a tiny conservatory for the flowers we can see blooming within. In front of the house, the steep slope is filled with flower beds, now masses of brilliant colours. Below the drive is a lawn-tennis court. A part of the slope is given over to a vegetable garden and orchard. Because of the

winds the apple trees there are pruned down to dwarf size; the tops of some of them are not four feet above the ground. Along the drive leading to the house are hedges twelve and fifteen feeet tall and eight or ten feet thick, and the branches of trees that line the way come together in an arch overhead.

At the foot of the hill a brook that has trickled down the slope suddenly becomes a broad creek, in whose waters small motor and sailing boats are moored. The hills rise so steeply above it that the houses of the tiny village nestling here stand on narrow shelves cut in the slope, and the only level land is a few hundred yards of roadway. The stone cottages have narrow doors so low that even a person of ordinary height must stoop to enter them, and a tall man could almost reach up to the sills of the little dormer windows of the second story. Each has a dooryard garden filled with shrubs and flowers, and clinging to the front walls are red and white roses in full bloom, and plum trees with swelling buds. These are the homes of Cornish fishermen and oystermen, humble folk and poor, yet several of the gardens include tiny bowers and shaded nooks in which the cottage women serve tea and the famous Cornish cream. We stop and chat with a woman standing in the garden before her house. Her speech reminds us of our New England brethren and well it may, for it was the people from this southwest coast who gave our Yankees their "American accent."

We follow the creek an eighth of a mile to where it joins a larger one, which in turn, a quarter of a mile away, merges with the broad and beautiful waters of the Helford River, not far from where they empty into the English Channel. These hill-bordered arms of the sea are charac-

teristic of the south coast of Cornwall. They are really tidal estuaries in which at high tide the sea waters meet the little brooks far inland, but which become rivers of mud when the tide is out. Here are a stone pier and oyster sheds, where the oystermen open some of the bivalves for us to try. These Cornish oysters are brownish in colour and have a flavour quite different from that of the American variety. Now you have eaten of the same oysters that are served to the King; a shipment was sent him from here only last week. Until recently, these oyster beds were the property of the Prince of Wales, who is also the Duke of Cornwall. He still owns a great deal of land and other properties in Cornwall that yield revenues of about one million dollars a year.

Now let us climb the hills again and drive across the Cornish peninsula to the north coast. On the way we pass through villages in which most of the stone houses are centuries old. In one of them, for example, the youngest building is the schoolhouse, built in 1836, and known locally as the "New School." The front rooms of some of the dwellings are given over to little shops, with only the most modest signs betraying their presence. At the corner of a narrow lane is a two-story stone building coated with yellow cement, not much larger than the near by houses. This is the "Cornish Arms," which still announces good stabling for horses. In the road ahead of us is a woman carrying a bucket of water; she has just filled it at one of the public taps along the main street.

At the town of Helston we find the streets crowded with people. It is the annual "Flora Day," when, in perpetuation of a custom going back to pagan times, hundreds of the people dance through the main street of the town.

If we wait a few minutes we shall see them. Here they come, led by two helmeted policemen. Next is a village band, playing over and over and over an ancient folk tune known as the "Furry Dance." Then come couples of boys and girls, and men and women, hand in hand. They dance a few skipping steps ahead, execute a twirling movement in sets of four, and then dance forward again in couples. The procession of dancers stretches through the town for nearly a mile, and ends in a little valley below, where merry-go-rounds and all the catch-penny games of a country fair have been set up for the holiday.

Ahead of us now is the highest range of hills we have yet seen. We do not cross it, but slip around the end, and suddenly are again in sight of the sea. We are looking down upon the Bay of St. Ives, on the north coast, long famous as the resort of smugglers, but now given over to law-abiding fishermen, colonies of artists, and pleasure seekers. Between its abrupt headlands are strips of broad sandy beaches, and the crescent-shaped little harbour is filled with black-hulled fishing vessels. At the foot of the slope, and along the waterfront, is the old town, pervaded by a strong smell of fish. Many of its streets are too narrow for a motor-car; some of the houses face courts reached by narrow passageways cut through the walls of the houses in front. We see men and women hard at work scrubbing the stone steps and pavements. On a shelf of rock that overhangs the quay and beach is a small stone church, gray with age, built before Columbus discovered America.

A climb of nearly a mile up into the hills behind St. Ives, and we are again on the heights overlooking the sea. Following the coast, we are soon in a treeless land. Except

for the patches of yellow gorse growing among the rocks, and an occasional cultivated field, all is bare and bleak, but our view of the blue Atlantic far below is nothing less than magnificent. As we go on, the country becomes even more rugged, and the hills, each one a great hog back several miles long, rise to a height of nearly one thousand feet. Occasionally we see a farmhouse, forming with its outbuildings a stone-walled enclosure like a little fortress. Some of the hills are more thickly strewn with rocks than a New England pasture; among them are crude monuments set up by the prehistoric Britons. At times our road takes us through a farmyard, where even the pig pens are made of gray and mossy stone. Then, again, we pass an ancient stone church, black with age, standing by itself, the sole survivor, perhaps, of a village that has long since disappeared. Occasionally, also, we see the chimney of an abandoned tin mine, or get a glimpse of the skeleton-like towers of a giant wireless station.

We are approaching Land's End, but the country is so desolate it seems that we must be near the world's end. Now we dash through a village where an ancient copper mine is still being worked, and next come to a town where, amid these bleak surroundings, rich and beautiful church fittings are made. Five or six miles more over the rocky, treeless hills overlooking the sea, and we descend to a ridge less than one hundred feet above the water. Beyond is a narrow point of bare, crumbling rocks—the Land's End. We are at the westernmost tip of England, with nothing but the Atlantic Ocean between us and America.

CHAPTER XII

KING COAL AT CARDIFF

AT CARDIFF I am in the chief city of Wales, famous the world over as the port from which more coal is shipped every year than from anywhere else on earth. The city lies on the north shore of the Bristol Channel, the broad estuary of the Severn River on the west coast of Britain that separates South Wales from the English counties of Somerset and Devon. Through the city flows the River Taff, and near it is also the mouth of the Rhymney River.

Cardiff was a station of the Romans when they were here nearly two thousand years ago, and it is to-day a city of about the same size as Birmingham, Alabama, yet it is hardly seventy-five years since it became a place of importance. In 1801 it did not have two thousand inhabitants, and at the time of our Civil War its population numbered less than thirty-five thousand. Now it is the centre of a great coal trade and the commercial and industrial capital of all Wales.

The coal, iron, and other mineral resources of South Wales are of the most vital importance to Great Britain. As I have mentioned elsewhere, John Bull produces at home only about one fifth of his food supply; the balance, purchased abroad, is paid for in part by his exports of coal. About one fourth of all the coal produced in the United Kingdom is exported, and one half of the Welsh

output is sold abroad. Consequently, were it not for the stream of coal constantly passing through the Cardiff docks and into the holds of the fleets of the steamers that come here, the English people would either have to draw their belts a little tighter, or find some other means of paying for their food.

Since coming to Cardiff I have visited the mines and have followed the coal from the pitheads down to the sea. The coal of South Wales seems to have been intended by Nature for export overseas, for the mines are located in hills that extend down to the coast, and the average haul of a ton of coal from mine mouth to shipside is only twenty-one miles. Yet less than one hundred and fifty years ago the Welsh were sure that their mines would never be worked beyond meeting the local demand for fuel, because of the prohibitive cost of getting it to the coast in wagons. These gloomy predictions were partly disproved by the building of a canal from the coal fields to Cardiff, and with the beginning of the railroad era about a century ago the Welsh mines were opened up on a large scale.

To get into the coal fields I took a little train from Cardiff and rode for an hour on the wooden benches of a third-class car. The distance was only twenty-five miles, but we stopped every few minutes, and the train was climbing uphill every foot of the way. Soon after leaving Cardiff it darted through a long tunnel and came out into Rhymney Valley. The track was high up on the slope, so that I had fine views of the valley below and of the long hog-back hills on the other side. The latter were marked off into big square fields by ragged hedges of scrubby trees. Most of the fields were in grass rather than crops, and I saw many herds of sheep and cattle. On the edges of the

towns the slopes were cut up into small patches; these were the allotment gardens which, since the World War, when every foot of ground had to be cultivated to raise food, seem to have become permanent features of British communities.

On the opposite side of the valley was another railroad, paralleling our course all the way. Until a few years ago the numerous mines in this area, perhaps only twenty miles square, were served by four different railroads. This situation caused much confusion and wasteful competition until all were combined into one system when the British lines were consolidated a few years ago.

The towns in the Welsh coal country are dreary places amid beautiful surroundings. They consist of rows of two-story brick and stone houses, each with a slate roof, and each one exactly like its neighbours. Still, these homes do not look as shabby as the wooden, box-like houses of many mining villages in the United States. In one town, surrounded by the barrack-like houses, I saw the roofless remains of an ancient castle, with fresh green ivy climbing up the stumps of its circular towers.

Sometimes the colliery works of these towns were below me, in the floor of the valley; again they were on the hillside above the railroad track. Another feature of the landscape was the great heaps of mine waste, like miniature mountains. In most places the valleys are so narrow that these culm piles are located high up on the hillsides; the rubbish from the mines is carried to them in buckets slung on aërial cables often more than a quarter of a mile long.

As the little train followed the course of the Rhymney, the valley became ever narrower, until, when I reached my

destination, it was like a great capital V. The village and railway station were on one slope, the coal company offices on the other, and the colliery works were wedged in between. I could almost have jumped from the railway platform to the roof of the mine powerhouse. Everything in sight was black with coal dust, and as I descended to the works I found the ground covered with a layer of fine black powder an inch or so deep. Some of the underground men were coming off shift; their faces were smutted with coal, the patches of skin showing through the black making them look like minstrels imperfectly made up.

Conducted by the colliery manager and a foreman who was as well acquainted with every foot of the miles of tunnels as with his own dooryard, I went down into the mine. Before going below I put on a suit of overalls and a cap, and was given a miner's lamp of the latest type. This was a heavy brass cylinder with a tiny electric bulb in the top and a storage battery below. Instead of being attached to the miner's cap, it is carried in the hand by a hook in the top. Thus equipped, we stepped into the cage to go down the shaft. This consisted of a narrow platform suspended from a steel cable attached to a great drum operated by electricity. We dropped down faster than I ever descended in a skyscraper elevator, but my companions told me that we had made a very slow trip. Ordinarily the cage is dropped the whole depth, more than a third of a mile, in less than half a minute.

At the foot of the shaft a single electric lamp furnished the only illumination. We plunged into the blackness beyond and started along the tunnel. At first the sides and roof were arched with stone and brick, but when we got into the more recent workings, conditions were quite

different. Sometimes the timber props along the sides reached to a height of eight or ten feet; more often there were less than six feet between floor and ceiling. Much of our way was through tunnels that were not more than four or five feet wide; we had to hug the rock walls whenever the trains of little coal cars went by. In some parts of the mine the cars are hauled over the miniature railway by cables; in others, mules are used to pull them along. Frequently we came to wooden doors in the tunnels, through the cracks in which the air fairly whistled. These marked the ends of the chambers designed to control the circulation of air in the underground workings. There are two shafts into this mine. Through one of them, air is sucked up from below by great fans, and fresh air from above pours down through the other. This system of ventilation makes strong breezes blow through many of the tunnels, some of them warm, and some of them cold.

As in many of the older Welsh mines, we had to walk more than a mile underground to reach the face of the seams where coal was being cut. These distances add much to the cost of production, as the miners are paid for the time spent in getting to and from the coal workings. When we came to tunnels that measured only four feet or so from roof to ceiling, I crawled along painfully and slowly, but the miners, with bodies bent double, scuttled along rapidly like so many crabs. At the face of the seam I saw men lying prostrate in spaces not two feet high working away in what seemed impossible positions.

Although the Welsh fields produce what is considered the finest steam coal in Europe, and have a monopoly on anthracite in this part of the world, there is constant complaint of the high costs of production. The miners'

union say this is because the operators have failed to modernize the mines and to instal machinery such as is used in the industry in the United States, and because of the royalties paid by the collieries to the owners of the coal lands. The operators, on the other hand, say costs cannot be reduced unless the miners will work longer hours and get out more coal. Whatever the causes, the fact is that the output per man in the Welsh mines is less than one fourth of the per-man tonnage in our bituminous coal fields.

Many of the mines are small properties, the owners of which have not sufficient capital to develop them efficiently. In the Cardiff area, for example, there are more than four hundred and fifty collieries, of which less than half employ five hundred men or more. Of the total output of all the British coal fields, nearly half is produced by seven per cent. of the mines. This situation is aggravated in Wales by the intense individualism of the Welsh operators, which makes them chary of the mergers and combinations now being urged in the interests of efficiency. In times of depression it is usually the small mine with high costs of production that closes down first; it cannot compete when prices of coal begin to fall.

The mine I visited, on the other hand, is considered one of the best in South Wales. It has largely replaced steam power with electricity and compressed air, it uses conveyors and other machinery in the underground workings, and it is a leader in the extraction of by-products from the cheaper grades of coal. It is one of eight collieries owned by a single corporation which have paid ten-per-cent. dividends in years when other mines were losing money or closed down. Yet I doubt if American coal men would consider this property, in its equipment or

From all the ports of Europe, ships come to Cardiff to get coal, the export of which from the Welsh mines helps to pay the food bills of Great Britain and provide out-going cargoes for her freighters.

The forests of Canada, Newfoundland, and the Baltic countries send thousands of tons of logs to Cardiff, where they are used as props in the miles of tunnels in the coal mines.

operation, up to the standard of the average mine in the United States.

From the colliery, I followed the coal down to the sea. It moves in little cars, holding only from ten to twelve tons each. Nearly all of these cars are owned by the collieries instead of by the railroads, as with us. This system is considered a handicap both to the coal railroads, which must return each empty car to the mine from which it came, and to the mining industry as well. Also, the small size of the cars is considered uneconomical. The Great Western Railroad, which now controls all the South Wales docks, is not only itself building twenty-ton cars, but is offering inducements to the collieries to equip themselves with cars of that capacity.

When I reached the great docks at Cardiff I saw why the use of the larger cars is desired. Two systems of loading ships with coal are in use. In one of them, a car of coal is rolled on to a platform, which is then raised by hydraulic power to the top of a chute higher than the deck of the vessel alongside the quay. When the platform reaches the top of the chute, it is tipped, car and all. The end doors of the car open, the coal spills out and slides down into the hold of the ship. The platform must then be lowered, and the empty car run off and replaced by a loaded one. In some cases, the empty car is run off an overhead track at the level of the top of the chute; this saves time in getting another car on to the platform when it reaches the dock level.

By the other system, the loaded cars are tipped so that the coal falls into a great bucket lying in a pit below. This bucket is then raised up over the ship side,and the hinged bottom released to let the coal fall into the hold. This

bottom is conical in shape, which serves to spread the coal as it falls, making less work for the men stowing the cargo in the hold, and also, it is said, keeping down the breakage of the coal. If twenty-ton cars were used, the rate of loading coal by either system could be almost doubled.

To get a general view of the Cardiff docks, I climbed to the top of the tower on the Great Western Railroad offices. On one side were the waters of the Bristol Channel and the Taff River; on the land side were the great basins forming the docks, which have a deep water area of one hundred and sixty-five acres, and are surrounded by a vast network of railroad tracks. The docks were so filled with ships that their masts and stacks formed a veritable forest. There were scores of black steel-sided tramp steamers, flying every flag known to European shipping. I saw two vessels discharging cargoes of wheat; another was unloading the timbers used as props and tunnel linings in the coal workings. Some two million tons of pitwood are imported into the South Wales coal field every year, the cost of this material being a considerable burden on the industry. The wood comes from Scandinavia, Portugal, Canada, and Newfoundland, and also from France.

Because of the high tides in the Bristol Channel, building the docks at Cardiff and at the other South Wales ports was no small achievement. These average about forty feet—the highest tides in the world, except for those in the Bay of Fundy and the Strait of Magellan. To afford deep water basins for ships at all stages of the tides, great cellar-like excavations were made in the land. These were then lined with stone, and double gates, or locks, were built at the entrances, so that vessels might be floated in at high tide, and the water imprisoned within the basins at

that level. Were it not for these docks, vessels at Cardiff would lie on mud flats at every low tide.

At the Cardiff docks there are more than one hundred miles of railroad sidings for the storage of coal in cars awaiting loading. In the old days, coal was loaded as it came from the mine. Now the most complicated mixing processes are carried on. Coal is mixed both as to size and quality, according to the specifications of the purchaser. The mixing is done at the docks, and it takes skilful work on the part of the railroad men to bring up to the ship side in proper sequence a car of A coal, two cars of B coal, one of C grade, and so on, to furnish a cargo of the exact mixture desired.

For customs purposes, the docks at the near-by towns of Penarth and Barry are included in the Cardiff area. At Newport, farther up the channel, are other great docks, serving the steel mills there, and at Swansea, forty miles down the channel, are docks almost equal in capacity to those at Cardiff. Swansea is a city of nearly two hundred thousand people, and the centre of the Welsh tin plate industry, as well as an important coal shipping point. Three fourths of all the tin plate produced in Great Britain is turned out at Swansea, and it is also one of the chief depots for the storage of crude oil brought from overseas.

Much of the business of practically all the South Wales ports centres at Cardiff. Here there is a coal exchange, where most of the sales are made and shipping arrangements are effected. The city is a headquarters for colliery operators, coal exporters, shipping men, pitwood importers and all the various interests related to the coal-mining industry.

Cardiff reminds me of our own industrial cities. Since

it has experienced most of its growth in the last half century, it is thoroughly modern in plan and appearance. Its main streets are broad and straight, and its business buildings are in the massive British style. The great docks are situated about a mile from the downtown section of Cardiff, near the point where the Taff River flows into the Bristol Channel. Here is almost another city, with its banks and stores that serve the busy population of the dock area.

The centre of historic interest in Cardiff is the ancient castle, which dates back to the twelfth century and occupies the site of a Roman camp. Since the eighteenth century the castle has been in the family of the Marquis of Bute, who still uses it occasionally as a place of residence. The castle has been largely rebuilt in modern times. Its ancient moat has been filled in and now forms a strip of green lawn along one side of the main street of the city.

Adjoining Cardiff Castle is Cathays Park, in which is located one of the finest groups of modern public buildings in all Britain. Here are the courts and city hall, a public library and museum of Welsh antiquities, and several buildings of the University of Wales. Beyond this municipal centre, on the edge of the city, is a public recreation park.

A large part of Cardiff is situated on the slopes of the hills behind the city. Here the wealthier residents have homes that command fine views of the blue waters of the Bristol Channel. The houses are built of brick or stucco, and have red tile roofs which make brilliant patches of colour amid the green of the gardens that surround every home. Most of the houses have at their gateposts little signs bearing the name given the property by its owner.

In some families in South Wales three generations—father, son, and grandfather—are all working in the coal mines, where both wages and working conditions are below the standards in the coal industry of America.

Shrewsbury, near the border of Wales, suffered from raids during the struggle of the Welsh to maintain their independence. It is noted today for its mediaeval churches and sixteenth-century half-timbered houses.

Many of these names are Welsh, and seem quite unpronounceable.

In Cardiff, as well as in London, I have talked with representative men in the coal industry, which just now is suffering both from depression and labour trouble. The British have even more difficulty in maintaining peace and continuous production in their coal fields than we do, and what to do about the mines is a perennial topic of public discussion. In this country strikes or any decrease in production are more serious matters than with us, on account of the part played by coal in the foreign trade and the food supply of the British. Normally, the mines in England, Scotland, and Wales employ about eleven hundred thousand men, but since the World War as many as one hundred and fifty thousand miners have at times been without employment owing to the closing down of mines unable to operate at a profit. Practically all the miners belong to the union, which seeks the nationalization of the mines. The union leaders say, in effect, that if private ownership cannot keep the men employed at satisfactory wages, let the government take over the industry, and balance any losses suffered by the high-cost mines against the profits from the more successful workings. At present, the miners are paid a fixed minimum wage, plus more than half of all the profits after the minimum return allowed the owners on their capital is earned.

The most interesting view of the future of the British coal industry was given me by a British labour leader of international reputation. He said:

"No country that specialized in coal exporting before the World War can hope to regain its preëminence in that field. Since 1914, not only European countries, but

Africa, Australia, and even Asia, which used to depend on English and Welsh coal, have developed their own sources of this fuel. On the continent and elsewhere there has also been a great increase in water-power. The world, in fact, does not now need so much of our coal, while our own industries have not increased their demands sufficiently to make up for the losses in exports. The number of men in the industry could produce about three hundred million tons of coal a year; there seems to be demand now for only about two hundred and sixty million tons.

"This situation should be met by intensive efforts to develop the sale of more coal in our home markets. We must try and get away from the old notion that the only way to use coal is by burning it in the raw state. We must work toward the development of power plants at the pitheads, which at the mouth of the mine will turn coal into electric power that can be transported economically. We must increase the demand for such electrical power in every possible way by stimulating its greater use in homes, in commerce, and in industry, and by electrifying our railways; we must develop further our gas production, and increase the uses of gas. The present output of by-products at the coal pits is only a fraction of what it ought to be and what it could be. Finally, we must have a more unified control of the mines, so that the standards of equipment and operation may be raised throughout the entire industry."

This man, like the miners' union, is committed to the policy of nationalization of the British coal industry. Only the State, he believes, can effectively carry out such a development programme as he advocates, which will, of course, require large capital investments.

CHAPTER XIII

THROUGH THE COUNTRY OF THE WELSH

THE last few days I have spent in travelling through the length and breadth of Wales, "the little land behind the hills." I have followed the valley of the Dee to the source of that river in Lake Bala, and have climbed over the mountain passes to Barmouth on the sea. I have mingled with the crowds of holiday makers on the beaches of the coast resorts, have ridden in the shadow of Snowdon, and have explored castles built two centuries before Columbus crossed the Atlantic. For much of the time I have been in the midst of some of the most beautiful scenery in the British Isles.

If you will look at the map you will see Wales as a sort of patch on the west side of Britain, bounded by the Bristol Channel, St. George's Channel, and the Irish Sea. Its greatest length is one hundred and thirty-six miles, while its breadth varies from thirty-two to ninety-six miles. In area it is almost exactly the same size as New Jersey.

Like Scotland, Wales had for many centuries a separate existence from the rest of Britain, and even to-day acts of the British parliament are passed as applying to "England and Wales." Almost the entire surface of the country is mountainous. It was this fact that enabled the Welsh to preserve their independence so long, first against the Angles and the Saxons, and later against the Norman conquerors. Racially, the Welsh are the most direct

descendants of the ancient Britons now living on this island. They are Celts, like the Irish, with whom they long maintained close political connections, and their language, known as Cymric, is related to the Gaelic tongue. The early inhabitants of Cornwall belonged to the same race, but whereas the Cornish tongue has dropped out of existence, Welsh is still spoken by a large proportion of the people of Wales, especially in the North, and an extensive literature exists in that language. In very early times the ancestors of the Welsh people of to-day were spread far to the east and south of the present boundaries of Wales. It was because they refused to submit to the early invaders that they were driven into the hills to the west. Six hundred years ago the Welsh numbered probably less than five hundred thousand, but with the development of the mines and industries of South Wales the population has increased to more than two million.

The Norman kings of England, like the Saxons before them, were for a time satisfied if they could keep the Welsh confined to the western hills. William the Conqueror carved up the borderland into counties and set his feudal lords to building castles there as outposts of Norman rule. This borderland on the east side of Wales is still known as the "marches," meaning "marks," or "boundaries," and for a long time the barons of western England were called the "lords of the marches."

It was through the marches that I came after leaving Cardiff, travelling northward through the border counties of Monmouth, Hereford, and Shropshire. Sometimes my way lay along the foot of the hills that belong to the same ranges as the mountains in Wales, and sometimes I was in the gently rolling lands characteristic of

west England. I had glimpses of some of the ancient strongholds of the lords of the marches, and saw many houses the architecture of which proved them to be four or five centuries old. Shrewsbury, on the Severn River, one of the gateways into Wales, is especially noted for its half-timbered houses built in Queen Elizabeth's time. Just north of the city is the battlefield where King Henry IV defeated Harry Hotspur, and Falstaff "fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock."

At Ruabon, north of Shrewsbury, I started my journey across Wales, following the course of the Dee for part of the way. The estuary of the Dee is a broad expanse of water at high tide, and a lake of mud six hours later, but between Lake Bala and Ruabon it is for the most part a twisting, plunging mountain stream. The scenes along its banks reminded me of the Berkshires in New England. Sometimes the river so closely hugged the hills that there was barely room for the railroad track beside it; at others it flowed swiftly through narrow green meadows. Above it towered the hills, some of whose bare and rounded peaks reach heights of two thousand feet. It is on the Dee that fishermen still use the ancient Welsh coracles—round, flat-bottomed, basket-like boats, made of a wooden frame covered with tightly stretched hides or canvas. These craft are so light that they ride the water like corks, and a man can carry one on his back.

It was in the valley of the Dee also that I took my first lesson in the pronunciation of Welsh names. I learned, for example, that the name of Llangollen, one of the oldest towns on the Dee, is pronounced "Thlan-goth-len," the Welsh "ll" being the equivalent of our "thl." The "w," which makes so many Welsh words look like jawbreakers,

loses its terrors when one finds that it is pronounced as "o" in "good." Another stumbling block is the "dd"; it is pronounced as "th" in "then." The Welsh "c" is always hard, as in "cat," and "y" in the middle of a word is like our "u" in "but."

Here are some examples of the pronunciation of Welsh place names:

Bettws-y-Coed is *Bettoos–i–koed*
Dolwyddelen is *Dol–wuth–elen*
Glyndyfrdwy is *Glun–duv'r—doee*

The seemingly impossible "Pwllheli" is rendered "Poolthhelley."

Welsh place names are often composite, consisting of several words joined together, and descriptive of the place concerned. Thus, "Bettws-y-Coed" means "The Chapel-in-the-Wood." The Welsh name for the Valley of the Dee is "Glyndyfrdwy," meaning "The-Glen-of-the-Duy," or "Dee." One of the great national heroes of Wales was Owen Glendower, or Glyndwr. His name is a contraction of that of the Dee Valley, in which he was born.

In piling up huge combinations of letters to form a single name, the Welsh can beat the Germans at their own game, as is proved by this example:

Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwllllandysiliogogogoch.

This fifty-eight-letter word means literally:

"The church-of-St.-Mary-in-a-hollow-of-white-hazel,-near-to-a-rapid-whirlpool-and-to-St.-Tysilio's-Church,-near-to-a-red-cave."

On the island of Anglesey, where this name occurs,

Welsh is spoken more than in any other part of Wales, but even the natives save their breath by shortening it to "Llanfair," to which the postal authorities have added "P. G." to distinguish it from another "Llanfair."

Many Welsh words survive in English names; thus, the River Avon gets its name from the Welsh "afon," meaning "river," and the name of the Wye, which flows south through the marches, is the ancient Celtic word for "water." "Bryn," meaning "a hill," and "Pen," meaning "summit," are parts of place names in the United States borrowed from the Welsh.

At the head of the Dee Valley is the town of Bala, situated near the lake of that name, which is the source of the Dee. The lake lies in a broad basin between the Aran and Berwyn mountains, and although only about four miles long and less than a mile wide, is the largest natural body of water in all Wales. Ten miles away is the reservoir which supplies water to Liverpool, called Lake Vyrnwy. It was made by damming the waters of the Vyrnwy River, and is about as large as Lake Bala. Birmingham also gets water from Wales, the city corporation having constructed a chain of four artificial lakes in the hills of Radnorshire.

After passing Lake Bala, the railroad across Wales reaches its highest point and then descends toward the west coast. The mountainsides are for the most part bare and rocky, with only enough vegetation to support a few sheep. Their slopes are often divided by stone walls, some of which are said to have been built by the Romans. In these hills are churches that date from the sixth and seventh centuries, and there are even relics of the ancient Druids.

Between Bala and the coast the largest town is Dolgelley, situated in the valley of the Wnion River, and overlooked by the mountains of the Cader Idris range, between two thousand and three thousand feet high. Dolgelley is a very old town. One of its roads was built by the Romans, and it was here that Owen Glendower, in 1405, assembled the Welsh parliament for its last meeting.

Not far from Dolgelley is Nannau, the family seat of Howel Sele, cousin to, but an enemy of, Glendower. In the park of Nannau there once stood a great oak whose hollow trunk was twenty-eight feet around. Tradition has it that when Sele endeavoured treacherously to murder his cousin, Glendower shut him up alive in the hollow oak, where, some forty years later, a man's skeleton was found.

I reached the coast at Barmouth, one of the noted beach resorts of Wales. The town is situated on the north shore of the estuary of the Mawddach River, which is made beautiful by the mountains that rise above it on either side. So narrow is the shelf of level land between Barmouth beach and the hills behind the town that many of the houses are on terraces cut in the steep slopes and can be reached only by steps or winding roads. I arrived at Barmouth in the evening, but in the long twilight of these northern shores the beach promenade was thronged until midnight, and no lights were needed until nearly eleven o'clock.

On both the west and the north coasts of Wales there are miles and miles of broad sandy beaches as fine as those of our New Jersey shore, broken only by occasional rugged headlands. The most popular resorts

North Wales is a land of rugged limestone cliffs and has more waterfalls than any other part of Britain. Many of these falls are associated with legends that attribute to their waters miraculous healing properties.

In the banquet hall of Conway Castle King Edward I is said to have had the head of the Welsh leader, Llewellyn, brought to him on a tray. The castle is one of four that Edward built on the coast of North Wales.

are those on the north coast, which are nearer Liverpool, Manchester, and other large cities of England, from which tens of thousands of industrial workers come for their seaside holidays. In Lancashire, for example, each mill town fixes on a week when all its factories close, and all the employees take their vacations at the same time. The mill employees save up for a year ahead, through weekly deposits in vacation clubs. In a recent year members of these clubs in Lancashire received a total of seven and one half million dollars to spend on their holidays.

The largest of all the Welsh resorts is Llandudno, which reminds one of Atlantic City. Llandudno has not the overwhelming aggregation of wealth of the New Jersey resort, but it has an equally fine beach and a setting that is far more beautiful. It is situated on a peninsula, so narrow that the sea is both in front of and behind the town. The main beach is in the form of a great crescent, along which extends a paved promenade about one and a half miles long and nearly one hundred feet wide. At the ends of the beach are bluff headlands, the Great Orme and the Little Orme. In the rocky face of the former the Welsh have cut a road that commands magnificent views of the sea far below.

At some of the beaches the ebb tide exposes a strip of hard sand as much as half a mile wide. As in England, the bathing machines, or little bath-houses on wheels, pulled up and down the beach according to the stage of the tide, are the most conspicuous features of the Welsh seaside resorts. Then there are the donkeys for hire, on which children ride up and down the

sand, booths selling sweets and cold drinks, and the usual catch-penny devices which spring up wherever pleasure seekers congregate. At Llandudno, at Rhyl, at Conway, and, indeed, at all the Welsh seaside resorts, there are not only many small hotels, but almost every house near the water bears a sign indicating that lodgers may find accommodations within. The middle-class Britisher on holidays is accustomed to live more simply and to spend less money than the average American vacationist.

In coming up the coast from Barmouth, I saw at Harlech, Criccieth, Carnarvon, and Conway, four of the most famous castles in Wales. All were built in the thirteenth century by King Edward I of England, after he had suppressed Welsh independence, and were intended to be the means of maintaining the power of the English throne in North Wales. All of them overlook the sea. Harlech Castle, the southernmost of these strongholds, tops a cliff two hundred feet high. When it was besieged in the fifteenth century, its occupants held out until they were stricken with famine, and it is said that the incidents of their heroic defence inspired the song, "The March of the Men of Harlech," which is almost the national air of the Welsh. Criccieth is better known for its contribution to British statesmanship than for the ruins of its castle. This town is the home of David Lloyd George, premier of Great Britain during the World War.

Still farther up the coast, at the mouth of the Conway River, near Llandudno, are the modern city of Conway and all that is left of its once-magnificent castle. Here Edward I often resided, and tradition

says that the head of his foeman, the Welsh Llewellyn, was brought to him in the great banqueting hall of the fortress. The walls of the castle, fifteen feet thick, are roofless, and the railroad runs through a portion of its outer works. Conway Castle would be in much better condition to-day had not the Earl of Conway, in the seventeenth century, removed all its lead, iron, and timbers, intending to use them in Ireland. The Welsh, who greatly resented the dismantling of the castle, took comfort in the fact that the ship carrying the plunder was lost at sea.

But the most interesting of the four castles is that at Carnarvon. With its great gates, lined with portcullis grooves, its tall battlemented towers and numerous turrets, and its many narrow spiral stone stairs, from which open tower rooms, Carnarvon seems all that an ancient castle should be. The walls of the towers are cut with narrow slits, for the use of the bowmen, and the many hidden passages, secluded nooks, and dungeon-like rooms are romances in themselves. The castle proper covers an area of about three acres; and its outer walls formerly enclosed all there was of the town of Carnarvon.

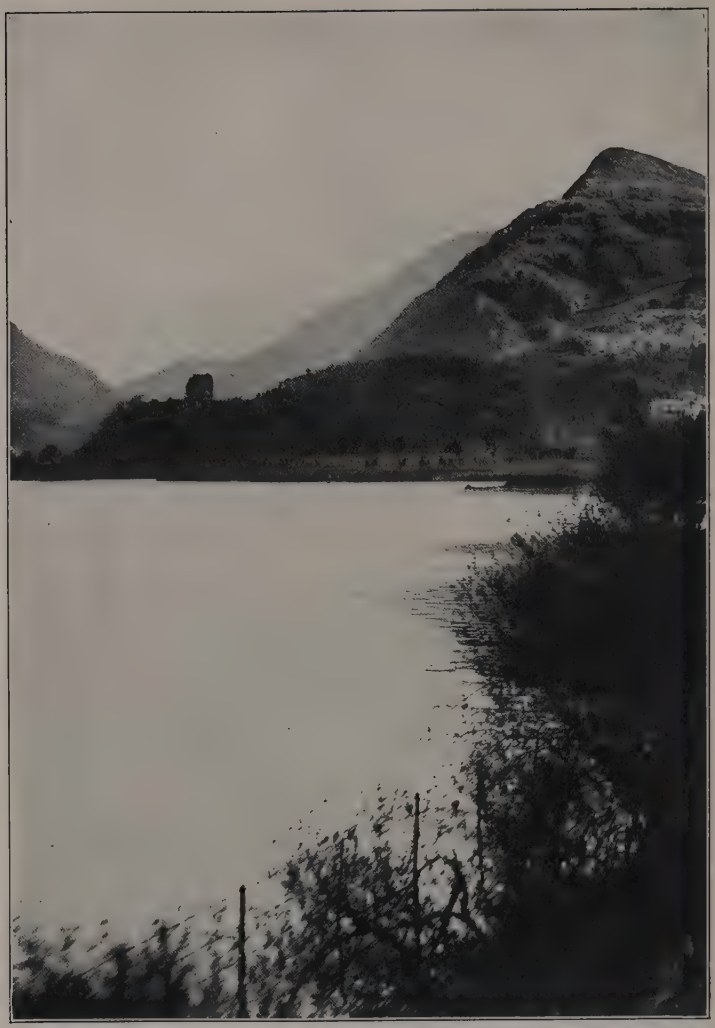
It was at Carnarvon Castle, in 1301, that the title of "Prince of Wales" was conferred upon the son of Edward I. Six hundred and ten years later, in 1911, Edward Albert, eldest son of King George V, was invested with the same title in the ancient stronghold. There is a small tower room at Carnarvon Castle where, it is said, Queen Eleanor gave birth to the first Prince of Wales, although the indications are that this section of the castle was not even built until long after. Accord-

ing to the story, the Welsh told King Edward they would not be content unless he gave them for their king a "native-born prince of unblamable life who could speak no word of English." Upon the birth of the young Edward at Carnarvon, his father presented him to the Welsh as a prince meeting all their conditions. Probably the Welsh did not relish King Edward's little joke, but the fact remains that Wales is to-day merged with Britain, and the title of Prince of Wales is borne by the heir apparent to the British throne. There may be some consolation for the Welsh in the presence, in the town square of Carnarvon, of a bronze statue of their countryman, Lloyd George.

At Carnarvon also is a great pavilion seating eight thousand people, and filled to overflowing whenever the Eisteddfod, or annual festival of music and poetry, is held here. This unique institution had its beginning in the twelfth century, when the Welsh Lord Rhys set up two competitions, one for bards and poets, the other for harpists, fiddlers, and pipers. After the Welsh lost their independence these competitions lapsed, but they were revived in the nineteenth century, and have done much to inculcate the national spirit of the Welsh and keep alive their language.

The Eisteddfod is held alternately in North and in South Wales. The contests last a week and are attended by tens of thousands of Welsh people, not only from England and Wales, but from the United States and the British dominions. The various performances are followed with critical expertness, and the competition for honours is keen, every performance, whether of choir, poet, or instrumentalist, representing

The annual Eisteddfod of Wales is a revival of the ancient contests open to bards, poets, and musicians. At one of these occasions the Prince of Wales was initiated into the order of Welsh bards.



Llanberis Lake is in the heart of Snowdonia, and the village of that name is the starting place for the ascent of Snowdon, the highest peak in Wales. Near by is the beautiful Llanberis Pass.

a year of hard practice since the preceding Eisteddfod. The proceedings are carried on with elaborate ceremonies, some of which have descended from the ancient druidical rites, and old Welsh costumes are worn on this occasion. The Welsh Order of Bards includes among its honorary members such representatives of royalty as the Queen of Roumania and the Prince of Wales.

Carnarvon is situated at the southern entrance to the narrow Strait of Menai, which separates North Wales from the island of Anglesey. Near Bangor, eight miles away, the strait is crossed by two bridges. One of these, the suspension bridge, when built a little more than a century ago, was considered the eighth wonder of the world. Near it is a tubular railroad bridge over which fast trains are run to Holyhead on the coast of Anglesey, whence steamers for Ireland have a run of only sixty miles.

In coming from Criccieth to Carnarvon I had many fine views of Snowdon, monarch of a group of slightly lesser peaks that form the Snowdonian Range, the highest in Wales. Its summit, 3,571 feet high, is a mass of gray rock on which patches of snow may be seen until late in the spring. It is less than fifteen miles from Carnarvon, and one may ride to the top of the mountain on a tiny rack-and-pinion railway that starts from the tower of Llanberis. On clear days the view is magnificent, including the Irish coast and the sea of hills of which North Wales is formed, but more often than not the summit is veiled in clouds. In the high valleys of the Snowdonian Range are many little lakes. Although Snowdon is less than one hundred feet higher than Mt. Greylock, the tallest peak in Massachusetts,

and is but a knoll compared to Mt. Whitney in California, its fame has spread around the world, and its importance in Welsh associations is impossible of exaggeration. It symbolizes the sturdy independence of the Welsh people, and out of the hills of Snowdonia have come not only many of their heroes, but countless folk tales and legends. Even America has a real interest in Snowdon, for from its vicinity came the ancestors of Thomas Jefferson. To-day the hills of Snowdonia have been made the scene of the world's largest slate quarries.

Chester, where I am writing these notes, is one of the most picturesque cities of England. It is just over the border from Flintshire in Wales, and for centuries has been the chief gateway into that principality. Its name is derived from the "castra" or camp of the Romans, who built here their town of Deva. Chester is the only city in England with its walls intact. These walls, built in the fourteenth century, are from twelve to forty feet high, and form to-day a promenade about the city. Here also is one of the finest cathedrals in all England. Like the walls and the castle erected here by William the Conqueror, it is built of red sandstone. The most interesting feature of Chester, however, is the "Cross," where the four streets leading to the four gates of the city come together at right angles. Here are "The Rows," where there is a sidewalk at the street level and another one above formed by the second stories of all the buildings on both sides of all four streets. At the ends of the blocks one may climb stairs leading to the stone-paved galleries, and walk along arcades lined with some of the best shops in the

city. Authorities differ as to the reasons for this peculiar construction; but it is known that the buildings that form "The Rows" are at least three hundred years old.

Chester is to-day an industrial town, also famous as the chief market for Cheshire cheeses. Late on Saturday afternoon the number of pedestrians in "The Cross" is so great that they fill the streets as well as the sidewalks, and motor traffic can hardly move at all.

CHAPTER XIV

GLASGOW AND THE CLYDE

IT IS Saturday noon in Glasgow. Out of the office buildings of the Scottish metropolis, out of its multitude of shops, factories, and warehouses, pour throngs of workers. Many of them are hurrying toward the river that divides this city and boarding little excursion steamers that await only their human cargoes before they proceed down the Clyde.

Suppose we follow the crowd; we shall see a sight not equalled anywhere else in the world. We shall learn why Glasgow is the second largest city in Great Britain, with a population of more than a million, or one fourth of all the people of Scotland, and why it is that throughout the Seven Seas its name is synonymous with ships.

From downtown Glasgow it is only a step to the Broomielaw, where a highway bridge leads over the river. We do not cross the Clyde, but turn down the quay, passing under the steel bridge that carries the railroad tracks into the Central Station of Glasgow, nearly as large as the South Station in Boston. Sometimes, on holidays, more than three hundred thousand people pass through this station. Just below it lies our steamer, a narrow little craft with rounded protuberances on each side that house the big paddle wheels. The Clyde shipping men, who certainly ought to know, say that in sheltered waters the old-fashioned

At Llandudno, the largest of many big beach resorts in North Wales, is "The Happy Valley," a natural amphitheatre in the Great Orme, and so sheltered from the winds that roses bloom there until December.

Nearly one fourth of the population of Scotland lives in Glasgow, the chief port and commercial and industrial centre of the country. The double-decked street cars are run by the city at a profit.

side-wheeler is still the best for speed, economy, and passenger-carrying capacity.

We have hardly left the pier when we begin to pass the shipyards which have given Glasgow its fame. We shall still see them when at Greenock, twenty-five miles down the river. For fully seven miles of the way the right bank is continuously lined with them, and they extend part way along the left bank as well. Our shipbuilding on the Delaware River is only a faint suggestion of what goes on along the Clyde. Last year all the shipyards in the United States produced only one hundred and seventy-two thousand tons of vessels. The Clyde alone, in its biggest years, turns out nearly five times as much tonnage, and last year launched two hundred and fifty-one craft with a total displacement of about five hundred and fifty thousand tons. This was double the tonnage of all the vessels built in German yards, and six times the output of the Japanese. When you remember that the Clyde production of ships is only about one third the total for Great Britain and Ireland, you will have some idea of the British predominance in the world's shipbuilding, and the vital interest of our British cousins in sea transportation.

The Clyde at Glasgow is surprisingly narrow. It was only by costly dredging that it was widened and deepened enough for the use of modern steamers. There is a story of an American who, on first seeing the Clyde, said: "You call this a river! If you could see one of our rivers you'd never mention this little creek again." To which a Scotsman replied: "Oh, ye needna' brag. You're indebted to Providence for your big rivers; we made this yin oorsel's."

The larger vessels cannot be launched at right angles to the Clyde, and, instead, are slid obliquely into the stream, lest their sterns strike the opposite shore before the bows have cleared the ways. The shipways and the vessels in them are so close together that they remind one of motor-cars parked in a street at an angle of forty-five degrees to the curb. The tall scaffolding poles, the rows of steel cranes, and the great gantries that overtop the craft under construction, seem like a forest that sprouts steel and iron. Were it not Saturday afternoon the noise would be deafening. The rattle and clatter of the riveters in a shipyard I visited earlier to-day made a terrific din as the pneumatic hammers pounded down the heads of red-hot steel rivets.

On the stocks are ships in all stages of construction. There is one of which only the bottom has been built; it looks like a giant flatiron. There is another which consists only of a keel and the delicately curved blue-steel frames about to be covered with broad steel plates. Still another reminds us of a half-finished skyscraper. For a part of her length her numerous decks are enclosed; for the rest, they are exposed, and we can look into rusty caverns that will be luxurious cabins, dining saloons, and lounges on a transatlantic liner.

There are all types of vessels on the ways. The Clyde shipbuilder will produce for you anything of steel that floats, from a mud-sucking dredge to a great battleship. We pass, on the north side of the river, the spot where one of the largest and fastest liners now on the Atlantic was built and launched. That same yard produced the most powerful warship now afloat. But we also see

yards where, under the sterns of cargo steamers, midget tugs or dainty yachts are being built.

Among the yards we pass is one that I visited this morning. It is one of the largest of them all, occupying eighty-five acres, mostly covered with shops and sheds. This yard has built famous liners and warships, and I myself saw this morning the keel blocks being placed for the construction of a pair of cruisers for Australia. Its plant includes almost every kind of workshop known to industry, and when working at capacity, it employs ten thousand men. These include carpenters who make the shapes for the curved frames and the wooden patterns for the mouldmakers in the casting foundry; machinists who finish steel engine parts down to a fineness of one thousandth of an inch; riveters, sheet-steel and iron workers, painters, decorators, steam fitters, and men of a score of other trades.

I saw a crane pick up a single engine casting weighing fifty tons or more; I saw another huge mass of steel being put in place on one of the largest lathes in the world. In the assembly shop, I gazed up at a great Diesel engine of 1500 h. p. standing perhaps twenty-five feet high. It was running full speed, and will be kept going day and night for two weeks, and then lifted into place in the ship now waiting for it. Near by was a giant gear, a mass of steel five feet in diameter, each of its hundreds of teeth cut to the limit of precision. In another shop I saw a steel plate, twenty-five feet long, pass through a machine that in less than six minutes cut four hundred rivet holes in it as though it were only a slab of cheese.

The yard superintendent took me aboard a passenger

steamer that seemed ready to go to sea. Inside, however, the scene made me think of a home that was combining housecleaning with painting and papering and the installation of new heating and plumbing systems. There were so many workmen that they almost stumbled over one another. In some places raw steel was exposed; in others walls and pillars were decorated in gold and white; I saw one man painting in gaudy colours a Mother Goose frieze in the children's playroom. It seemed that it would take months to finish the job, but the manager told me that in three weeks he would take the ship down to Liverpool, whence she will begin her service to Canada.

In its lower reaches, the Clyde widens, and the shipyards are not so close together. Between them lie green fields where cows are grazing, or grassy groves where families are picknicking and boys and girls are dancing in a circle on the turf. One shipyard has heightened the effect of a great industry in pastoral surroundings by planting shrubbery along a good part of its shore frontage. Ahead of our steamer, in jagged outline against the western sky, are the mountains that line the Firth of Clyde. To the north are the green fields of the lowlands backed by smooth velvety hills that are both higher and steeper than they look. Their slopes are divided by gray stone walls into large fields in which sheep are grazing. The few farmhouses form brilliant white patches on the hillsides. Also, half hidden among groves of trees, there are ancient stone houses marking the location of ancestral estates.

For every mile along the shores of the Clyde there are stories in which one may read much of the turbulent

history of Scotland. The Clyde of to-day is a very different river from what it was a few centuries ago, when it was valued chiefly as a salmon stream, and the Highlanders used to drive cattle across it. One hundred years before our Revolution, the ambitious merchants of Glasgow, desiring to develop their commerce, sought to establish a port for the city some fifteen or twenty miles downstream. Two towns refused the opportunity because, they said, the influx of mariners would raise the local price of provisions. One of these towns was Dumbarton, once a Roman naval station. Here Dumbarton Rock, in two sharp peaks, rises to a height of four hundred feet from the river, and, on it is a fort and castle, probably of Roman origin. In this castle Wallace was held prisoner; here Robert Bruce won one of his victories; from here Mary Queen of Scots sailed as a little girl for France.

On the opposite s de of the river are three towns which have so grown together that they form an almost continuous wall of gray stone buildings on the steep hillside, with numerous shipyards and wharves along the shore. The first of these is Port Glasgow, founded for the purpose its name indicates, before the deepening of the Clyde channel which now enables vessels of twenty-six feet draft to come up to the docks in the heart of Glasgow. Next is Greenock, where there are a big government arsenal, shipyards, and other industries; and then Gourock, which occupies the promontory where the Clyde River empties into the Firth of Clyde. It was at Gourock that it was first discovered that herring might be smoke-cured, and thus was laid the foundation of an important Scottish industry. At

Greenock was born James Watt, builder of the first steam engine, and there is buried Burns's "Highland Mary." Across the Firth, in front of the remains of the ancient castle at Dunoon, a statue of "Highland Mary" looks toward the place of her burial, while far down the shore of the Firth is the town of Ayr and the "Burns country," where the poet spent all but ten of his thirty-seven years of life. The chief feature of the Ayr coast to-day is its golf courses, at one of which last week an American player won the international championship.

Along the shores of the Firth many of the wealthier people of Glasgow have country homes, while the numerous small towns are in summer the resort of tens of thousands of holiday visitors. Speedy little steamers, most of them railroad owned and operated, are always in sight, carrying excursionists. There are also hundreds of small boats and yachts. Yacht races are held here every year; in fact, only to-morrow begins a series in which two boats from America are entered. Two of Sir Thomas Lipton's *Shamrocks* were built along the Clyde and had their trials here in the Firth, and the latest one is now being groomed in a near-by dock. There is also a constant large traffic of cargo and passenger vessels in the Firth, connecting Glasgow directly with all parts of the world. Many of them are ships returning here to the place where they were born, though they now fly the flags of far-distant nations.

Looking down the Firth we see guarding its entrance the towering hills of Arran, one of the most beautiful of the many mountainous islands on the west coast of Scotland. Their tops are hidden in cotton-wool clouds,

and as the sun descends their sides take on blue and purple hues. Nearer to us are green heights, their sides marked with darker patches of fir trees. Wide aisles have been cut in these forests, to make spaces into which beaters drive birds and rabbits so that the sportsmen lying in wait can get a shot at them in the open.

Between our steamer and the hills of Arran lies the island of Bute, on which is the summer-resort town of Rothesay. The narrow passage between this island and the mainland, known as the "Kyles of Bute," forms a noted scenic waterway. The trip through it is much like steaming up the fiords of Norway. Indeed, all the west coast of Scotland north of the Clyde, sprinkled with islands, deeply indented, and walled with rugged peaks, is wondrously beautiful. It would be fine if our little steamer could take us up this scenic coast, but, unfortunately, it has turned back toward Glasgow.

I came to Glasgow by train from Manchester and Liverpool, passing between the hills of the Scottish Lowlands, sprinkled with sheep farms and coal mines. The approach to this city would make a man from Pittsburgh or Gary feel at home, for it is fringed with steel plants and blast furnaces, and there are scores of mighty chimneys belching out clouds of smoke.

It is the combined presence of coal, iron, and the Clyde in this region that made Glasgow. The city can trace its history back to Roman days and the earliest kings of Scotland, yet when the Scottish and English kingdoms were joined it had only twelve thousand people. In our colonial days, the shrewd Glasgow merchants saw the wealth that lay to the west. They

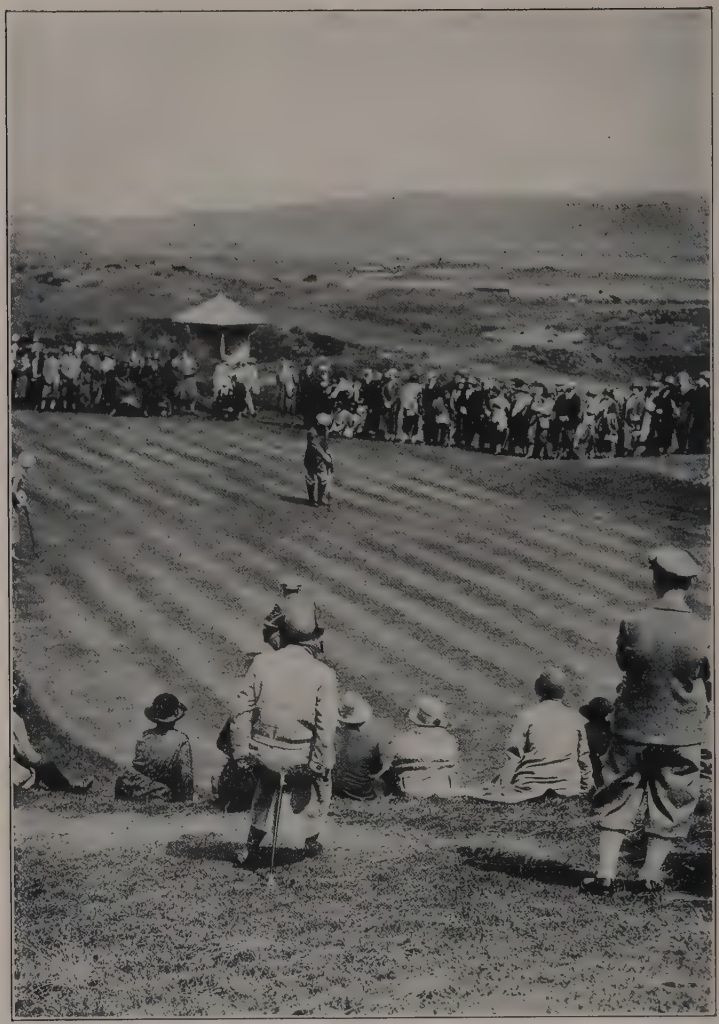
captured more than half of the tobacco trade with America, became importers of West Indian sugar, and thus laid the foundations of many a Scotch fortune of to-day. Then, in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, Scotch coal and iron were mingled in the blast furnace, and Henry Bell built on the Clyde the *Comet*, the first steamboat in European waters. Since those events, the story of Glasgow has been one of continuous growth and development.

Shipbuilding forms the core of the commerical and industrial life of Glasgow. When the yards are busy, they sustain a score of subsidiary industries, from coal mines and steel plants to engine and bathtub factories. When shipbuilding slumps, the coal, the iron, the steel, and auxiliary industries in the Glasgow area suffer acutely.

Around the shipbuilding and related industries in Glasgow centre the labour organizations, the leaders of which constitute some of the most radical elements in the British Labour Party. I had a glimpse of the Scottish labour agitators last evening when I went to Glasgow Green, a public park beside the Clyde. There were at least half a dozen soap-box speakers in action, most of whom were arguing against the capitalist system. So long as there is no disorder, these speakers are allowed to say what they please, without interference from the police.

The policies of the municipal corporation of Glasgow would be considered highly socialistic in America. This city has long been a leader in public ownership of water, gas, and electricity supply systems. It owns the street-car lines, which carry five hundred million

Along the Clyde is the largest aggregation of ship-yards in the world. They extend for miles on both sides of the river and are equipped to build anything that floats, from a yacht or tug to the largest battleships and passenger liners.



The "Burns Country" along the coast of Scotland south of the Clyde, is now equally famous for its many fine golf courses, on which national and international championship matches are played.

passengers a year, many of them on a two-cent fare. The city maintains public baths and laundries; it runs the public markets and operates food kitchens; it has one of the oldest and largest systems of free circulating libraries in the world. Glasgow has some thirty-one parks, many of which include hills and lakes far beyond the city limits. It provides facilities for all kinds of sports and games—tennis, football, cricket, bowling, and golf. In the summer time it spends fifty thousand dollars on music in the city parks, and in winter free organ recitals are given in the municipal art gallery in Kelvingrove Park. Crowning a hill overlooking this park is the University of Glasgow, founded in 1451. On the terraced sides of this hill are some of the finest residences of the city.

The other side of the picture is found in the housing conditions of Glasgow. Nowhere have I seen worse congestion than in its slums. Thousands of people live in four- and five-storied tenements, huge granite structures that are divided into scores of one-, two-, and three-room flats in each of which one or more families live. For years the city has been spending large sums in buying up and clearing slum quarters, and building new homes for the people, yet to-day it needs twenty thousand more houses. Recently some progress has been made in getting the people out into the suburbs, where semi-detached brick or stucco houses with little gardens have been built.

In the past Glasgow has been notorious for its drunkenness, but I have not found conditions as bad as I had been led to expect. Apparently the increased cost of liquor and the strict regulation of the public houses

have reduced the amount of drinking. Even on Saturday night the bars must close at nine o'clock, and they are shut from noon until three o'clock of that day. Scotland has a vigorous temperance movement, and some of its towns are dry under a form of local option.

I have spent some time watching the people on Argyle Street, the Sixth or Seventh Avenue of Glasgow. It is the shopping thoroughfare of the working class, so crowded on Saturday nights that the throngs spill over from the broad sidewalks onto the pavement. Here one sees workmen in their shapeless caps and greasy neckerchiefs, and "shawlie" women, so called because of the black shawls they wear. There are pleasure-seeking boys and girls, and husbands and wives examining price marks on the goods in the crowded shop windows.

At right angles to Argyle Street, which parallels the river, are the better-class shopping thoroughfares, Buchanan and Renfield streets. These have many fine stores, with big windows in which goods are well displayed. As in Ireland and provincial England, the smaller shops go on the theory that the more articles they can cram into their windows, with price tags attached, the more sales they will make. The better stores, however, have grown away from this practice, and concentrate the attention of window shoppers on a few articles well displayed.

On higher ground, several blocks back from the river, Renfield Street and Buchanan Street are intersected by Sauchiehall Street, which is in some respects the chief thoroughfare of the city. It has not only the best shops, but also many of the theatres. Here one will see the

best-dressed women of Glasgow, who are, by the way, naturally red-cheeked and healthy looking.

The dwellings of Glasgow, as well as its massive business structures, are for the most part built of slate-gray or brown stone. The public edifices of lighter stone are blackened with soot and age. One misses here the red brick walls and red-tiled roofs of English cities. The streets are broad and for the most part laid out on the checkerboard plan. The centre of the city tends to move westward, and is now more than a mile from the cathedral about which old Glasgow was built. This cathedral, begun nearly seven hundred years ago, stands on a hill in the eastern part of the city, nearly one hundred feet above the Clyde, where once stood the hermit cell of St. Mungo, the patron saint of Glasgow. In this quarter are now some of the worst slums of the city. The Royal Exchange, near St. George's Square and the city hall, is likewise east of the present business centre.

In the temple-like structure of the Exchange the silk-hatted merchants and traders of Glasgow used to assemble daily. Even to-day you may meet there representatives of firms which will take your order to build a vessel of any size or description; men who will sell you a thousand tons of coal or steel; others who will offer a cargo of West Indian sugar or American cotton, and brokers who will insure anything that floats, or buy for you any kind of commodity in any part of the world. Behind these traders stand the banks of Glasgow, which every year pay dividends of from fourteen to eighteen per cent. The world owes much to the Scotch for the development of modern banking, and I learn

here that men trained in the financial institutions of Glasgow are constantly in demand by the banks of the British dominions. The great banks of Canada are patterned directly after those of Scotland, and the Hudson's Bay Company has for more than two hundred years drawn upon Scotland for its apprentices.

The people of Glasgow are proud of their world-wide reputation for thrift and business ability. They say it is all a matter of character. By contrast, they regard the English as clever folk, but unstable and insincere. The devotion of the Scotch to their church is well-known, and they have resisted the secularization of the Sabbath more stubbornly than the people of England. There are almost no Sunday trains in Scotland, while the playing of golf or other games on that day is generally disapproved. Yet, even in this land of Presbyterianism the private automobile and the motor bus are making the puritanical Sunday an institution of the past.

In the Firth of Clyde, below the great shipyards along the river, yacht races are held every summer. The shores of the Firth are lined with beach resorts and the seaside homes of the wealthy.

The fertile valleys of mid-Scotland look like big gardens, or well-kept parks, which are dotted with the whitewashed stone houses of the farmers. More land is given over to pasture than is cultivated for crops.

CHAPTER XV

IN THE LAND OF SCOTT'S HEROES

FROM the drab industrial city of Glasgow it is but a step into the lands of Scottish literature and historical romance. I have spent the last two days in motoring through regions made familiar to all the world by the works of Sir Walter Scott, and have visited the scenes of some of the most stirring events of the days when Scotland was an independent kingdom, yet at no time have I been as much as forty miles from Glasgow.

In one of my motor excursions from Glasgow I followed the road taken by Baillie Nicol Jarvie when, as told in Scott's novel, "Rob Roy," he went to a rendezvous with that Highland leader. I saw the towering ridges between which the Highlanders used to drive their livestock on the way to market, and had a view of the great cleft in a rocky knoll where Rob Roy sometimes hid cattle to which he held but doubtful title. I visited the village of Drymen, once an important rallying point for the clansmen, but now of interest chiefly for its golf course. I stood on the shores of Loch Lomond, largest lake in the British Isles, and so narrow that for the twenty-two miles of its length it seems more like a river. It extends southward almost to the lower Clyde, with which it is connected by its outlet, the River Leven.

Towering over Loch Lomond is the mountain of Ben Lomond, whose pyramidal, rocky peak reaches a height of more than three thousand feet. On the same side of the lake as Ben Lomond was the country of the Macgregors; on the opposite shore was the land of the Macfarlanes. On the eastern side of the loch is the Pass of Balmaha, through which the Highlanders used to pour when making an expedition to the south.

When on Sunday afternoon I made my way over the hills and through the villages between Glasgow and Loch Lomond, no scenes could have been more peaceful. The roads were crowded with cyclists, automobile parties, and motor busses loaded with sightseers. Law and order have now long reigned in the hills. The descendants of the Highlanders to-day furnish recruits for the Glasgow police force, and there are more of them living in the industrial towns of the Lowlands than in the land of their forefathers.

On this trip I was accompanied by a genial Scotsman. When I complimented him on his knowledge of the region and its stories, he repied:

"Oh, that is nothing! Some of your countrymen who come over here have learned their Scott by heart, and know more about what went on in these hills than we do ourselves."

In another excursion from Glasgow I reached a different portion of the region made famous by Sir Walter Scott. Proceeding northeast from Glasgow, I came to Stirling, a city founded by the Romans, and for long the favourite seat of Scottish kings.

It lies on the eastern side of the Campsie Fells, a great up-tilted ridge that raises its head abruptly just behind

Glasgow, and overlooks the Clyde. This ridge extends northeasterly to the River Forth, near Stirling, dominating the landscape for miles around and separating the southern Highlands from the eastern plain.

At Stirling is the ancient castle which stands atop a rock that on three sides rises abruptly from the plain to a height of two hundred feet. When I visited it, its guns were booming in honour of the birthday of the Prince of Wales, but it exists to-day chiefly as a historical relic. You will remember, from "The Lady of the Lake," how Stirling was the scene of games among the knights and soldiers, while it was here that King James II, after his persuasion had failed to move the Douglas, ended their argument by stabbing him to the heart.

In the fields two miles to the south, in 1314, was fought the Battle of Bannockburn, when Robert Bruce, by his victory over Edward II of England, won for Scotland three hundred years of independence. On an eminence overlooking the city there stands to-day a huge stone figure of the Bruce, clad in his mediæval armour, and grasping his enormous sword. On another hill, a mile north of Stirling, is a tower erected as a monument to Wallace. Wallace defeated the English at Stirling seventeen years before Bannockburn, but was later beaten by them in a battle near Falkirk. Falkirk, situated between Edinburgh and Stirling, is now a peaceful, smoky, industrial town.

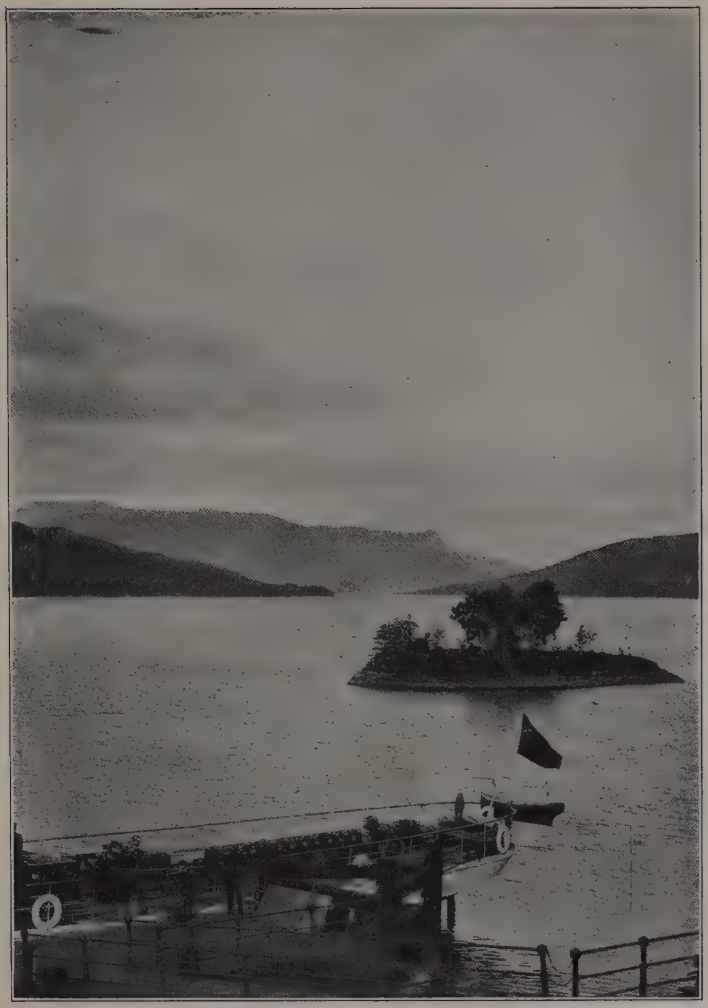
Stirling Castle overlooks the River Forth, which here pursues a serpentine course, twisting and turning upon itself repeatedly. The soil along its banks is very fertile, and the countryside about it has the appearance of a great garden. Between the castle and the river lies the town.

Many of the streets testify to the age of Stirling, but for the most part it is a thoroughly modern-looking town, with substantial stone business buildings, and traffic policemen at the intersections of its chief thoroughfares.

On my way to Stirling I had glimpses of the mining and industrial towns dotting the countryside between Glasgow and Edinburgh. The houses in these villages are low buildings, usually of one story, and containing from one to four rooms. The most common type has a door in the centre, and one room on either side, each with a tiny window deep set in the thick walls, and is known as a "but and a ben." The ordinary village shop is usually a room in one of these houses, altered only to the extent of putting in a larger window.

The front walls of the houses rise abruptly from the sidewalk or roadway, and as they are built in blocks of from two to eight, form solid walls along the streets. Indeed, the people in the smallest towns of Scotland seem to live as closely together and in almost as congested a manner as the tenement dwellers in the cities. The houses are all neatly plastered, and many have been freshly painted, usually in white. Thatched roofs are not infrequently seen, but slate and tile are more common, and ugly galvanized iron is sometimes used. The cottage out in the countryside is generally tiny, and the cows and chickens seem to enjoy more privileges about the place than are usual on our farms. In every town I noticed a modern, well-lighted schoolhouse, usually of brick. They seemed better, on the average, than those I have chanced to see in England.

Sometimes my way lay between high, well-cemented, stone walls. These marked the boundaries of great es-



Scott's poem, "The Lady of the Lake," attracted the attention of the English-speaking world to the beautiful scenery of Loch Katrine and the other mountain lakes near by, and made this region famous almost over night.

Prince's Street, in Edinburgh, is one of the finest thoroughfares in the world. It runs past the beautiful Scott memorial, and commands a full view of the rock ridge and ancient castle that overlook the city.

tates, established in the days of Scotland's ancient glories, and still preserved intact. At the entrances to such estates the lodges are often almost hidden in blossoming rhododendrons, while the roadways leading to the manor houses are like those of a park, lined with giant trees, rich shrubbery, and flowers in bloom.

As I went from Stirling westward through the park-like countryside, the Campsie Fells were at my back. Ahead the blue hills of the Highland country loomed ever higher, until, at the town of Callander, they seemed to form an impassable barrier across our way. Here we turned south, skirting velvety green hills above which towered the peak of Ben Ledi. On the hillsides I saw the fierce-looking Highland cattle. They have shaggy red coats, long horns, and are smaller than the Lowland breeds. Soon we were in the Trossachs.

The Trossachs embrace a part of the region made famous by Scott in "The Lady of the Lake." Here a road winds along the northern shores of the chain of three lakes which figure so largely in that poem—Lochs Vennachar, Achray, and Katrine. These are narrow bodies of water shut in by the mountains, and the low-lying land between them is a series of beautiful forests and glens. Every turn of the road brings an invitation to stop and picnic on the turf beneath the trees, or to follow the course of a mountain stream lined with gnarled oaks, whose twisted curving branches take on an eerie, ghost-like appearance in the half-light of the forest.

Of the lakes, Loch Katrine is the largest and most beautiful. It is eight miles long and about three quarters of a mile wide. Its southern shore is formed by the base of "huge Ben Venue," more than two thousand feet high.

The steep sides of the mountain are cut with deep gashes, in which tiny cascades of water can be seen glistening in the sun. Opposite Ben Venue is Ben Aan, nearly as high, while out of the blue waters at the eastern end of Katrine rises the wooded knoll of "Ellen's Isle." The raising of the level of Loch Katrine, which was done when the lake was made a part of Glasgow's water supply, obliterated some of the spots mentioned in Scott's poem, but the scenes to-day are substantially the same as those he described. A few miles beyond the western end of Loch Katrine are the northern reaches of Loch Lomond.

Behind Ben Venue is the village of Aberfoyle, which figures in "Rob Roy." The inn there is named for the worthy Baillie Nicol Jarvie, while hanging from a tree in front of it is a pointed bar of iron, said to be the very poker with which the baillie defended himself in his encounter with the Highlanders during their bout with "usquebaugh," now known as "whiskey." When I visited the inn, assembled before its bar was a group of hairy Scotsmen drinking neat whiskey which they washed down with tall glasses of beer. Outside, an ancient relic of a man was producing wailing, squealing sounds from a bagpipe, and holding out his hand for coppers.

Sir Walter Scott made it futile for any one else to attempt a description of this region. Indeed, it was the publication of "The Lady of the Lake" that first brought it into notice. That work started a stream of visitors to these lakes and glens which has steadily increased in volume with every year, and is made up of people from all parts of the world. Charming as is its scenery, it is doubtful if it would have become famous had not Scott peopled it anew with such characters as Lady Ellen,

Rhoderick Dhu, Rob Roy, and the Knights of Snowdoun. The instantaneous popularity of "The Lady of the Lake" was almost unprecedented, yet now more copies of the poem are sold every year than in Scott's whole lifetime.

In the Scotland of to-day, the most important region is the belt of land, perhaps fifty miles wide, between the cities of Glasgow and Edinburgh. If you will look at the map, you will see the hour-glass waist of the country formed by the deep indentations of the firths of the Clyde and the Forth, on the west and the east coasts. The Forth and the Clyde rivers flow almost parallel, but in opposite directions, one to the east and the other to the west, while at Glasgow and Stirling the distance between them is hardly twenty-five miles. The valley through which they run divides the Highlands from the southern hills and is to-day the most thickly populated and industrially developed region in all Scotland.

In this midland section live more than three million people. It contains not only the cities of Glasgow and Edinburgh, but many smaller industrial towns as well. The much larger areas to the north and the south have a combined population of less than two million. Here is most of the coal and iron of Scotland, which furnish, of course, the basis on which the other industries are founded, and which in turn have brought about the concentration of the population. Here also are the oil shale workings, whose huge heaps of waste rock, forming miniature mountains, are a feature of the landscape near Edinburgh.

Across Scotland, from Glasgow to Edinburgh, is a distance of less than fifty miles. As would be expected from the configuration of the country, the two cities were long ago connected by a canal. This waterway is now but

little used, as years ago it was bought by one of the railroads with which it was competing. Both the rail lines now connecting Glasgow and Edinburgh furnish abundant transportation service between the two cities. In fact, whenever I am ready to leave Glasgow this evening, I can step from my hotel into the station it adjoins and be in Edinburgh within an hour.

CHAPTER XVI

SCOTLAND'S ANCIENT CAPITAL

IN THE golden summer twilight of the North, with the long rays of the setting sun reflected from the castle rock of Edinburgh, I write these notes. From the park beneath my window there floats to my ear the music of a Scottish military band. On the right looms the great rock, topped by a castle and fortress several acres in extent, and beyond rise the craggy sides of Arthur's Seat, a rocky eminence more than eight hundred feet high, towering like a sentinel over the city. To the left is Prince's Street, the Fifth Avenue and Broadway combined of Scotland's ancient capital, and one of the fine thoroughfares of the world.

Edinburgh is in some ways the premier show city of the British Isles. It is as different from the commercial city of Glasgow as Washington is from Pittsburgh. Three centuries have passed since it was the seat of kings, yet it still has many of the aspects of a capital. It has a physical setting that is unique, while in historical and literary associations it is second only to London itself. It is a city of poetry and romance, of stern men and bloody deeds; a city that has in the past swayed the destinies of kingdoms, where intensity of political strife was equalled only by that of conflicts over religion.

There are really two Edinburghs—the old and the new. Think of an up-raised plank with one end resting on a

sawhorse and the other on the ground. That is the mile-long ridge on which old Edinburgh is situated, with its castle on the higher end. Along the base of the great ridge is a narrow valley, once filled with the waters of a lake. Now think of a low hill, extending parallel to the lake and the steep-sided ridge beyond. On this ground stands the new Edinburgh. It is connected with the old city by bridges, while the site of the lake is now occupied by sunken gardens and railroad tracks.

Overlooking the valley from the new city and extending like a terrace above the sunken gardens, is Prince's Street, nearly a mile long. Like Michigan Boulevard in Chicago, it has business buildings on but one side of the street, so that the tens of thousands of people who throng it daily have a full view of the castle, the sheer sides of the rock ridge which it tops, and the rows of gray stone buildings that rise in terraces from the lower slopes.

Along Prince's Street are the finest shops of Edinburgh, and many of the picture theatres and restaurants. At the ends of the thoroughfare, overlooking the Prince's Street Gardens, are the two railroad stations, each with a huge hotel forming part of the same building. Most of the street-cars pass through Prince's Street, the suburban and sightseeing busses have their terminals here, and taxicabs are always within hail.

Prince's Street is crowded from early morning until midnight, for it is the promenade as well as the chief shopping and business thoroughfare of the city. In the afternoon smartly dressed women predominate in the crowds as they proceed from shop to shop and from window to window. The climate is quite cool, even in summer. The people walk briskly and look vigorous and alert.

The store windows feature Scotch goods. There are the plaid tartans of the Highland clans in their rich reds, blues, and greens, many of them marked with the name of the family of which they are the insignia. Then there are the tweeds, beautiful woollen goods woven in the mills of the Tweed Valley, and the softer knitted sweaters and hose, made of homespun yarn, and dyed with natural colours by the women of the Shetland Islands. There are antique shops, their windows filled with old silver, brasses, and the silver-mounted dirks of the Highlanders. Many of the shops are large, and are, in fact, the equivalent of our smaller department stores. There are also arcades, in which, as a rule, cheaper goods, especially jewellery and notions, are displayed in a confusing mass.

About midway of Prince's Street a peninsula of land projects out into the valley, bisecting the gardens below. This used to be called "The Great Mound," and was made by earth from the excavations for the newer Edinburgh. The Royal Academy and the National Gallery now occupy a part of this made land, while the open space beside these two buildings serves as Edinburgh's principal public forum. Here, almost any evening, one may see soap-box orators, encircled by groups of listening men. Here also lay preachers take their stand and quickly gather crowds. The open-air speakers, I noticed last evening, had to compete with a Punch and Judy show set up not twenty yards away.

Farther on up Prince's Street is the monument to Sir Walter Scott, one of the most notable memorials in the British Isles. Executed in the form of a Gothic spire in carved stone, two hundred feet high, it looks like a sprout from a beautiful cathedral. The base of the spire consists

of four arches, within the centre of which is a statue, in white Carrara marble, of the author and poet. He is seated, with his favourite dog at his feet. Not far away is the house in which Scott lived and wrote for many years, while to the south of Edinburgh is the "Scott country," the land of Melrose Abbey and Abbotsford, where the Waverley author spent his last days.

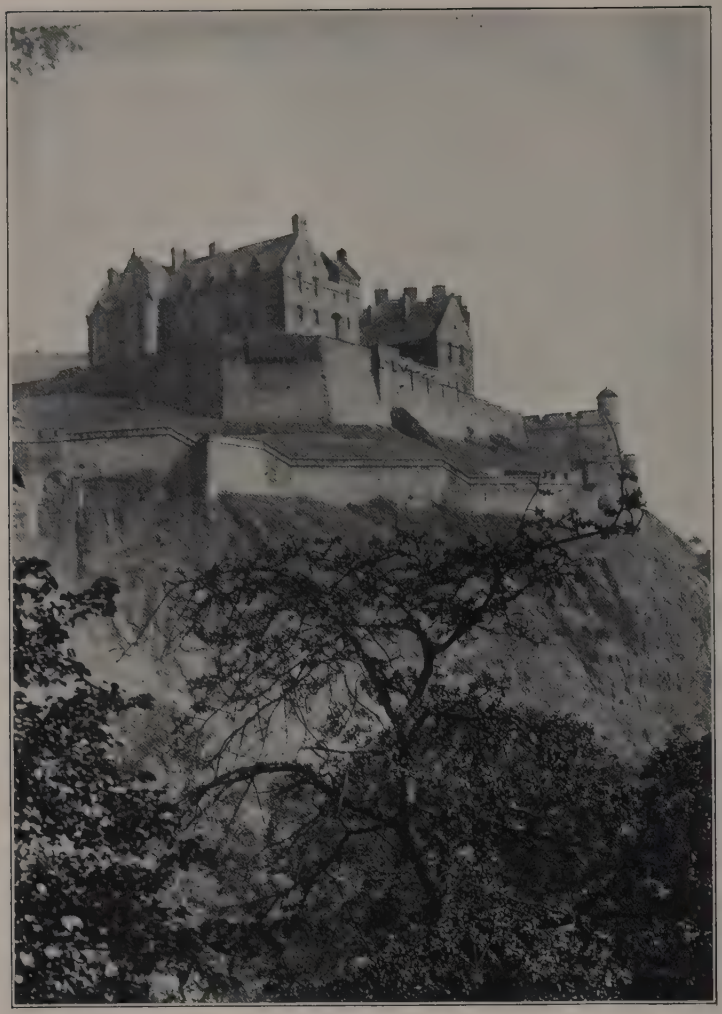
The literary associations of Edinburgh are many. The interested visitor can easily trace out dwellings made notable by the occupancy of Robert Burns, David Hume, the historian, Adam Smith, the economist, and many others, while from Edinburgh Castle one may see the place where Robert Louis Stevenson once lived. Among the most beautiful memorials in the cathedral of St. Giles, in the old city, is a bas-relief of Stevenson, executed by the American sculptor, Homer St. Gaudens.

Prince's Street ends in Waterloo Place, which leads to Calton Hill, topped with monuments to Admiral Nelson, Burns, and others. Near it is the old Calton Burial Ground, containing a statue of Abraham Lincoln—the first memorial to him erected in a foreign land—and also Calton Jail. The turrets and battlements of the latter make it look like an ancient castle, but it is really only about one hundred years old.

At the end of Prince's Street is also Waverley Bridge, the main thoroughfare across the valley between the old and the new cities. Midway of the bridge one may look down the valley toward Leith, Edinburgh's seaport, two miles away on the Firth of Forth. It was formerly a separate city, but is now part of Edinburgh.

Looking across Waverley Bridge, the tall, slate-gray buildings of the old city seem almost a part of the rock

In Edinburgh the sixteenth-century house of John Knox is preserved as a memorial to the great reformer. Sometimes the sermons he preached from his study window were so violent as to arouse to a frenzy the crowds in the street below.



On the highest point of a steep-sided rock ridge stands Edinburgh Castle, which played an important part in Scottish history for many centuries. In it are kept the royal regalia of the Scottish kings.

ridge on which they are built. Among them, just beyond the bridge, is the gray stone quadrangle of the University of Edinburgh, founded in 1582. Unlike the students at Oxford those at Edinburgh do not live in colleges or in university dormitories, but must find their own quarters. Instead of tutorial instruction, with intimate personal contact, they go to lectures in large classes. How much they shall learn, or how hard they shall work, is left entirely to them. I am told by an Edinburgh graduate that it is possible for a student to complete his course and never be known by face or name to a single fellow student or professor.

Along the ridge, High Street ascends on the right to the gates of Edinburgh Castle, and to the left runs down hill until it becomes the Canongate, which ends at Holyrood Palace, at the entrance to Queen's Park. These streets form the main thoroughfare of the old city, connecting the castle on the heights with Holyrood Palace at the base of the slope, and are still known as the "Royal Mile." It used to be a bloody as well as a royal mile, for along its course took place almost countless murders, hangings, and burnings at the stake.

Near the base of the slope is John Knox's house, now preserved as a memorial. From its upper windows the implacable reformer of the sixteenth century used to preach to the crowds below. On both sides of the narrow street the buildings rise to five stories. This historic quarter is now almost a slum; when I walked through it many of its windows were filled with idle, slatternly women. The neighbourhood is a maze of narrow passages and long flights of stone steps leading to hidden courts and enclosures. Many of these were once associated with

noted names, but are now rabbit warrens for the poor and the sites of the meanest of little shops.

A little way up High Street from Waverley Bridge is St. Giles's Cathedral, overlooking the valley and the new city. The ground on which it stands has been dedicated to religion for more than a thousand years. The present building is especially distinguished by its tower, the uppermost part of which is in the form of a huge coronet done in carved stone. Behind the church is Parliament Square, once a churchyard in which knights and warriors, martyrs and reformers were buried. The Parliament House, where formerly the Scots made their own laws, is now occupied by the law courts. Except for commercial law, Scottish law is quite different from that of England, being founded on the Roman code. Edinburgh is therefore still the legal centre of all Scotland, and English lawyers must be represented here by men qualified to practise before the Scottish courts. In the Great Hall of the courts I saw the advocates, as lawyers are called, in wigs and gowns, walking up and down together and consulting with their clients.

Ascending High Street, I reached the entrance to the castle, the citadel of which is guarded by an ancient drawbridge and a series of seven gates. From the battlemented walls there is a magnificent view of the towers and spires of Edinburgh, the blue waters of the Firth of Forth, and the hills of its opposite shore. The throngs of people and vehicles on Prince's Street seemed mere moving specks, while the fields beyond the city's edge looked like little garden plots. Leaning over the wall, I saw a narrow shelf just below, perhaps fifteen or twenty feet long and half as wide. This tiny patch of ground is the cemetery in

which are buried the pet dogs of the soldiers of the castle garrison. Each grave has its miniature headstone on which is inscribed the virtues and the military records of the deceased animal.

On the highest part of the castle rock is a tiny chapel, the oldest building in all Edinburgh and the smallest church in Britain. It is only seventeen feet long and eleven feet wide, and was built by St. Margaret, the "good queen" of Malcolm Canmore, nearly one thousand years ago. Babies born to soldiers' wives are now baptized here. Just below it is the great banquet hall, where parliament used to meet, now filled with a collection of Scottish armour and weapons. Near by is the chamber in which are displayed the royal regalia—crown, sceptre, sword, and jewels—of the kings of Scotland, and also the room in which Mary Queen of Scots gave birth to the son who, as James I of England, united the thrones of England and Scotland in 1603. From a window in this room the infant prince was lowered in a basket down the face of the castle rock and taken to Stirling Castle.

On my way to Edinburgh I came through Linlithgow and saw the castle where Queen Mary was born, while at Holyrood Palace I renewed the events of her tragic life. You remember, of course, how she was crowned queen when not a year old, carried to France as a child of six, married to the Dauphin when but sixteen, became Queen of France in a year, and a widow twelve months later. Returning to Scotland when but nineteen, she married Lord Darnley. In two years she was again widowed, this time by the murder of Darnley, but not before he had become the father of the future King of England. Soon afterward she married the Earl of Bothwell, thereby an-

tagonizing some of her nobles, who forced her to abdicate the throne in favour of her infant son. She took the field at the head of her troops, and after their defeat escaped from Lochleven Castle and fled to England, to the throne of which she had a claim. There, in 1568, she was thrown into prison by Queen Elizabeth, where she remained until her execution in 1587, in her forty-fifth year.

It was in Holyrood Palace that many of the most stirring events of Queen Mary's life took place. These included the murder in her presence of her Italian secretary, David Rizzio, in the tiny upper room where he was supping with the Queen. To-day I stood in this room, where Rizzio cowered beneath a window, and Mary's husband, by his presence, sanctioned the deed of the jealous nobles. On the floor below are the apartments of Lord Darnley, rendered particularly romantic by a secret staircase connecting with Queen Mary's rooms above, and a little peephole in the wall of his bedroom, accessible only from this stairway. Holyrood Palace seems to be the chief point of interest for women visitors to Edinburgh, while Scotsmen of to-day are devoted to Mary's memory. Besides the palace are the ruins of the once beautiful Holyrood Abbey, where Queen Mary was married to Darnley, and where many Scottish kings lie buried.

While Edinburgh is a centre for the law, the art, and the education of Scotland, from which it derives its name of "the modern Athens," it has also its commercial and industrial side. For example, here are the headquarters of no less than fifteen insurance companies, the branch offices of several of which I have seen occupying imposing buildings in the cities of England and Ireland. These companies have a combined income of more than seventy

Old Edinburgh is a labyrinth of hidden courts and closes, reached by narrow passages from the street. In them used to live the chief figures of Scottish politics and literature, but they are now little better than slums.

At Braemar and at Inverness, Highland "Gatherings" are held every year, at which the dances, games, and contests of the clansmen are revived. The King and Queen often attend the Braemar gathering.

million dollars. This cultured city is also the headquarters of the combination which now virtually controls the production of Scotch whiskey. The two largest distilleries in the country are located here, while seventy per cent. of Scotland's beer is brewed in Edinburgh. Here also is one of the largest rubber works in the United Kingdom, and other important industries as well.

As a British publishing and printing centre, Edinburgh is second only to London. During my stay I have visited the largest publishing house and printing plant in Scotland, owned by a firm well known in the United States. For years it has led in the publication of the works of the best authors at low prices. In the British bookstores one may buy recent novels for as little as fifty cents, while sometimes standard works, such as those of Dickens or Scott, can be had for about thirty-seven cents a volume, or even less. Before the World War such books were sold for twelve and fourteen cents each. It is often said the British are not a nation of readers, but bookstores seem much more numerous in their cities than with us.

Part of the plant I visited consists of a building nearly two hundred feet long and about half as wide, designed and equipped exclusively for producing low-cost books. In this factory raw paper enters the presses at one end, and comes out as printed, bound books. As in a Detroit motor-car plant, automatic machinery and chain conveyors do most of the work, until at the end the completed book drops down a chute into the packing room on the floor below. In busy times, this factory runs twenty-four hours a day, turning out two books every three seconds.

Last evening I motored out to see a work which every school child associates with Edinburgh. That is, of

course, the railroad bridge over the Firth of Forth, five miles above the city. The builder of the Eiffel Tower in Paris called this bridge the "greatest wonder of the nineteenth century." It is more than a mile and a half long, and is distinguished for its great height, one hundred and fifty feet above the water. The two central spans are each more than a quarter of a mile long. As I stood below it, I watched a train pass along the tracks above. In the maze of steel work it looked like a mere toy, and though it was going at fifteen or twenty miles an hour, seemed to be crawling. A tremendous traffic, both in freight and passengers, is now carried over the bridge daily.

Another excursion I have made from Edinburgh was to Dunfermline, on the opposite side of the Firth, revered by the Scots as the site of one of their ancient capitals, but better known to Americans as the birthplace of Andrew Carnegie. The tiny house, on one of the main streets, in which the steel king came into the world, is being preserved for posterity, but his name is being more effectively perpetuated by the public institutions founded by his benefactions.

It is now more than twenty years since Mr. Carnegie—known as "Andrew" in Dunfermline and "Doctor" in British publications—created the Dunfermline Trust, now endowed with securities worth $3,750,000. His purpose, he said at the time, was to "bring into the monotonous lives of the toiling masses of Dunfermline more of sweetness and light." He desired especially to give the young people "some charm, some happiness, some elevating conditions of life which residence elsewhere would have denied."

Mr. Carnegie transferred to the trust beautiful Pittencrieff Park and Glen, almost in the centre of the town,

which he had previously created out of an ancient estate. Here the Dunfermline Trust provides daily concerts in summer by the most noted bands in Great Britain, each of which is engaged to play for a week at a time. Here also is an "old men's club," established by the trust.

The bulk of the Carnegie benefactions, however, is centred in the so-called institutes. These are what we would call health, recreation, and education centres. There are seven of them located in various parts of the town. The central institute has not only baths, from plain tubs and showers to Turkish baths and a huge swimming pool, but here also are conducted clinics for the school children, a well-equipped gymnasium, and also a school of hygiene. The latter has become a national institution to which girls come from all over Britain for physical training. At the other institutes, in addition to the baths, there are billiard rooms for the young men and reading rooms for old and young of both sexes, together with lending libraries. To encourage interest in music the trust furnishes quarters for musical clubs, and provides instruction for those who demonstrate their fitness for it.

Mr. Carnegie was explicit in his instructions that his benefactions should not relieve the town of any of its ordinary burdens, or be used to lower tax rates, and the trustees charge fees for the use of many of the facilities. These are, however, ridiculously small. For example, the women of Dunfermline living in the poorer houses may have a tub bath a day at the institutes for $3.75 a year; membership in the women's institutes or clubs costs twenty-five cents a year. The trustees endeavour to have as many as possible of the social and educational activities carried on by democratic, voluntary committees.

Mr. Carnegie's money seems to have brought more "sweetness and light" into the lives of the people, but not even his millions have been able to create in Dunfermline an earthly paradise. Also some disappointments in the use and appreciation of his gifts have been encountered. Recently, I note, the librarians and the newspapers in the reading rooms were so largely used by young men for horse-racing and betting news that the trustees are trying the experiment of eliminating this matter before the papers are placed on the tables.

Dunfermline is a city of about forty-five thousand people, and is the centre of the Scottish linen industry, which compares favourably with that of Ireland. I visited the largest of the mills, and was especially interested in the marvellous devices by which the intricate patterns for the finest damask are transferred to the cards used on the automatic looms. The process was carefully explained to me by the enthusiastic junior partner, but all I can say is that piano playing seems easy compared to manipulating the keys of this intricate machine.

The Jacquard loom, which does most of our weaving to-day, was brought here by Flemish weavers, who carefully guarded its secret. A Dunfermline man, pretending to be feeble-minded, got into the mills, and finally, after lying on his back under the looms for two weeks or so, gained an understanding of their operation.

Dunfermline also is rich in historic interest. Its ancient abbey was built by a Scottish king of nearly one thousand years ago, who erected the palace adjoining, some portions of which have only recently been uncovered. The near-by town of Forsyth, two miles away on the north

shores of the Firth, just above the great bridge, is a part of Dunfermline. It is one of the shore stations of the British Navy, and during the World War the fleets of both the British and the American forces often lay at anchor in the roadstead there.

CHAPTER XVII

TO INVERNESS AND THE HIGHLANDS

I HAVE just returned to Edinburgh from a trip through the highlands of Scotland. Working my way north along the east coast as far as Inverness, I turned there to the south, and came down through the Grampians, the principal mountain range of the country. At Inverness I was only fifty miles from John o'Groats, the northernmost tip of Scotland, which is in the latitude of Labrador and Alaska. In the Grampians, I passed over the highest bit of railroad track in the British Isles, 1,484 feet above sea level.

Crossing the Firth of Forth my train from Edinburgh went along the shores of Fifeshire, one of the chief agricultural counties of Scotland. The farmers were out in the fields, busy with their haying. Some were cutting the heavy grass and gathering it into windrows with horse-drawn mowers and rakes, while men with pitchforks piled it into cocks much higher than those our farmers make. Along this coast winter wheat is grown, together with oats and barley. On many farms I saw tall brown stacks of last year's wheat not yet threshed. The fields seemed larger than the average in England, and many of the farmsteads consisted of groups of stone buildings of considerable size. Most of the latter were painted white, and looked fresh and bright among the fine trees surrounding them.

While in Fifeshire a large portion of the land is cultivated, nearly half of all the arable land in Scotland is in pasture. Only one per cent. of the fields are planted with wheat, and four per cent. with barley. The grain chiefly grown is oats, which takes up one fifth of the land. These proportions, of course, vary widely in different sections. As in England, the land is cultivated largely on the tenant system.

In Fifeshire I passed within view of St. Andrews, where is located the oldest university in Scotland, founded more than five hundred years ago. The town is better known, however, as the home of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, the grandfather of all the golf clubs in the world. The town of St. Andrews is situated on the sea, and the famous golf course is within sight and sound of the waves on the beach. There are really four golf courses at St. Andrews, and in the summer season even these are hardly enough to meet the demand. Drawings are held every night for places on the preferred courses next day.

The St. Andrews club was founded in 1754, but golf had been played in Scotland for three hundred years before then. There is some doubt as to whether it was invented here or in Holland, but it is certainly the national game of Scotland to-day. It is played by men and women, young and old, everywhere, and all the time. The smallest towns have public courses, which, on the east coast, usually overlook the sea. Besides its public golf course, every town in Scotland has its public putting green, centrally located. Glasgow has several of these putting courses in its parks, and they are crowded every evening.

Fifeshire is bounded on the north by the Firth of Tay, which is crossed by a railroad bridge nearly two miles

long. The first Tay bridge collapsed in a hurricane the night of December 28, 1879, while a train was crossing. All the passengers were drowned. At the far end of the bridge is Dundee, the third largest city of Scotland, with a population about equal to that of Hartford, Connecticut. Besides possessing a busy port, Dundee is a centre for the jute industry. The region between Dundee and the city of Perth, at the head of the Firth, is one of the few fruit-growing districts in Scotland. It keeps Dundee factories busy making the fruit preserves and marmalades without which no British breakfast is complete.

About sixty miles north of Dundee is Aberdeen, the fourth largest city in the country. The railroad between the two cities skirts the coast, and overlooks the gray waters of the North Sea. Steep bluffs line the shore, marked here and there with projecting headlands, or broken with narrow indentations. On some of the headlands are castle ruins, while all along the way are comfortable-looking farm homes in the midst of broad pastures. On the bottom of a sheltered bay along this coast, German submarines operating in the North Sea used to lie at rest until finally their hiding place was discovered.

Aberdeen calls itself the "Granite City," because nearly every house, as well as all the business buildings, are made of that stone, obtained from near-by quarries. In fact, so proud are the Aberdonians of their building stone that the use of any other material in the centre of the city is practically forbidden. This gives the city a monotonous gray appearance, but the residents say that when the sun shines on their stone buildings after a rain the glistening walls are a sight worth seeing.

The Aberdonians are supposed to embody the thrift, prudence, and "dourness" for which the Scotch are noted, and it is usually about "a man from Aberdeen" that the stories of the alleged stinginess of these people are told. The Scotch are said to have no sense of humour, but the fact is that over a considerable period the English editors of *Punch* found that the major portion of their contributed quips came from Scotland, while the jokes on Aberdeen are made up largely in that city. Here is a sample:

A company of Americans were touring Scotland and lost their way in the north. Presently they found themselves in the outskirts of a large city. Stopping the car they asked a boy the name of the town. "I'll tell ye if ye gie me saxpence," said the boy. "Drive on," said one of the Americans. "This must be Aberdeen."

Some will tell you that the Aberdonians are like their city—hard and unyielding, as well as substantial and stable. However that may be, the Aberdonian has built up a prosperous industry at home, and has proved himself a successful colonizer abroad. To-day the life of the city is sustained largely by the North Sea fisheries, for which Aberdeen is a market and packing centre. It is estimated that the industry supports, directly and indirectly, between twenty-five and thirty-five thousand people.

I visited the great Aberdeen fish market at seven in the morning, when it is busiest. Aberdeen lies between two rivers, the Dee and the Don. It is the former which provides the city's harbour, in the upper portion of which is the market. Here I found a great dock lined on three sides with broad stone quays covered with sheds. In the dock were dozens of fishing steamers crowded together as closely as they could be packed in. From each one

men with buckets slung on pulleys were unloading fish and sorting them out on the quays. Each vessel was allowed a space about thirty feet square for the display of its catch, and as there are more than one hundred numbered spaces, you may have some idea of the size of the market.

The finest and largest fish were spread out on the shoreward side of the quays. In some cases this place of honour was occupied by halibut. These magnificent fish, many of them four and five feet long, were laid down with white bellies upward. Equally conspicuous were the ugly skates, some of which measured three or four feet across. Then there was the catfish, shaped something like a cod, but with a round gray head resembling that of a pug dog. Besides these were cod, not so large as those I have seen landed in Newfoundland; the flat and pinkish turbot; haddock, herring, sole, and many others. The smaller fish were displayed in boxes, one hundredweight to each box. Among these were the sole, which ranks next to halibut in value, and so occupied a place at the top of the rows. In one corner of the market were the silvery salmon, of which thousands are caught in the streams and rivers of north Scotland. They were handsome fellows compared with the ugly creatures from the deep sea.

All about were hundreds of rubber-booted men moving cautiously over the slimy surface of the quays. There were many women in the market, too. Some of them had come down to buy fish for home, others for their little fish shops and restaurants in the poorer quarters. Still others were on their way to work in the fish-drying and curing establishments farther down the harbour side. In the stall where fish were sold at retail I watched a red-

cheeked, sandy-haired woman serving customers. She had on a dirty brown sweater, with sleeves rolled up above the elbows, and around her waist was tied a canvas apron. In her right hand she had a knife, with short, sharp blade. With quick strokes she sliced off the head and tail of a four-foot fish, cut out his backbone, and carved him up into half-pound chunks. Shawled women, wearing antique round black hats perched high on their heads, and carrying round wicker baskets, were her chief customers.

Near the entrance of the market was a big blackboard, chalked with figures for the information of the buyers. These showed that there were two vessels in from the Iceland fisheries, two from the Faroe Islands, and thirty-one from the North Sea. The amount of halibut landed was given in hundredweights, so that the buyers of this valuable fish might estimate supply and demand in terms of probable prices.

On the stroke of eight o'clock the wholesale selling began. The auctioneers, dressed in riding breeches and leather puttees, took up their stands, and each was quickly surrounded by a group of buyers. Selling was started at one end of the market and carried on around the three sides of the quay until all the fish landed that day had been auctioned off. The big halibut were sold individually, and some of them brought fifteen and twenty dollars each. The remainder of the fish were sold by the lot or by the box.

The selling went on with great speed; bids were made with a wink and acknowledged with a nod. After making a purchase, each buyer put on the fish little printed stickers bearing the name of his firm. Following the buyers were gangs of labourers, who quickly gathered up the fish pur-

chased, loaded them on low four-wheeled trucks and rolled them across the quay to the rows of waiting drays that surrounded the market. By noon, every fish landed in the morning was either in the fish works or on its way in special trains to London and the other cities to the south.

From Aberdeen I followed the course of the Don River into the uplands. As we made our way north the number of sheep increased, and the turnip was almost the only crop in evidence. Many of the turnip fields were being hoed by gangs of four or five men and boys—with sometimes an occasional woman. I am told this work is often done by contract, at so much per acre. The steep hillsides were a study in colour—the rich green of the turf, the darker green of the woods, the still darker patches of heather, and the bright yellow blossoms of the Scotch broom, which is much like the yellow gorse of England. When the heather blooms in August, these hills will be clad in purple.

The increase in forestation was noticeable as we proceeded north, until finally, for the first time since I have been in the British Isles, there were thick woods on both sides of the railroad track. Most of the trees in north Scotland are firs, but in the ravines beside the mountain streams there is also a good deal of hardwood. Scotland lost a large part of her timber during the World War, when thousands of acres of woodland were cut off to furnish ties and trench lumber for the armies in France. Some of the large landowners of the north country are coöperating with government experts in re-afforestation work. It is hoped that eventually the forests will be sufficiently restored to afford a considerable amount of employment and revenue from timber cutting.

Most of the forests in the Scottish Highlands are now maintained for game purposes, and the chief employment of many of the men of these districts is as gamekeepers and beaters. It is difficult to realize the extent to which northern Scotland is given over to sportsmen. Most of the land is held in large tracts, and it is said that seventy men own between them more than half of all the Highlands. The number of shooting preserves, or "shootings," as they are called here, is in excess of four thousand. These shootings are usually let for the season—from August 12 through October.

I have before me the details of the renting of a single forest near Inverness that is so much in demand that it is let for ten years at a time. The rental is at the rate of twelve thousand five hundred dollars a year, although the actual use of the property by the tenant covers only eight or ten weeks. This is not considered an expensive shooting; there are some that bring twenty-five thousand dollars a season, and include the occupancy of fine old castles.

But let us see what an American millionaire or a British man of wealth gets for his twelve thousand five hundred dollars. The property consists of some thirty-four thousand acres. Fine scenery as well as good shooting is guaranteed. Besides the deer in the forest, there are birds in abundance—duck, ptarmigan, and grouse—and there are four lakes and innumerable streams for fishing.

For a house, he gets the "lodge." That contains, besides drawing room, smoking room, dining room, kitchen, scullery, pantries, etc., six master's bedrooms, three servants' bedrooms, and two bathrooms. In the cottage near by are bedrooms for four more guests, and in the "old lodge" are sleeping accommodations for eight additional

servants. Then there are quarters for the "gillies," or guides, who carry the sportsmen's guns and show them where the game is. To spend a week in the open with one of these gillies is, I am told, to acquire a liberal education in the character of the Scottish Highlander. Nine miles away is a bungalow, which also goes with the property, that can accommodate six guests and as many gillies. The owner pays the wages of three deer stalkers and a gardener, and maintains the roads; the tenant must supply all other servants and hunting assistants. As double the rental is considered the minimum expenditure for a shooting party, the use of this property will cost the tenant about twenty-five thousand dollars a season, and probably a good deal more.

The tenant must agree not to kill more than eighty stags in a season, and is likewise limited as to the number of brace of grouse that he and his guests may shoot. As a rule, rentals of shootings work out to about one hundred and fifty dollars per season for each stag allowed, and ten dollars for each brace of grouse permitted. Some shootings are so big that one hundred and fifty stags may be killed in a year, while on the preserve of the Scottish nobleman known as The Mackintosh, as many as seven or eight hundred braces of grouse are often shot in a day. The King, who comes to Balmoral Castle in the Highlands every season, usually spends some time shooting with The Mackintosh. The King's own shooting preserves, situated near Braemar, are one hundred thousand acres in extent. In coming south through the Grampians I passed just the other side of the mountain from His Majesty's preserves, but Balmoral Castle and Braemar are usually reached by motor from Aberdeen.

TO INVERNESS AND THE HIGHLANDS

Inverness is known as the "capital of the Highlands." It is in the centre of the shooting country, and has a distinctly Highland atmosphere. It is situated on the Beauly Firth, at the mouth of the Beauly River, and is the eastern terminus of the Caledonian Canal. If you will look at the map, you will see a series of three lochs, or lakes, extending northeasterly from just above Oban, on the west coast, up to within a few miles of Inverness. These lakes lie in the "Great Glen" of Scotland, a huge cleft that almost cuts the country in two. The canal is a little more than one hundred years old, and was built for the passage of the thirty-gun men-of-war of those days. It is now used by fishing vessels, and in summer time by small passenger steamers which carry thousands of tourists, attracted by the magnificent scenery along its route. Oban, at the western terminus, is a centre for visitors to the west coast of Scotland.

Looking across the Firth from Inverness, one sees blue hills in jagged outline against the horizon. Some of the loftier ranges are tipped with fleecy white clouds. Between the hills flows the Beauly River, a mountain stream with crystal-clear water rushing and tumbling over boulders and pebbles. About Inverness it contains many islands, which have been joined together by foot-bridges and made into a public park. No more delightful walk on a summer's evening can be imagined. Along the banks of the river, facing the island park, are many of the best homes of the town. On the hills, five miles from the city, is Drummossie Moor, where in 1746 "Prince Charlie" was defeated in the battle of Culloden.

In the business part of Inverness the life of the surrounding country is reflected. There are Highland goods

in the windows; tartans and bonnets for the Highlanders' costumes, and the fine homespun Scotch wools. There are several gun stores, in front of which deer and other skins are hanging. On the streets one will see an occasional laird, in from the country, wearing, perhaps, a green jacket and tam o'shanter, plaited tartan kilt, and short hose that leave his knees bare. In front of his kilt dangles his sporran, the pouch or purse made of skins with the fur on, and closed with a silver-mounted clasp. It is only in this north country that the Highland costume is still worn as the daily garb; in the south, the men of the Highland clans wear the kilt only on formal occasions. It is also worn by some schoolboys, whose parents like to see the traditional dress of the family thus preserved.

The Highland costume is the uniform of the Scotch regiments of the British Army, whom the Germans in France called "the ladies from Hell." I have met them in London, Belfast, and elsewhere, as well as in Scotland. I have chanced also to see bands of Scottish pipers and drummers, each man in kilt and bonnet, and tartan shawl draped over his shoulder. As for the bagpipes, it is hard to consider them musical instruments, but for me to watch the two-handed performance of the bass drummers is fascinating.

It was when I went south from Inverness that I saw the finest of the Highland country. We passed between mountains more than four thousand feet high, and for hours were in the midst of ranges with altitudes of between two thousand and thirty-five hundred feet. For a part of the way we followed upward into the hills the course of the Spey River which flows toward the north; during the latter part we were in the valley of first the Garry, which

In the bleak Highland country the crudest homes are often seen, often no more than windowless stone huts, with roofs of thatch. The land is poor, and at best furnishes only scanty grazing for a few sheep.

Every August the sporting members of the British aristocracy go to the Highlands for a month of shooting. Enormous sums are spent on this sport, single "shootings" often renting for ten thousand dollars and more a season.

runs southeasterly, and then the Tay, which we followed to its mouth at Perth.

Although it was late June, on some of the peaks were patches of snow that looked like bed sheets of the giants spread out on the mountainside to dry. The highest hills were bare and bleak, and their upper slopes were gray with rock. The lower ones were green, with only patches of outcropping slate-coloured rock and great dark blotches of heather. Some of the slopes were criss-crossed with stone walls, or dikes, as the Scotch call them, built to set a limit to the wanderings of the few sheep the scanty turf will support. Then there were also great rectangles of dark fir forest, with sharply defined boundaries. Later in the season these will be beaten up for game.

The Scotch are sometimes criticized for permitting the Highlands to be so largely given over to game preserves, but those who know the country best agree that the land is useful for but little else. Neither climate nor soil is suitable for extensive crop raising. Even in the hills much of the land is boggy, and tillage is mostly limited to the narrow valleys. The mountainsides, smooth and green though they appear at a distance, are really rough and humpy, while the heather which covers so much of them is difficult and expensive to remove. The displacement of small farmers and sheepmen to make room for deer has caused a continual thinning out of the population of the hills, so that now the entire northern half of Scotland contains but three hundred thousand inhabitants. Along the mountain streams are many whiskey distilleries. These, however, are usually not large establishments, and require but few workers for their operation.

In spite of their bleakness, the Highlands have a beauty

and a grandeur peculiarly their own, while the many little lakes add much to their attractiveness. In the north the mountains are stern and rugged, but less so in the south. The scenery about Blair Atholl and in the Pass of Killiecrankie is as lovely as any I have viewed in the Adirondacks or Alleghanies. It is easy to imagine how the character of the Highlanders was formed by the struggle for existence in the hills, and not difficult to believe that as fighters the clansmen were the equal of any in the world. The Scotland of to-day, however, is largely industrialized, and the Highland country has become chiefly a summer playground for city dwellers and the resort of wealthy sportsmen.

CHAPTER XVIII

BELFAST

CROSSING from England to Ireland is but little more than a ferry-boat trip. There are some half-dozen steamer routes connecting the west coast of Britain with Belfast and Dublin, of which that by way of Holyhead, on the coast of Wales, is the shortest and most popular. I chose one of the longer routes, making an overnight trip from Liverpool to Belfast.

The tidy little steamer on which I crossed was built in the great Belfast shipyards, which I saw next morning as we sailed up the Belfast Lough. The Lough is a deep indentation in the coast, about twelve miles long and less than half as wide, which furnishes Belfast its fine harbour. It is really the estuary of the Lagan River, which divides the city. The green slopes on either shore, and the fields broken here and there by villages with tall church spires rising out of them, reminded me of the scenes along the St. Lawrence between Montreal and Quebec. At the head of the Lough, behind Belfast, precipitous Cave Hill looms up as if standing guard over the city.

On the shores of Lough Lagan are the beach resorts of Belfast and its vicinity. One of them, Bangor, is visited by tens of thousands of people every week-end, and has a large summer population. Here the Royal Ulster Yacht Club has its home and holds its boat races.

There are two big shipyards at Belfast. In good times

one of them employs about twenty thousand men, and the other not quite half as many. They have together twenty-seven permanent shipways. They are modern in every respect, and ready to turn out not only such little steamers as that on which I crossed from Liverpool, but also giant liners. One of the famous passenger vessels built here was the ill-fated *Titanic*, which was sunk on her maiden voyage to New York in collision with an iceberg.

A story is told of the man who superintended the construction of the *Olympic* at Belfast. He sailed with her on her first voyage, and on landing at New York named as his occupation that of manufacturer. When the officials asked what he made, he pointed to the big liner looming above the pier, and said:

"I brought a sample with me; there it is."

Among the ports of Ireland, Belfast ranks next to Dublin. This city serves the densely populated Lough Neagh basin, east of the Derry-Tyrone mountains. This area, comprising the counties of Antrim, Down, and the borough of Belfast, contains four fifths of the more than one and one quarter million inhabitants of Northern Ireland, one third of whom live in Belfast itself.

Belfast was chartered by King James I in 1613, but its development into a great city dates only from modern times. Less than one hundred years ago it had a population of but fifty thousand while to-day it is of about the size of Washington, D. C. Consequently, among its buildings are no such antiquities as are found in the older cities of England. Most of its streets are broad and straight, and intersect one another at right angles.

Modern Belfast was built for business, and its downtown thoroughfares are lined with substantial four- and five-

The King joins the yearly pilgrimage to Scotland, going to Balmoral Castle, in one of the most beautiful regions of the Highlands. Here he has a shooting preserve as big as a large county.

The massive business buildings that line the main street of Belfast indicate its character as the chief industrial city of Ireland and the capital of the English-Protestant interests opposed to Irish independence.

story stone structures. On the edges of the city are many attractive homes, but most of the people live in two-story brick houses that stretch in unbroken rows from one end of a block to the other. They have neither the front porches common to American homes nor the gardens that are such a pleasing feature of even city houses in England.

Belfast's finest public building is the city hall, an enormous structure that occupies a whole square. The most imposing business buildings are the homes of banks and insurance companies, most of which are branches of English and Scottish institutions. There are also many large stores, including a coöperative that occupies nearly a whole block. Goods of substantial quality are displayed in the windows of the shops, but a short walk through the business section soon makes it evident that there is but little trade in luxuries here.

As a rule, the people in the streets are plainly dressed. Neither the men nor the women present an appearance as good as that of the crowds in our industrial towns. In the evening, the black-shawled women appear, half of them carrying babies in the folds of these wraps. If we step out of the shopping district for a block or two we shall see hundreds of poverty-stricken men. Their suits are threadbare, their shoes rough and worn, and instead of collars they wear dark-coloured neckerchiefs tied around their necks.

There is great wealth in Belfast, represented in its shipyards, mills, and factories, but it is not a city of high average income. The chief industries—shipbuilding and linen manufacture—are both subject to recurrent depressions, and just now both of them are suffering from hard times. The registered unemployed number one tenth of

all men and women in the city. Some of them have been dependent for months upon the government unemployment insurance fund. Outside one of the labour exchanges this morning I saw perhaps two hundred and fifty men sitting in rows on the stone coping, and groups of the idle may be seen in many parts of the city.

In speaking of the unemployment, a Belfast man said to me to-day:

"Ordinarily, when the shipyards, which employ mostly men, are dull, the linen factories, in which nearly all the workers are women, are busy. Then the women can support the men. If the linen mills are idle, the shipyards are generally enjoying good times, and then the men take care of the women. To-day, both industries are suffering, and both men and women are out of work, or, at best, employed on part time."

The linen industry, which is the largest in all Ireland, ordinarily employs some eighty thousand workers, and it is estimated that, directly and indirectly, one fourth of all the people of Northern Ireland are dependent upon it. To-day these people are praying that the women of America will go back to linen tablecloths. The reason for this is that the United States has long been the chief market for Irish linens. With the rising costs of both linen and laundry since the World War, the use of fine tablecloths in American homes has greatly declined, and so far there has been no compensating increase in the demand for other varieties of linen goods to make up for the shrinking market for damask.

There are about fifty companies in Northern Ireland engaged in spinning or weaving flax. Approximately one third of the linen plants are in Belfast itself, and most of

the remainder are in the surrounding towns. I visited to-day the largest establishment of them all. It normally employs more than five thousand workers, four fifths of them women, and its spindles can turn out about one hundred and twenty-five thousand miles of yarn in a day. Its buildings, made of brick, and as well constructed as any of their type I have seen in the United States, are five, six, and seven stories high.

Most of the linen firms do only spinning or weaving, but the plant I visited is one of the few that does both. Consequently, under its roof, I was able to see all the operations, except that of bleaching, which is carried on out in the country.

The mill manager took me first to the roughing rooms, where the process of preparing the flax for spinning begins. Here we saw the raw flax, just as it had come in from the markets of Belgium, Holland, and the Baltic States. While some flax is always grown in Ireland, less than one fourth of the forty thousand tons a year required by the linen industry is produced at home. Except during the World War, when high prices were guaranteed by the government, the Irish farmer has considered flax a side crop, and has not found that it paid him to devote much of his land to it. It is a hazardous, troublesome crop, and its proper preparation for the linen mills is a difficult, painstaking task, which the Belgians perform better than any others. Moreover, investigations indicate that there is some peculiar quality in the waters in the vicinity of Courtrai, Belgium, that makes its flax superior in quality.

At the mill the raw flax is put through a series of combing processes, to get out the bits of stalk and dirt, and to remove the short, broken fibres. These operations are

carried on both by hand and by machinery. The machine used for the final combing, called a hackler, is a marvel of mechanical ingenuity. Some of its teeth are so fine that they number thirty-eight to the inch. It receives the flax in hanks about twenty inches long. They are the colour of unbleached linen and remind one of the displays in a hairdresser's window. The combings are saved and used to make the poorer-grade fabrics that do not require long fibres.

The combed hanks are now sorted by fineness and shade, then mixed and blended, in accordance with the kind of yarn desired, and run through the drawing and roving machines. In passing through these machines, the flax is in the shape of a broad, flat ribbon, that continually gets narrower and thinner as the fibres are drawn out.

Spinning flax is much like the same process in cotton, except that the material is worked wet. The flax is run through a shallow trough of steaming hot water just before it reaches the spindles, which turn at the rate of from two to three thousand revolutions a minute. The purpose of wet spinning is to soften the natural gum on the fibres so as to permit them to be drawn out finer. Because of these steam baths, the spinning rooms are uncomfortably hot.

In weaving linen also, the thread must not be too dry, and a humid atmosphere is necessary for the best results. The frequent rains in north Ireland, giving this region a damp climate, are one of the reasons for the success of the linen industry here. To maintain the humidity at a constant degree, regardless of the state of the weather outside, artificial humidifiers are used in the mills.

Much of the linen yarn made in Belfast is converted

into linen goods here, but a great deal of it goes all over the world, to Great Britain, Europe, Japan, and the United States. In the weaving rooms I saw all sorts of goods being turned out, from sheetings to the finest damasks. The looms on which the latter is produced are most complicated machines. I will not attempt to describe them, beyond saying that the designs in the damasks are produced by means of a pattern control, which looks like nothing so much as the rolls used in a player piano, except that the holes are punched in a series of long narrow cards instead of in a single continuous sheet of paper.

Some linen goods come off the looms white, the yarn having been bleached before weaving, but the damasks I saw were the natural colour of the flax. They will go to the bleacheries for six or eight weeks, to be alternately boiled, washed, and spread out on the grass. Because of the time consumed in this method of bleaching, much of the linen manufactured nowadays is whitened with chemicals, but the natural, outdoor method is considered the better.

Linen has been made in Ireland since before the Christian era, and the linen wrappings about Egyptian mummies prove that it is one of the oldest fabrics known to man. The industry in Ireland became commercially important about the end of the seventeenth century, when Huguenot refugees came to north Ireland and introduced the improved methods developed on the continent. When the use of power looms began in the cotton mills, it was generally agreed that linen making must remain a hand industry. Of course, the difficulties were finally overcome, but until comparatively recent years linen was still made by hand in considerable quantities, and even to-day one Irish firm makes a specialty of the hand-woven product.

Many of the fine cambrics, towels, and other goods made in the Belfast mills are hand-embroidered in their homes by the women of Donegal and elsewhere in Northern Ireland. Were it not for the machinery used, most of which was invented and manufactured here in Belfast, five hundred thousand hand workers would be required to equal the output of the mill I visited to-day.

Because of the changing taste of women in Europe and America, the Irish linen makers are constantly varying their product. To meet the competition in price of cotton goods, they are combining linen and cotton, and are also mixing artificial silk with linen in making dress goods. The linen industry is peculiarly subject to style changes. While the same patterns of cotton goods can be sold year after year to the semi-civilized peoples of Africa, the linen markets are confined to the most advanced countries, where style rules in the purchase of apparel.

In addition to its shipyards and the linen industry, Belfast has one of the largest rope factories in the world, besides one of the largest tobacco factories. There are also woollen mills here, mineral-water bottling works, flour mills, and distilleries.

The industrial development of this region is one of the prime factors responsible for its refusal to become a part of the Irish Free State. I talked to-day with a man who for more than ten years has been on the inside of the councils in which the political course of the northern counties was from time to time determined. I asked him to explain in simple terms the reasons for the partition of Ireland. He said:

"Our policy is based upon differences between us and the people of the south of Ireland. These are differences

of race, sentiment, religion, and business interest. Look about at the people and at the names over our shops and you will see abundant evidence of the fact that this area was settled by Scotch and English. They were Protestants, as are their descendants to-day, and temperamentally very different folk from the Celtic Irish Catholics, by whom they were regarded as aliens. We have chosen to stick to our religion and we prefer British to Irish rule.

"We have here the great bulk of the industries of all Ireland. As business men, we have no desire to deprive these industries of all the benefits that accrue to them and to us as long as we are a part of the British Empire and the United Kingdom. England is the distributor for the goods we make and the goods we buy; we use her commercial facilities, which extend all over the world. Not in centuries could Ireland by herself hope to duplicate them. We believe in maintaining the freest possible movement of goods between Ireland and Britain; the Free State has obstructed this movement by setting up customs barriers against British goods, including our own.

"In some respects we feel we have gained by the separation. As a result of the change, we have been able to carry out a programme of public education which, before the partition, we could not get through the British Parliament, owing to the opposition of members from the south of Ireland. We have passed a law closing the public houses on Sunday. This has effected a vast improvement in conditions in Belfast and its vicinity. In two counties, for example, the criminal calendar last month was the smallest ever recorded. We have many other things that we propose to do, now that we have the power to enact our own laws, suited to our own conditions."

The six counties included in Northern Ireland are in area about equal to the state of Connecticut. Comprising only one sixth of the total territory of Ireland, they contain about one fourth of the population. They remain a part of the United Kingdom, whereas the Free State now enjoys dominion status. Since the separation, Northern Ireland has had its own parliament. Its House of Commons consists of fifty-two elected members, while the upper house, called the Senate, has twenty-six elected members and two ex-officio members. The King is represented by a governor, but the government is actually in the hands of the party having the support of a majority in the lower house.

The controversies underlying Irish politics have their roots deep in past centuries, and I shall make no attempt to discuss them. It is sufficient to say that even in Northern Ireland the people are sharply divided. In some areas now included in Northern Ireland people of Nationalist views are said to be in the majority, and certain districts have sent Free State sympathizers to the Belfast parliament.

In Belfast, one gets the impression that those in control of the great industries, the merchants and business men generally, are in favour of the separation, but that many of the men and women in humbler walks of life would like to see all the northern counties included in the Free State. Generally speaking, the people are divided according to religion and ancestry, but this is not the absolute rule, and there are many exceptions.

I am told that I am lucky in my visit to Belfast, in that it has been bright and clear every day of my stay. The morning I arrived an American resident said:

Irish lace has long enjoyed a fine reputation for beauty and quality, especially in the United States, where much of it is sold. Making it is an important home industry for the women of Northern Ireland.

Ireland is formed something like a platter, its interior consisting of a great plain, rimmed by the cliffs and mountains that form its shore. Consequently, most of the scenic beauties of the country are along its coast.

"You've come at just the right time. This is the second fine day we have had in eighteen months—and yesterday was the first!"

It is true that it rains a great deal in Northern Ireland. An American here has made an amusing collection of the stock excuses offered by the Belfast people for the bad weather that prevailed in each of the first twelve months of his stay. It was a Belfast man, however, who said to me to-day:

"I am glad you came in the good weather. You probably have heard of the man who missed our whole summer one year because he was taking a nap."

Whether it is the weather, the dull times, or the Scottish temperament, certainly Belfast is not the gayest place I have ever visited. The city has not as many green open spaces and public parks, in proportion to its size, as cities in England. Its hotels are few and not of the best quality, and the provisions for entertainment and recreation, at either public or private expense, are limited. On Sunday, the city is closed up tight; until late in the afternoon it is impossible to purchase so much as an orange or a cup of tea.

CHAPTER XIX

AROUND ABOUT DUBLIN

TO-DAY I am in Dublin, ancient capital of Ireland, and now the seat of government of the Irish Free State. Although it is fifteen hundred years old, and long has been the political, commercial, and intellectual centre of this country, for most of its life it has been a stronghold of alien power.

Dublin was not even founded by Irishmen. The first settlement was established here in 438 A. D. by the Viking Ostmen. Four hundred years later, the King of the Danes landed on these shores and had himself crowned King of Dublin. Half a century before William the Conqueror landed in England, an Irish King named Brian Boroimhe overthrew the Danish power, but less than fifty years later the Norwegians captured the city. In the twelfth century came the Normans, and it was through their kings that Ireland passed into the possession of the English crown. To-day, British troops and British laws no longer rule here. The Irish people are in peaceful possession of their ancient capital and busy with the task of putting a substantial foundation under their new political structure.

Besides being the seat of the Free State government, Dublin is also the largest city in Ireland, and more than half of the external trade of the country passes through this port. If you will look at the map, you will see why this is so. You will notice that Dublin is situated a little

south of the centre of the east coast, looking toward England and the continent of Europe. It is only one hundred and two miles from Liverpool and but sixty miles from Holyhead, on the Welsh coast. Belfast, the second city of Ireland, lies but one hundred and twelve miles to the north, and Cork, the third largest port, is one hundred and sixty-five miles to the southwest. Limerick and Galway, the chief ports of the west coast of Ireland, are each about one hundred and twenty-five miles distant. By its location, Dublin is not only the logical centre of communications with England, but also the natural distribution point for all Ireland, whether by land or sea. The port of Dublin is formed by the estuary of the Liffey River. This short stream, the source of which lies only thirteen miles inland, furnishes a waterway through Dublin that permits vessels to come up into the centre of the city.

The population of Dublin, which, including the suburbs, about equals that of Cincinnati, is largely sustained by trade, as there are almost no industries here. The character of the city, however, has been much influenced by the fact that it has always been the capital of Ireland as well as its chief business centre. Belfast has nearly as many people, but it is purely an industrial city. Dublin, on the other hand, has been both the political and intellectual capital, the university city, the resort of writers, artists, and learned men. It has been, next to London, the chief stage on which honours and distinction might be won by Irishmen. To-day it is a city of broad thoroughfares and public squares, of towering monuments, statuary, and noble buildings that remind one of some of the best of London.

For the most part, these structures are the product of Dublin's brief golden age. This came in the last twenty years of the eighteenth century, when the Irish had a parliament of their own. During this period confidence and good feeling reigned, and the city prospered. Many of the streets of the old capital were broadened, and a number of the finest buildings that exist to-day were erected. This happy time came to an end in 1800, the year when the act of union with the British kingdom was passed, to be followed by nearly one hundred and twenty-five years of intermittent uprisings and an unceasing hostility toward British rule. To the end of the struggle, however, Dublin remained the centre of English power and influence, and it is still much like an English city.

But let us go to see Dublin for ourselves. We shall not take a taxi; motor cabs are to be had, but they are far outnumbered by the Irish jaunting car, which is still the most popular mode of transportation. This horse-drawn vehicle has only two wheels. Resting on the axle is a box-like framework, on the sides of which are narrow ledges where the passengers sit, back to back. While the jaunting car is not exactly rapid transit, it provides the pleasantest means of getting about Dublin. Moreover, the talk of the drivers, or "jarveys," as they are called, is a source of entertainment, as they are all shrewd and witty fellows.

We start from our hotel, which faces St. Stephen's Green. This is a park of several acres, situated in the centre of the city, filled with gardens and greenery. In the warm summer evenings its lawns as well as its benches are literally covered with people.

At the corner of the park we turn to the right into Graf-

The "Pillar," topped by a statue of Nelson, marks the traffic centre of Dublin and is the chief landmark in the city. Situated in the middle of the broad main thoroughfare, it is here seen from one of the side streets.

Dublin is a commercial rather than an industrial city, and is the chief distributing centre in the Free State. Vessels from overseas come up the Liffey to the quays in the heart of the capital.

ton Street, famous for its shops. It is a narrow thoroughfare, hardly more than one quarter of a mile long, from which the street-cars are excluded. The crowds here often overflow from the sidewalks into the street. Here are the jewellers, the furriers, the confectionery and tea shops, and the dealers in men's and women's clothing. The windows are attractive, but not in any way extraordinary, and altogether, as a fashionable shopping thoroughfare of a national capital, Grafton Street is somewhat disappointing.

At the foot of Grafton Street we come to Trinity College, founded in Queen Elizabeth's time. It was intended to be the entering wedge by which English culture would replace that of the native Irish. Its buildings are erected in the form of a great quadrangle, entered from the street by an arched gateway. The names of such brilliant Irishmen as Edmund Burke, Oliver Goldsmith, Robert Emmet, and Thomas Moore are associated with Trinity College, but because of its English origin and its affiliation with the English Church, the Irish have never accepted it as a national institution. In its library of four hundred thousand volumes are priceless manuscripts, including illuminated texts of the Gospels made by Irish monks more than a thousand years ago.

Nearly opposite Trinity is the old parliament house, now the home of the Bank of Ireland. This is a huge stone pile, black with its two hundred years of age. On the side toward the streets it has a semi-circular Ionic colonnade. After passing the Bank, we see ahead of us O'Connell Street, which, as Sackville Street, used to be as well known in England and Europe as some of the more famous streets of London. It is as broad as Pennsylvania

Avenue in Washington, and is divided into two sections, upper and lower, by a wide bridge crossing the Liffey. As we go over the bridge we can see, a quarter of a mile or so downstream, the North Wall, whence the Liverpool steamer sails every night. The steamers for Holyhead depart from Kingston, at the mouth of the Liffey, where deeper water is available than that in the port of Dublin proper. The Liffey is here confined between high stone walls, to which lighters and small steam craft tie up for taking on and discharging goods.

The chief commodity I have noticed moving down the Liffey is beer from Dublin's great brewery, the largest in the world. It is also the largest industrial establishment in Dublin, its plant covering more than fifty acres. This includes cooperage shops for making the big casks I have seen on barges in the river, and a shop in which labels for the bottled product are printed by the million. The harp that appears on them is known all over the world. It is a picture of the one preserved in the library of Trinity College, which is said to have been used by King Brian nine hundred years ago. The brewery owns a fleet of steamers in which it exports its product. Two of them leave every night from the North Wall with full cargoes of beer.

This brewery and the Dublin whiskey distilleries pay huge sums to the government in excise and income taxes. For this reason, many Irishmen believe, prohibition can never gain a footing on their island. The Dublin man is thankful that he lives in a "land of liberty," where the public houses are open on Sunday afternoon and evening, instead of in Belfast, where they are closed all day Sunday. Ireland has long had, however, an active temperance

movement, and I am told the present tendency is toward less drinking.

O'Connell Street has statues of several Irish heroes, but its most conspicuous feature is the Nelson Monument, beyond the bridge. This shaft, known as the "Pillar," is a Doric column one hundred and thirty-five feet high. It is surmounted by a statue of the hero of Trafalgar Bay, who stands with one hand on his sword and the other thrust into his coat. The Pillar is practically the centre of Dublin; it is the terminus of all the street-car lines, and it is quite the chief landmark of the city. Yet, in the fever for eliminating every trace of the British, its removal has been proposed on the ground that it interferes with traffic.

We are now on the scene of the battles that took place in the heart of Dublin between British and Irish forces only a few years ago. Our driver tells us thrilling tales of the days when the sound of guns and crashing shells was a commonplace. Some of the best buildings in the city were ruined. Among them was the post-office. There, in 1916, a band of young Irishmen established themselves on Easter Monday, and held the building against the fire of the British until the following Saturday night. The custom house was destroyed in similar circumstances, and the Four Courts were ruined as a result of the seizure of that splendid group of buildings by a faction opposed to the treaty with England. Downtown Dublin still bears many scars of the years of street fighting, but it also has a number of fine new buildings, thoroughly modern and of pleasing appearance, built on the sites of some that were destroyed.

Now we re-cross the river, and following it upstream,

come to the older portions of Dublin. Here, on an eminence well above the Liffey, is Dublin Castle, for centuries the seat of British rule and source of all that was obnoxious to the Irish patriots. The first castle on this site was built in the thirteenth century. It was then on the banks of the river, but now the stream is confined between heavy stone seawalls, and time-worn buildings occupy the space between it and the Liffey. Of the old castle, only a fragment, the Bermingham Tower, now remains. The rest, built in the form of a double quadrangle, is an aggregation of modern and ugly structures. Quarters that were used for the confinement of Irish rebels are to-day used as offices and occupied by troops of the Free State.

Just as the American Colonies had their Tories, both during and after the Revolution, so has Dublin what it calls its "castle hacks." The term is applied to those who were more attached to the powers that were in Dublin Castle than in sympathy with the desires of their countrymen, and who, after the departure of the British, mourned for the "good old days." As a matter of fact, the business interests of Dublin, and even the newspapers, were not in sympathy with the militant operations that finally ended British rule in Ireland. They have now "accepted the situation," as a business man expressed it to me, but not without some forebodings for the future. If we ask our jarvey, he will give us in a few words light on this question.

"Sure, and there's no money circulatin' in Dublin now. When the British soldiers were here there was plenty of work and plenty of spendin'. Now there is nayther, and the people are havin' a hard time to get along."

The withdrawal of the British forces not only stopped

In Dublin and vicinity, the Irish jaunting car continues bravely to hold out against the taxicab and motor bus. It furnishes a delightful means of getting about, and the drivers, or "jarveys," are always entertaining.

Among the many notable buildings in Dublin is the old Parliament House, now occupied by the Bank of Ireland. In its architecture and its soot-blackened walls, it reminds one of London.

the flow of gold that was poured into Dublin every week in soldiers' pay, but also dried up other sources of income. Many families, shocked at the outrages that marked the struggle for independence, and sincerely convinced that the country was in the hands of irresponsible demagogues, have left Ireland. These were people of both culture and means, and their departure has meant not only financial loss to Dublin, but social changes as well. Society used to centre about the Castle and the viceregal authority. Dublin was in many ways a little London; it had an aristocracy and a brilliant social life of its own. The departure of the British left a gap which it will take some years of wealth and political power to fill under the Free State régime.

In the older section of Dublin, centred about the castle, are many fine churches. Among them is St. Patrick's Cathedral, of which Jonathan Swift, author of "Gulliver's Travels," was the dean. This church, the largest in Ireland, is held by the Protestants. Across the river, as we can see from our jaunting car, is the tower of St. Michan's Church, built by the Danes in 1095 and restored in 1676. It is visited by many of the curious, for a number of the bodies deposited in the vaults under the church have become partially mummified. These leathery remains are shown to visitors as proof of some peculiar quality of the atmosphere in the crypt that preserves the bodies of the dead.

In the vicinity of Dublin Castle are now some of the worst slums of the city. The Free State capital, like other cities of the British Isles, has suffered acutely from a housing shortage ever since the World War. It is now estimated that there are twenty-one thousand Dublin families

living in single-room tenements. Both the city and the Free State government have endeavoured to relieve the shortage by building houses, but the supply is far less than the demand. There were one hundred and ninety-two applications for each one of a group of houses recently completed.

The export of food being the chief source of Ireland's income, Dublin, as the principal port, is a centre for the shipment of cattle. The cattle market is situated on the edge of the city, on the north side of the river. On the way to it I passed through a street that is Dublin's second-hand clothing bazaar.

The market consists of a great uncovered open space divided into pens. In one section were beef and dairy cattle; in another were sheep, and in still another were pigs. It was nearly lunch-time, and in one of the cattle pens farmer boys were drawing milk from cows into tin cans and pails for their noonday meal. There were ragged girls about, selling oranges, and near by were bars providing liquid refreshment for buyers and sellers. In one of the alleys, or streets, of the market, I had to stand aside to let a flock of sheep pass by; their backs were smeared with red identification marks. The sheep went along peacefully enough, but behind them came thirty or forty squealing pigs, tumbling about in a frenzy. Two men, armed with sticks, had charge of driving the pigs away from the market, while around the edges of the squirming mass was a fringe of small boys, likewise carrying sticks, who beat back any animal that tried to choose his own path. I am told that rough treatment of live-stock on the way to market is so common in Ireland as to cause a shrinkage of the sales value of the animals which in

the aggregate amounts to a large sum each year. There is now an organized movement aimed at reducing these abuses.

On the edge of the market I saw a number of "Irish motor cars." These were some twenty or thirty shaggy-coated donkeys. Thousands of these little brown and gray beasts are bred in Ireland every year. I have met them, both in the city and out in the country, harnessed to two-wheeled carts not much bigger than baby carriages. In the markets they are usually sold by travelling peddlers, who go through the countryside exchanging pots and pans for donkeys. These animals bring about ten or fifteen dollars each in the towns.

On the edge of Dublin is Phoenix Park, a tract of more than seventeen hundred acres, given over to public recreation. Here are tennis courts, cricket grounds, and other athletic fields, besides botanical gardens, shady groves, and sunny lawns. Through the middle of it runs a straight road, more than two miles long, affording a splendid vista. At the end nearest the city is a tall stone shaft, shaped like the Washington Monument, but less than half as high, a memorial to the Duke of Wellington. At the farther end of the park is a polo field, and beyond that a race course. The Irish are nearly as devoted to horse-racing as the English, and are noted for their success in breeding fine hunters. Adjoining Phoenix Park is the viceregal lodge, where the Governor General, sole vestige of British authority in Ireland, occupies the residence of the former viceroys, and gives garden parties in honour of distinguished visitors. Under the Free State, the Governor General is not only an Irishman, but is virtually named by the Irish themselves.

The Free State government is promoting the use of the Gaelic language in Dublin. All the street signs, for instance, are in both Gaelic and English, and some business establishments have over their doors the Gaelic equivalents of their firm names. In some of the government offices, the entrances bear signs both in English and Gaelic; swinging doors are sometimes marked "Push" in the two languages. The daily calendar of the parliament has headings and subheadings in the two languages, but the body of the text is in English. The chief officers of the government use regularly the Gaelic equivalents of their names. Patrick, for instance, becomes in Gaelic "Padraig," while Hogan is "Ohogain." The Gaelic for Irish Free State is "Saorstat Eireann," and the parliament is "oireachtas." Sometimes Gaelic is expressed in the letters of the English alphabet, and sometimes the Gaelic characters are used. These number only eighteen; there is no j, k, q, v, w, x, y, or z. Instruction in Irish is now required in all primary schools, and secondary schools, although in private hands, must forfeit the subsidies they receive from the government unless a certain proportion of the teaching is in Gaelic.

Dublin is not so rich to-day as once it was, though it is probable that the mass of the people are as well off as they ever have been. Nevertheless, it seems a happy city. The people have not only the politeness of the English, but a charm and humour of their own. One gets a smile at every turn; even the numerous beggars breathe a "God bless you" or "Long life to you" on receiving a copper, while the jarveys cover up with a joke the extra charge they impose on American visitors.

In short motor trips from Dublin I have found many

beauty spots in the city's surroundings. To the north, the land is low, but to the south, especially in County Wicklow, the coast is lined with mountains and steep-sided hills. Here are not only the popular beach resorts and the suburban residences of the well-to-do, but also numbers of large estates. The latter are maintained like parks, and one may drive for miles between the walls built by the aristocracy of other days to keep the common people from trespassing on their preserves.

CHAPTER XX

HOME RULE IN IRELAND

IN DUBLIN I have been able to get a close-up view of the leaders of the Irish Free State, and have seen at work the government of this newcomer among the nations. I have visited the houses of parliament, have talked with members of the executive council, and have spent much time in the several departments, where, as in our own country, trained specialists carry on the real work of administration. Throughout there exists an enthusiasm for the task in hand, and a firm belief in the success of Ireland's venture in national independence. It is especially desired that Americans shall be fully informed of the progress made. The Free State has not forgotten how Irish-Americans helped in the struggle with the British, and it values for the future American good will.

The position of the Irish Free State is that defined in the treaty signed in London December 6, 1921, by which home rule in Ireland became a reality. The first sentence of this treaty begins as follows:

> Ireland shall have the same constitutional status in the community of nations, known as the British Empire, as the Dominion of Canada, the Commonwealth of Australia, the Dominion of New Zealand, and the Union of South Africa. . . .

The members of the Irish parliament swear allegiance not only to the Irish Constitution, but also promise to be

faithful to the British King. The Free State agrees to afford Britain certain naval facilities in her ports, but the Constitution provides that Ireland shall take part in no war without the consent of the parliament.

The treaty brought to an end British domination in Irish affairs, but it did not bring immediate peace in Ireland. A minority charged that the signers of this agreement with the British had betrayed their countrymen in not holding out for recognition of the Irish republic. Eamon De Valera, himself the first president of the republican parliament, took this view and refused to support ratification of the treaty. Nevertheless, ratification was secured in the provisional Free State parliament, a government was organized, and a constitution adopted. Then opponents of the treaty began against the Free State government the same kind of destructive operations that had proved so effective against the British, and the country was plunged into a condition verging upon anarchy.

Gradually, however, the Free State authorities gained the upper hand, and to-day are in full control. I am told that the future of the republican movement depends to a considerable extent on whether Irish sympathizers in America accept the situation as it is, or whether they finance those favouring the establishment of a republic.

The treaty itself was the culmination of seven years of turmoil, to say nothing of the ten rebellions that had marked the preceding three hundred years. It was about the middle of the last century that "Home Rule for Ireland" became a definite objective, which such leaders as Butt, Parnell, and John Redmond sought to achieve by act of the British parliament.

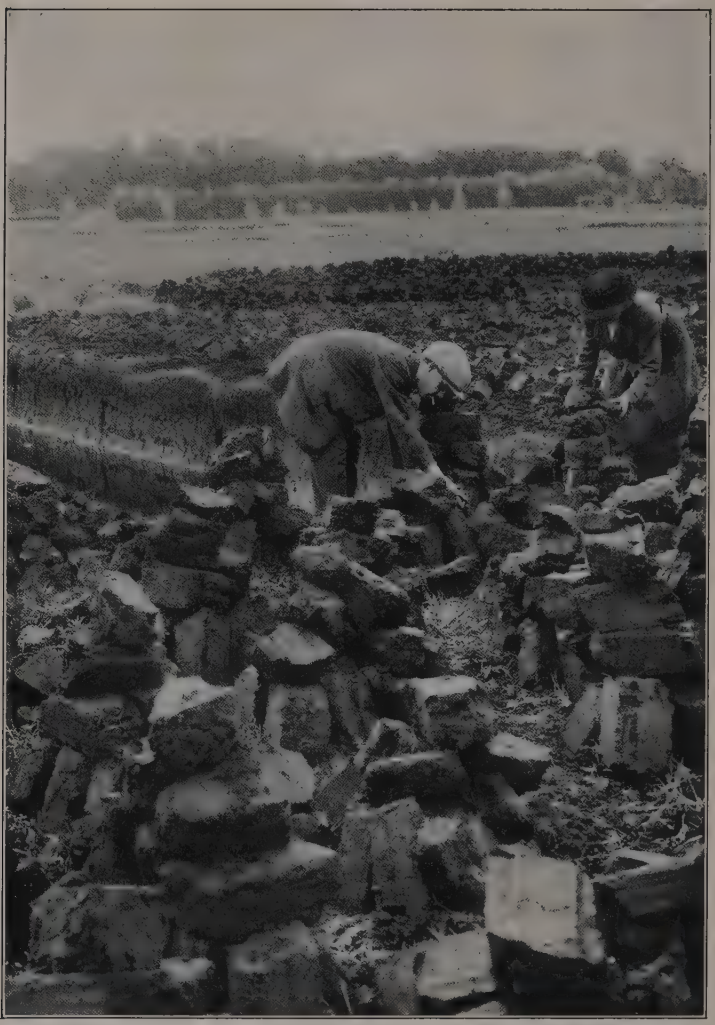
In 1914 a home rule law was actually passed, but on

account of the World War and the preparations of the northern counties to resist an Irish government by force of arms, it remained inoperative. Out of loss of faith in the effectiveness of political measures there grew up in Ireland a group which set about securing freedom by direct action. The republic of Ireland was declared in existence, with De Valera at its head; a parliament was elected, and, under the very eyes of the British, many of the functions of government were performed by this secret, underground organization. In a determination to maintain their authority at any cost, the British poured increasing numbers of troops into Ireland, and undertook by sheer force to destroy the Sinn Fein organization and subdue the spirit of the people. Bloody reprisals on the part of the Irish were the inevitable result, and conditions in the country became such as to shock the whole world.

Unable to oppose the British forces in open battle, the Irish struck at their authority at a thousand points, and compelled them to scatter their troops all over the country, where they were constantly subject to secret attack. Having the coöperation of practically all the people, those who were directing this guerilla warfare seemed to live charmed lives. The story of their adventures would exceed anything a writer of "thrillers" could imagine.

In 1920, another home rule act was passed by the British parliament, dividing the country and giving Northern and Southern Ireland separate parliaments. The northern counties accepted the act, and set up a government of their own, but the Sinn Feiners refused, and the struggle went on until negotiations with the British resulted in the treaty of December 6, 1921, ratified in Dublin on January 7, 1922.

The Free State has undertaken to develop the water-power of the Shannon River on a large scale. It is believed that this project, when completed, will furnish electricity at moderate rates to all parts of the country.



A large portion of interior Ireland consists of bogs from which peat is dug. Cut into large cakes and dried in the open, peat is the fuel used by most of the rural population.

The green, white, and orange flag of the Free State government founded on the basis of this treaty now waves over five sixths of all Ireland, and under it live more than three million people. The area of the Free State is about the same as that of Maine. It includes the northern county of Donegal, which is like an island of nationalist territory in the midst of the area governed from Belfast. While almost nine tenths of the people of the Free State belong to the Roman Catholic Church, there are more than a quarter of a million Protestant Episcopalians and lesser numbers of other non-Catholic faiths. Under the constitution of the Free State, freedom of religious worship and religious teaching is guaranteed, and there are a number of Protestants holding office in the present government.

The rebellion against the British was carried on mostly by young men, and youthfulness is a characteristic of the Free State government to-day. Several members of the Cabinet are still in their thirties. More than one of them are acquainted with the inside of English prisons. Men now in office tell me that they find it takes greater courage to cope with the problems of peace and domestic legislation than it did to risk their lives in harrying the British. They had first to overcome the laxness that grew up among the people in the years of disorder; and were then compelled to impose burdensome taxes for the support of the new government. They have had to face depressed markets for Irish products abroad, bad seasons on the farms, and unemployment in the towns. Since the Free State was established, railroad and postal rates have been increased and the cost of living has gone up, while during the same period the earnings of many classes of people have decreased.

To meet these problems, many new legislative enactments were passed. A national army of approximately fifteen thousand men was created, and a civic guard of about five thousand men organized to replace the Royal Irish Constabulary. The Civic Guard is spread through the country, and is responsible for the general maintenance of peace and order. Like the police in England, these men do not carry arms.

The courts were re-organized and new land laws enacted. In the field of agriculture, three drastic laws were put through the parliament. One of these provided for the elimination of scrub bulls for breeding purposes; the other two compelled the grading of butter and eggs for the export market. Voluntary measures to accomplish these ends having proved ineffective, the government was forced to make them compulsory, as it was found that the standing of Irish butter and eggs in the British markets was menaced by the varying quality of the products shipped, and the continued use of inferior bulls for breeding purposes was preventing improvement of Irish dairy and beef stock.

This afternoon I saw "home rule" in operation, in the sessions of the Free State Parliament. The Irish legislature now occupies a building that was originally the town house of the first Duke of Leinster. For more than a century it has served as the home of the Royal Society of Dublin, one of the oldest organizations of its kind in the world devoted to the advancement of learning. Erected in the eighteenth century, Leinster House is an example of the finest homes of that time. Its ceilings seem to extend almost to the roof, and several troops of soldiers could be accommodated in its pillared reception hall. In front

is a broad lawn, and on each side are wings containing the national museum, the national library, and a school of art. The latter institutions are supported by the government, but they owe their existence to the Royal Society. Adjoining is a quadrangle formed by government buildings and the College of Science of the National University.

I went first into the lower house, called the Dail Eireann. It meets in the theatre, or lecture hall, built by the Royal Society for its own use. About the sides four rows of comfortable upholstered chairs rise one above the other in concentric semi-circles. Above them, extending around three sides of the chamber, is the visitors' gallery. The press gallery, where I sat, extends along the fourth side, above the speaker. The speaker's plain leather-covered chair stands on a simple dais behind a flat-topped desk. Below and in front of him are two clerks. At the side of one of the clerks is a large black panel set with dials; it looks like the control board of a radio set. By means of the dials a clerk operates an illuminated signal board overhead on which is indicated at all times the business under discussion in the chamber. This device might well be adopted by our Congress.

In the front row of seats on the left of the speaker sat the ministers of the government, awaiting their turn to answer the questions addressed to them by members of the chamber. The questions of the day were all printed in the calendar. Many of them were sharply critical, and it was easy to see that a ministerial post in the Free State government is no bed of roses. All the ministers, as well as the other members, wore plain business suits, and in their appearance the lawyers, business men, and farmers of which the chamber is largely composed conformed to no

single type. The same was true of their speech. I heard every sort of accent, from that of the Oxford graduate to the brogue of a Boston Irishman.

The Dail consists of one hundred and fifty-three members, elected by the vote of all men and women over twenty-one years of age. They are limited to terms not exceeding four years, and receive one hundred and fifty dollars a month, not as salary, but as an allowance toward expenses. The ministers of the government get eighty-five hundred dollars a year, while the president receives twelve thousand five hundred. The governor general, on the other hand, who is largely a figurehead, is paid a salary of fifty thousand dollars a year.

The office of president of the Irish Free State does not correspond with that of the President of the United States. Strictly speaking, he is president of the Executive Council, and is more like a prime minister. Upon convening, a newly elected Dail chooses one of its members as president of the Executive Council. He proceeds to form a ministry, submitting his nominees to the governor, who is always pleased to approve of them, and to the Dail. Some ministers need not be members of the Dail; this arrangement represents an attempt to keep certain administrative departments out of politics. As a member of the Dail, the president of the Executive Council may participate in its proceedings. In fact, I heard the present holder of that office speak during a debate to-day. Like the prime minister in Great Britain, he is held responsible for the acts and policies of the government. Should the Dail at any time reject important government measures, he and the rest of the Executive Council must resign and a new government be formed.

In the markets of Irish cities one sees hundreds of the black shawls that form practically the national costume of the women of the humbler classes.

The typical Irish cottage of the old style is a low, one-story stone structure with whitewashed walls and thatched roof. Often one end of the building is given over to the family live stock.

The Senate of the Free State is a body of sixty members, four of whom are chosen by the two universities, and the remainder by voters more than thirty years of age possessing certain property qualifications. One fourth of the total number are to be elected every three years. The Irish hope that their Senate will always include men distinguished for their public service, or for achievements in special fields of endeavour, rather than politicians alone.

Visiting the Senate, I found it not so well accommodated as the Dail. It meets in what was the ballroom of Leinster House, the members occupying red plush chairs placed in semicircular rows before the dais of the presiding officer. Many men of title are included in its membership, and I also saw several gray-haired, matronly looking women occupying their seats as Irish senators. In the Dail, members were struggling with proposed amendments to the tax laws; in the Senate, the topic under discussion was the protection of Irish fisheries.

Following my visit to the two houses of parliament, I had an interview with one of the ministers of the government. In response to my request, he told me in simple terms just what the men at the helm of the Irish ship of state are trying to do.

"Our aim," said he, "is to regain for the Irish people their nationality, and to help them to secure their proper place in the world of art and literature, as well as to establish their economic and political independence. The Irish people had a language, a culture, and an economic system of their own long before the British ever came to this island. Thanks to the centuries of British rule, they lost completely their economic independence, their language al-

most disappeared, and, to a large extent, they became anglicized in their manners and customs. But we are still Irish, and not English, and henceforth we propose to live and order our affairs in conformity with Irish ideals and the interests of our country.

"Our first problem is to produce conditions that will make it possible for Irish men and women to live here in a reasonable degree of comfort, instead of being compelled, as in the past, to seek their living in America and other foreign lands. Do you realize that at the time of the great famine of 1848 Ireland had a population of more than eight million, or twice as many people as to-day?

"Since Ireland is primarily an agricultural country, and always will be so, the upbuilding of our agriculture is the first essential. We anticipate that Great Britain will continue to be the chief market for the foodstuffs we produce, and we propose to do all that we can to strengthen the position of our products in that market. The difference will be that whereas the British for hundreds of years exploited the lands of Ireland for their own purposes, and made our farmers practically serfs, we shall do what seems best for the people of Ireland. For instance, at one time it served the British interests best to subdivide the land into tiny holdings, too small to support decently the families living upon them; later it suited them to create large holdings, which they did by driving the people from their little farms. We, on the other hand, shall hold and work the land by such methods as will yield the largest return to our own people.

"While no one expects Ireland to become an industrial country, there are certain articles which we are already manufacturing for ourselves, and there are other industries

which undoubtedly could be supported here. To encourage these industries, the Free State government is taxing the importation of such commodities as clothing, boots and shoes, manufactures of tobacco, liquors, and other articles. Already this policy has brought good results. British manufacturers in tobacco and other trades have established branch plants in Ireland, thus affording additional employment for Irish men and women, and industries making wearing apparel, already established here, are expanding their production. The government stands ready to assist, by duties or subsidies, the establishment of almost any industry, provided it can be demonstrated that once it is started it will have a fair chance to succeed.

"America and the rest of the outside world are accustomed to look upon Ireland as a poor country. It is not realized that the deposits and cash balances of the banks of Ireland amount to more than one thousand million dollars. Because of past conditions, the banks have regularly invested their funds through London. As confidence grows in the future of the Free State, this surplus capital, instead of going to England, will be invested in our own enterprises at home.

"So much for the bread-and-butter side of life in Ireland. But that does not represent the most important part of what we hope to do. There remains the education of the people, the inculcation, or, rather, the revival, of the ancient national spirit, and the restoration of the ancient Irish culture. The basis of this part of our programme is revival of the Irish language. In years to come I believe it will be recognized that the establishment of the Gaelic League, in 1893, was the real turning point in our struggle

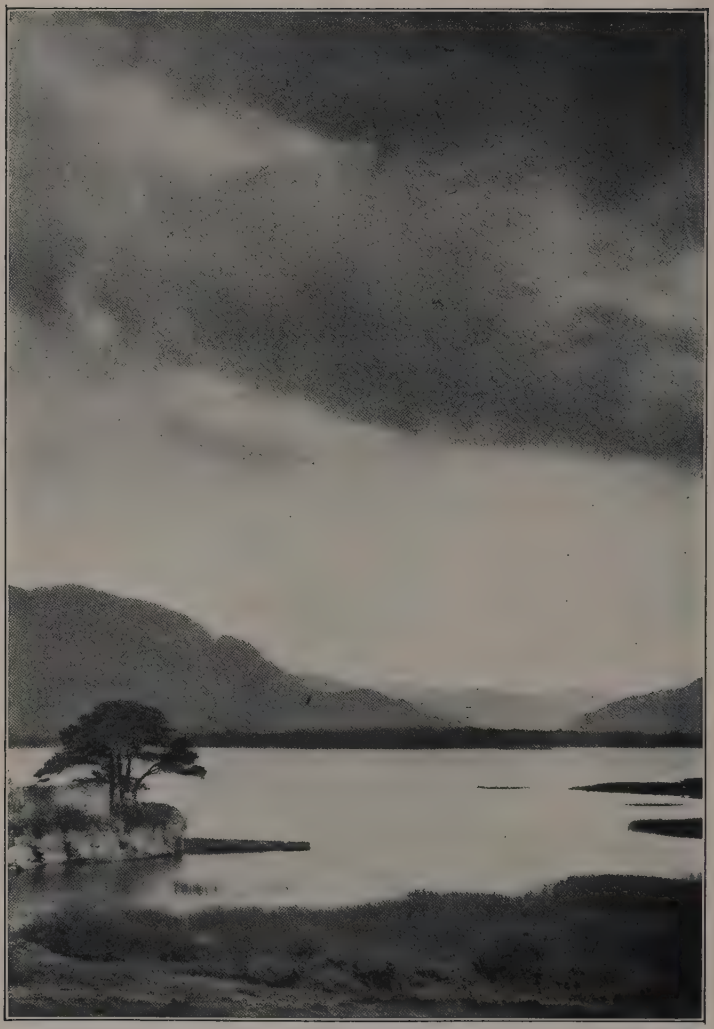
for freedom, and even, perhaps, the most important single event in Irish history.

"The Gaelic League was not political in its immediate programme, yet its activities produced profound political results. It devoted itself to instructing the people in their almost forgotten native tongue, and interesting them in the literature of their own language. This proved to be the greatest stimulus to the revival of the national feeling and aspirations that we have ever known. Without the league we could not have achieved the Free State; without the universal restoration of the Gaelic language in years to come we can not be a nation in fact as well as in name. Gaelic will be the basis of our national consciousness in future generations, a binding tie between all Irishmen, wherever they may be, and a constant reminder to the world that the Free State is not merely an offshoot of Great Britain, but a people restored to the position of which they had been deprived for many centuries. We know by the work of our poets and authors of the past that Ireland can in the future add to the world's riches in art and literature. We propose that our contribution shall be made in our own language; in fact, it will not be truly Irish unless it is expressed in the Irish tongue."

"How far do you propose to go in promoting the Gaelic language? Do you plan to exclude English altogether?"

"Not at all," was the reply. "There will be no effort to bar English, certainly not in your lifetime or mine, but there will be an ever-increasing use of Gaelic. At present, Irish is declared in our constitution to be the national language of the Free State, while English is recognized in the same document as an official language. This will be the status of the two languages for many

Much of the south of Ireland is rugged country, which, with its fine roads invites the motor tourist, but the poor and stony soil offers many difficulties to those who must depend upon the land for their living.



In their mountain setting the Lakes of Killarney are indeed beautiful. Some of the hills about them are nearly three thousand feet high, and are often separated by rocky passes in which the scenery is extremely wild and rugged.

years. You must remember that Gaelic never became quite so much of a dead language as many Americans imagine. It was only in the last century that English supplanted it as the language of the people. Less than one hundred years ago, a large proportion of the country people spoke only Gaelic, and in some sections it was still in common use when the Free State was established."

"What about Northern Ireland?" I asked. "Do you consider that the separation will continue?"

"On the contrary," replied the minister, "I anticipate that it will not long endure. What we fought and struggled for was not only a free, but a united Ireland. The greater part of Ireland is now free, and eventually all Ireland will be united. It is inevitable."

CHAPTER XXI

FROM THE CAPITAL TO KILLARNEY

IN MY journeys that have extended from Belfast, in northeastern Ireland, to the Lakes of Killarney, in the southwest, I have been most of the time in a broad plain, separated from the ocean by an almost continuous border of mountains and hills. Ireland is like a saucer, or an oval platter, flat in its centre with upturned edges. The beauty spots of the island are formed by the meeting of these hills with the sea.

My journey into the south began with a train in Dublin. The railroads of Ireland are like those of England, except that here second-class accommodations are still provided, as well as first and third. The first-class fares are high, and most of the people seem to ride second or third. The stations are conveniently arranged and neatly kept. Their platforms are level with the cars, and are better lighted than ours by means of glass roofs overhead. Even the smaller stations have bridges over the tracks, so that passengers cannot endanger their lives by walking across the rails. At the larger stations are two refreshment rooms: one for first- and second-class passengers, and the other for those travelling third class. Under the Free State, all the railroads have been merged into a single system, though they are still privately owned and operated.

It is easy to see why this country is called the Emerald

Isle. Throughout the midlands of Ireland one travels for miles through endless green. The light green of the fields is cut with strips of darker green, formed by the hedges. Where the land is gently rolling, the countryside has a checkerboard appearance, and every slope looks like a patchwork quilt. Much of the land has been cut up on the scale of a New England farm, and as a rule the fields are small. They are usually bordered by wide, deep ditches, and on the embankments formed by the earth from the ditches hawthorn trees grow ten and fifteen feet high. There are frequent gaps in these tree hedges, so that they have a more scraggly appearance than those of England.

I saw many farmers at work in the fields, ploughing and harrowing for turnips. The rows were so perfectly made that they reminded me of the illustrations in a seed catalogue. Another feature of the countryside in southeast Ireland is the jagged stumps of ruined castles, situated usually on high ground. Less picturesque are the ruins, sometimes of barracks, sometimes of creameries or warehouses, burned in the troublous times from 1916 to 1922.

I was struck with the large proportion of the land in grass. There was hardly a moment when grazing stock was not in sight, but fields in crops were not always in view. Dairy cows and beef cattle were in the majority; next came sheep, and then horses, donkeys, and goats. Every farmyard we passed had its chickens, and in every pool of water there were ducks.

The great cry here, as in England, is for more land in cultivation. However, it appears that there are good reasons for the prevailing system of farming. Ireland is a country specially suited to the production of live stock.

It has fertile grass lands and an equable climate; the winter temperatures here average twenty degrees warmer than those regions in Canada in the same latitude. On the other hand, the abundant rains and the absence of the hot, dry summers of our Mississippi Valley make grain-growing difficult and hazardous. Since the middle of the last century the Irish have not been able to compete with Canada and our Middle West in the production of either grain or vegetable foodstuffs.

Ireland used to be known as the land of the potato, brought here from Virginia in 1565 by Hawkins, the English slave trader. It was because the people came to depend so largely on the potato that the failure of the crop caused the great famine in 1848. Since then stock-raising has taken precedence over potato-growing, only one tenth of the land under cultivation now being given over to the tubers. As more and more land was devoted to grazing, larger holdings were found desirable. In 1841, eighty-one per cent. of the farms consisted of tracts of from one to fifteen acres; now these comprise only about forty per cent. of the total. This change meant, however, that numbers of people were driven off the land. The backbone of Irish agriculture to-day is the farm of from thirty to seventy acres, of which there are about two hundred thousand.

Only one fourth of the arable fields are cultivated. The average farmer grows some oats, a little hay, a few potatoes, and large quantities of roots, turnips, and mangolds. The rest of his land is in grass. Agricultural experts concede that the farmer is correct in believing that he does well to give most of his attention to live stock, but they also contend that he could profit still more if he would cut down

the proportion of his grass feed and raise by tillage more root crops for his animals.

The efforts of the government to improve Irish agriculture are directed mainly toward higher standards of livestock and dairy products, increased poultry-keeping by the women, and better marketing methods. At present, most Irish beef cattle go to England alive. It is hoped to establish the dressed-meat industry in the Free State, so that this country may get the benefit not only of the higher prices for the finished product, but also of the employment the industry would provide and the profits from the hides and other by-products.

I have mentioned the laws concerning scrub bulls and the grading of Irish butter and eggs. It is estimated that the first one will increase the market value of Irish beef cattle one hundred million dollars a year, and it is believed the other two will enable Irish products to compete with those from Denmark, where superior marketing methods have been successfully introduced. Eggs and poultry rank next to cattle among Irish exports, with an annual value in excess of fifty million dollars. Pigs, bacon, and hams come third, followed by the dairy products: butter, cheese, and milk. Since about seventy-five per cent. of the total Free State exports are farm products, any measure which obtains for them even slightly better prices will mean a large increase in the national income. It is a curious fact that while Ireland exports large quantities of bacon, it also imports bacon from the United States and Canada. In other words, the Irish sell their best abroad and buy cheaper grades for their own consumption.

Ireland has had for some years a system of agricultural instruction similar to the extension work conducted by our

federal Department of Agriculture and our state agricultural colleges. There are county agricultural councils, with paid agents who go about advising the farmers and demonstrating the best methods in crop tillage, stock-breeding, and creamery practice. In addition, a number of agricultural schools are maintained, where young men are given courses in practical farming. Winter courses for both men and women are also given at these schools. The Irish farmers were the pioneers of the world in agricultural coöperation, but their organizations have been handicapped by lack of capital. There are, however, several hundred coöperative creameries in successful operation, besides a number of coöperative trading societies.

The landlord, who for centuries was the "eternal devil" in Ireland, is now almost extinct. Under a series of laws beginning in 1881, approximately six hundred million dollars has been expended from public revenues in buying up the big estates and distributing land to the tenant holders. The landlords have been paid off partly in cash and partly in bonds, while the tenant-purchasers are allowed sixty-seven years in which to pay for the lands turned over to them. Under the latest legislation of this kind, the annual payments of present owners average one fourth less than the sums they formerly paid in rents.

The farmers now not only own most of the land, but have better homes than did the Irish peasants of the nineteenth century. Most of the farm dwellings I have seen are indeed tiny cottages, built of stone covered with plaster, roofed with thatch, and containing, often, only one or two rooms. But usually they are neatly painted or whitewashed, and it is only in the poorest districts that the cows and pigs still share the family roof. I saw numbers of

farm homes, recently built, that had two stories and stuccoed walls. The larger farmsteads are especially attractive. They consist usually of a stone house and outbuildings grouped in a square, surrounded by an earthen or stone wall, and often bordered by tall trees.

In going south, I crossed the River Barrow, just beyond Kildare. This stream, like the Bann in Northern Ireland, causes much distress by overflowing its banks and flooding large areas. The land along its course is low and flat, and it takes but a slight rise in the river to cover thousands of acres of fields with water. Drainage of this valley is one of the projects contemplated by the Free State government.

In this area are likewise many peat bogs, and I saw the farmers and their womenfolk busy cutting and drying this fuel. The peat bogs look like shallow brick clay workings. Although the Irish peat beds are, on the average, twenty feet thick, the cuttings I saw were not half that depth. Some of the peat was coal-black, but more often it was brown. Except in the cities, and in a few regions where wood is plentiful, peat is still the fuel of the people of Ireland. It is estimated that one seventh of the area of the country consists of peat bogs, and nearly every farmer has access to a supply.

Peat has about one third the heat value of coal, and the blacker it is, the better. In the cottages, it is burned in the open hearths in which the farm women do all their cooking, while in the towns it is used to start coal fires. The peat is cut up into little cakes not quite as large as our common bricks. After cutting, the blocks are laid up in conical piles to dry, with large spaces between the cakes to facilitate the circulation of air. Last year and the year

before were unusually wet seasons, even for Ireland, with the result that in many districts the farmers were unable to cut and dry peat. This brought on virtually famine conditions in some districts, for the people were too poor to buy coal, wood was not available, and they had therefore no means of cooking their food. Just now the bogs are a mass of yellow blooms interspersed with white. The yellow is from the gorse, and the white blossoms are the bog flowers.

On my journey I passed near Limerick, which is situated in southwestern Ireland at the mouth of the Shannon River. The Shannon is the largest river in the country and the scene of the biggest development project that the Free State has undertaken. A contract has been made with a German engineering firm for damming the stream above Limerick and installing a great hydro-electric power plant to consist ultimately of four stations with a combined capacity of 52,500 horse-power. An enormous volume of water will be impounded and a considerable area flooded. Great hopes are entertained for this project, which is expected to furnish cheap electricity to the cities and towns throughout the Free State, and to stimulate industrial development.

At Mallow the railroad line divides, one branch continuing due south to Cork, the other going south and west to Killarney and the coast. I took the Killarney route, and soon was in sight of its famous mountains. Many of these have rough, jagged outlines, and their upper slopes, entirely bare of trees, are gray with outcrops of rock amid the green scrub and grass. On the lower slopes of the hills are tiny fields, usually separated by loosely laid stone walls like those of New England. Even among the hills much

At "the meeting of the waters," a narrow channel connecting the upper Lake with the other two, is an arched bridge centuries old. Here the wooded glens and flowering shrubs lend added beauty to the Killarney Lakes.

The famous "Blarney Stone" is set high in the wall of Blarney Castle, built in 1449. It is so placed that he who would kiss it must be held by the heels and let down from the top of the tower

of the land is boggy. About the little farm cottages are patches of potatoes and cabbages, while in and out wind the whitish-gray roads, lined by ivy-clad stone walls.

If you will look at the map you will see that the Lakes of Killarney are in the southwest corner of Ireland. From thence along the west coast to the northernmost tip of Donegal runs a broad strip of land that includes the "congested areas" of rural Ireland. In many parts of this region, a large proportion of the people are working "uneconomic farms," holdings of land that are too small, or too poor, or both, to furnish a decent living. The problem of relieving the condition of these people has been dealt with by successive governments in Ireland, but the Free State took a further step by empowering the National Land Commission to buy up unoccupied farms in any part of Ireland and transfer to them people from the congested areas. Thousands have thus obtained a new chance in life, but even the most favourable estimates indicate that land is available for only half of the one hundred and twenty thousand families that ought to be removed from the congested areas.

I asked a government official how it came about that more people crowded into the west coast districts than the land could support. He replied:

"Well, it is said that when Cromwell brought his army to Ireland he gave the people the choice of 'moving on to hell or Connaught.' Many of them foolishly chose Connaught, and their descendants have lived there in misery ever since."

Because of their isolation and poverty, ancient customs and superstitions have survived longest among the people of the west coast of Ireland. The old-time house indus-

tries are carried on in that region more than in eastern Ireland. In Donegal many women are still weaving on hand looms cloth made from the wool clipped from the backs of their own sheep.

The Lakes of Killarney, of which you have read, are three in number. The upper lake, though the smallest, being about two and one half miles long,is the most beautiful, as it lies in a narrow trough between the mountains. It is reached by the famous Dunloe Gap. The middle, sometimes called Torc Lake, is larger, and the lower lake, the largest of all, covers about five thousand acres. The two lower lakes are not so completely enclosed by mountains as is the upper, and therefore are less commanding in their beauty.

The forests surrounding the Lakes of Killarney appealed to me quite as much as the lakes themselves, which have, I believe, their equals in beauty in our own country. The land about the two lower lakes is all part of a large estate. It contains many magnificent trees—beeches, oaks, yews, and sycamores, and majestic firs whose red-brown trunks rise like the pillars of a cathedral. In a drive around the lakes, charming views of their blue waters alternate with lovely dells in which masses of blooming rhododendrons rise to heights of fifteen and twenty feet above the road.

There are a number of fine estates about Killarney. They are shut off from the road by head-high stone walls, built in the times when peasants were paid only four cents a day. Such estates in Ireland as are actually farmed by their owners, and provide employment for large numbers of workers, have been, on the whole, left intact in the process of land reforms. It is the landlord who did no farming, but left his agent to collect rents from the people while

he spent his time in Dublin or London, who has been eliminated.

The workers on the estates receive about six dollars a week in wages, with a house and free firewood. Their dwellings are the Irish cottage at its best. Most of them have two stories, and are painted brown, yellow, or white. Many have roses climbing on their front walls, tiny flower gardens in front, and vegetable patches at the rear. Often the cottages are double, accommodating two families under one roof.

The town of Killarney is typical of many of the smaller towns of Ireland. It contains only about five thousand people, but it has enough public houses, or saloons, to serve several times that population. In one block, the bars outnumber the shops two to one. In walking through its streets, I saw alley slums quite as bad as any in Dublin. These alleys are lined with tiny one-story stone buildings, many of which seem hardly fit for stables, much less for homes. Clothes hanging out to dry, swarms of barefoot children playing about on the dirty stone pavements, and slatternly women sitting in the rude doorways complete the picture of these village slums. Every family in Killarney has relatives in America, and the people know the names of our cities and towns almost as well as their own.

From Killarney to the ocean, whether toward the south shore or the west, every road leads through scenes of great natural beauty. This region, with its lakes and its mountains, some of which are more than three thousand feet high, is, indeed, one of the important natural assets of Ireland, for it attracts many tourists. A fine scenic highway, the Prince of Wales Road, makes most of it easily accessible to motorists.

On leaving Killarney I came to Cork, chief port of southeastern Ireland, and one of the oldest cities in the country. It has about as many people as Seattle, and is the distribution centre of a thickly populated area that has furnished a large proportion of Irish emigrants to America. Like Dublin and Belfast, this city is on a river which gives it a harbour. Much of Cork is really on an island lying between two branches of the River Dee. Besides serving as an outlet to a rich grazing and dairying district, Cork has a number of manufacturing industries. Its main thoroughfare, Patrick Street, still shows the scars of the years of disorder, when Cork was a centre of republicanism. You remember, of course, how Mayor Macswiney died as a result of his hunger-strike when imprisoned by the British.

Eleven miles below Cork is its port, the famous Queenstown, to which the Free State has restored its ancient name of Cobh. Queenstown is situated on one of the many islands in the beautiful bay, surrounded by green hills. It has long been a port of call for mail and passenger ships crossing the Atlantic.

Less than ten miles from Cork is Blarney Castle, made famous by the poet who wrote:

There is a stone there
That whoever kisses
Oh! he never misses
To grow eloquent.
'Tis he may clamber
To a lady's chamber
Or become a member
Of Parliament.

Germany's big baby crop keeps France in fear. Not only does the German birth rate greatly exceed that in France, but babies are so well cared for in this country that its infant mortality rate is lower.

Germany's huge industrial plant has been rebuilt and expanded since the World War, and with her workmen busy for low wages, the products of her machine shops are again competing in the world markets.

CHAPTER XXII

THE NEW GERMANY

I HAVE known Germany for more than forty years. My first trip here was made upon leaving college, when Kaiser Wilhelm I was still on the throne. I saw that famous monarch at Ems and shouted with the rest in his honour. I was here again in 1889, when I crossed Germany from one end to the other during my honeymoon trip around the world. My third visit was in 1892, when the young Kaiser, the man who now sits at Doorn amid his shattered dreams of world empire, had just dismissed Bismarck and was directing the affairs of the country for himself. Prince Bismarck had then retired to his private estate at Friedrichsruh, near Hamburg. I had the honour of meeting and talking with him there on his seventy-seventh birthday, and a few days later saw the youthful Kaiser review the great German army at Tempelhofer Feld, near Berlin.

It was in 1902 that I came back again to find the country in the hands of a military aristocracy. Everyone stepped aside for the officer and the soldier, and it was not safe to laugh aloud at the Kaiser lest one be sent to prison. I was then making a study of the American commercial invasion of Europe, and I went through factories in all parts of Germany, investigating the industries rising to greatness. Among other establishments, I visited that of

Krupps, which already was making big guns and munitions in preparation for the war of a dozen years later.

Nine more years elapsed, and early in 1911 I found myself with my wife and daughter at a great musical festival in Munich, from where we went up the Rhine and travelled about here and there. Imperialism and militarism were then even more in evidence, and had I been a modern Daniel I might have been able to read the handwriting appearing on the wall.

Now, two score years after my first visit, I am again in Germany. The sun of the Kaiser has risen and set, and the empire that included possessions in more than three continents has become a republic. It is building anew from the wreckage of its great adventure, and is slowly recovering from an after-war condition that has had few parallels in the history of the world.

The sorest plight into which Germany descended, following her defeat in the great struggle that reddened Europe with blood for four long years, began to descend upon her in 1919, when she was forced by economic and financial difficulties to make the printing press the national cashier. With no gold in the treasury to back the flood of paper money pouring forth into circulation, the fall of the mark began. In August, 1919, it dropped from par to less than a dime. Six months later one could buy fifty marks for a dollar, and shortly after that seventy-five. By January, 1922, the mark had so fallen that it took two hundred to equal one dollar in gold. Nevertheless, the Germans still had faith in their government, and it was not until almost a year later that the national currency took its seat on the financial toboggan. Its first great descent was from two hundred to four hundred per

dollar. Then it dropped to six hundred, and, sliding down hill even faster, was soon quoted in terms of thousands to the dollar. Just before the French moved into the Ruhr, the mark was worth only one and one half hundredths of a cent, and within a month after the occupation it had a value of only two one thousandths of a cent. From time to time it came up a little, but always fell back farther than it rose, so that before the French occupation had lasted a year our bankers were offering a million marks for twelve cents.

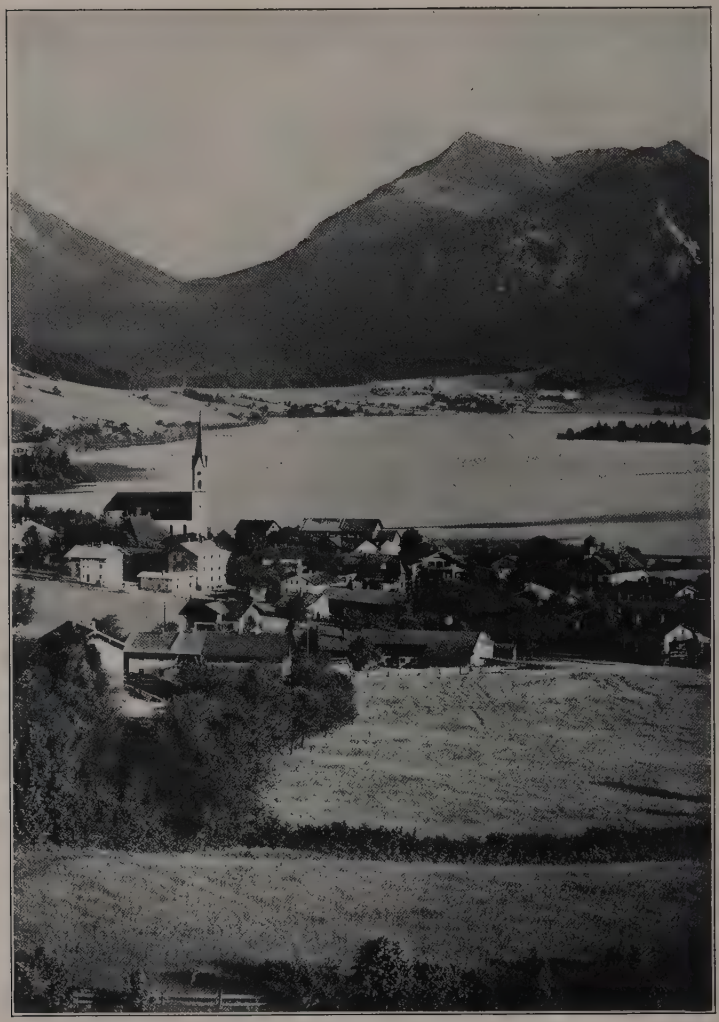
With the utter collapse of the value of the mark, I venture that more than ninety-eight per cent. of the people of Germany lost practically every pfennig of their pre-war savings. Investments in all sorts of gilt-edged securities and all municipal and government bonds became but little more than waste paper. Even pensions and life insurance policies were rendered practically worthless, as they were based on the paper mark and not on gold. As the mark shrank in value, debtors paid off the face value of their mortgages and notes with bales of paper money that had only a fraction of its former purchasing power, and a year's interest on bonds would not buy a square meal for the holder. Widows, pensioners, and even capitalists were plunged into poverty. All the solid accumulations of the past that had not been put into machinery or material properties dwindled to nothing. Real estate in Berlin was sold for a song, and valuable industrial properties were peddled out to financiers from other countries. The intellectuals, by which I mean students, professors, and scientists, were so reduced that the future of Germany as one of the leaders in advanced thought was in danger.

Men who before the War were worth millions now went

out to labour for their daily bread, and even then were fortunate if they made enough to give them the barest necessities of life. Women, also, formerly wealthy and idle, became utterly destitute. Some went out into service at pitiful wages, some took in sewing, some became scrub-women in the public buildings, some walked the streets carrying sandwich-board advertisements of the vaudeville theatres, some hid their poverty by working secretly in homes where once they were society queens, and others starved rather than let their dire want be known.

To-day, with the stabilization of the mark, the crisis of unemployment, poverty, and starvation has been passed, and Germany is struggling to its feet. But it is a far different Germany from the once-autocratic empire of the Kaiser, great changes having occurred both in the attitude of the people and their situation. Take the city of Berlin, for instance. Before the War it was one of the most strictly administered capitals on earth, and one could not build a dog kennel without submitting its plan and specifications to the municipal architects. To-day extra stories are being added to buildings in all parts of the city, new types of structures are going up, and some of the streets begin to have a saw-tooth skyline. Under the Kaiser, not only the principal thoroughfares, but all the streets of Berlin were kept spick-and-span. A man could be arrested for throwing rubbish on the pavements, and any one seen by a policeman dropping a scrap of paper on the sidewalk in any part of the city was made to pick it up. To-day Berlin is littered with trash that waits hours for the municipal cleaners. In the past there were no vagrants. Now there are beggars on every street corner. The blind go along led by dogs, the lame beg upon crutches, and those

"I found the policemen of Berlin, with their military helmets and their mustaches turned up in true Kaiser-like style, the chief present-day reminders of the former imperial order in Germany."



Bavaria is probably the most fully developed agricultural region in Germany. Here the soil is kept in the highest degree of productivity, the farmers have successful coöperative societies, and many of them regularly insure their crops.

too proud to beg walk through the streets searching for crusts of bread or any stray thing of value.

In pre-war times the posting of bills on the walls was most strictly forbidden. To-day the city fathers sell the privileges of putting up posters on the electric-light posts, in the windows of the branch post-offices, and even on the street mail boxes. The mail wagons are decorated with advertisements, and announcements of "pink pills for pale people" stare one in the face as he gets his change at the stamp window. Indeed, the day may come when the postmaster of Berlin will strut about as a sandwich man. So far no billboards are allowed, but circular iron towers plastered over with advertisements decorate the street corners.

Perhaps one notices the changes in Berlin most when he strolls along the famous avenue of Unter den Linden. Unter den Linden is about as wide as Commonwealth Avenue in Boston, and about two thirds as long as Pennsylvania Avenue between the Capitol and the Treasury in Washington. Along it are some splendid buildings, and in the old days it was the sacred highway of the Kaiser. At certain hours of the day no one was permitted to smoke there or to speak loudly, and a man was liable to arrest if his dog barked there after dark. No business vehicles or automobiles were allowed upon it.

To-day the linden trees from which it was named, and which were intended to lend it great dignity and beauty, look scrawny and poorly cared for. Now, too, it is one of the noisiest streets of the capital. Students and half-drunken hoodlums go through it at night singing and shouting, and by day it is thronged with plebeian traffic like that of any other street. Apparently every foreigner

in Berlin feels most at home on Unter den Linden. Cook's touring cars and sightseeing busses stand at every corner; people gather in groups and smoke and joke. A Berliner told me that if he listened carefully he might once in a while hear a word of German on Unter den Linden, but not very good German at that.

Like his pet avenue, the Kaiser's favourite palace also has been given over to the people. I mean the one at the foot of Unter den Linden, in which he spent most of his time. When I visited it two decades ago I had to put on felt slippers, and was warned to speak in a whisper. Then but forty or fifty people came to the palace even on busy days. Now something like ten thousand persons often visit it in a day, and they may wear hobnailed shoes without reproof. There are guides if you want them, and they make their comments without fear or favour.

From Berlin I crossed the country south to Munich and the border of Switzerland, and travelled from the great manufacturing plants and mines of the Ruhr Valley east to the frontier of Poland. The Germans complain of the great territorial losses as a result of the War, but their country has still an area of more than one hundred and eighty thousand square miles. It is more than three times the size of New England, and bigger than Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and West Virginia combined. It is about one and one half times as large as Great Britain and Ireland, and it has now more than sixty million people, or nearly three fifths as many as there are in the United States. Prussia alone has a population equal to that of New England, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Illinois.

The new republic is one of big cities. Greater Berlin,

with its four million and more people, is half again as large as Chicago and more than twice the size of Philadelphia. Hamburg, with a million or more, tramps on the heels of Detroit; Cologne is bigger than Boston; Munich has more people than Pittsburgh; and Dresden is larger than Buffalo. Leipzig is crowding Los Angeles, Düsseldorf outranks Cincinnati, and Essen, the home of Krupps, which before the War had four hundred thousand people, has six hundred thousand to-day.

Germany has four other cities each of which has more than three hundred thousand inhabitants. It has eight ranging between two and three hundred thousand, and fifteen more of one hundred thousand each. Some of these cities are unknown to most of us. How many of you can locate Gelsenkirchen and Duisburg, for instance? The one first named is bigger than Memphis, and the second surpasses in size Omaha, Atlanta, or Toledo.

One might think from listening to the Germans that they had lost for all time their agricultural and mineral wealth. The fact is that they still have one of the most productive properties in Europe. The greater part of their soil is as rich as that of France, and from their vast mines of potash they obtain for it good fertilizer at a comparatively low cost. The nitrates they are manufacturing from the air promise to supplant those from the mines of Chile. Their per-acre production of grain, potatoes, and sugar beets is far higher than ours, and equal to that of almost any other land of the world.

However, Germany has long since changed from an agricultural to an industrial nation, and, as in Great Britain, without the profits of her factories and shipping she would be unable to pay her bills. She is peppered with

up-to-date industrial establishments in which millions work at a lower wage per month than some American mechanics get in one week. In transportation, she has the advantage over most other countries of Europe. The northern part is a level plain, and practically the whole of it is a gentle slope toward the Baltic, so that railroads can be cheaply built and cheaply run. The country now has enough railways to make thirteen trunk lines from Boston to San Francisco.

Germany has a vast net of interior waterways. It has three navigable rivers, which are connected by so many canals that if you could make a great subway through the centre of the earth from one side to the other it would not equal their total length. Upon all these waterways great quantities of freight are carried. I have no figures for the present, but in 1913 more than one hundred million tons of goods were shipped on the rivers and inland canals of Germany, and more than half of this tonnage was made up of domestic manufactures.

Before 1914 industrial Germany was capturing markets from Peking to Paris, from Berlin to Bagdad, and from the Rio Grande to the Straits of Magellan. It was the Samson of the commercial world—everywhere victorious until charmed by the Delilah of military ambition. Now, the country is once more rapidly regaining its old place on the ocean, and pushing its goods in all parts of the globe. The Germans have their salesmen in every country, their banks or agencies in every big city, and they are all working together to get back a share of world trade. They are especially strong in Eastern Europe, and are far ahead of any other country in the volume of their business with Russia and Turkey. Germany has always studied the special

tastes of its customers and manufactured to suit them, and it is this factor that is largely aiding in recapturing its lost trade. Although fallen far from the military position it once occupied among the leading nations of the world, it has made huge strides toward regaining the commercial and industrial eminence for which it was once noted in the four corners of the globe.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE REPUBLIC OF POLAND

"I COME from Washington, the capital of the United States."

This was my answer to a well-dressed, intelligent-looking young man while we waited together in front of the cashier's window of the largest bank in Warsaw. The man replied:

"Washington is not the capital of the United States. Albany is the capital."

"Is that so?" said I.

"Yes," was the reply. "It was moved some years ago. I know that Washington was the capital, but Albany is the capital now. I have a friend who has just come from America and he told me so."

This conversation shows what one Pole knows of our country. I doubt not there are many Americans who have quite as hazy ideas of Poland.

Do you know that Poland is one of the biggest countries in Europe? It is larger than Norway, or Italy, or Great Britain and Ireland, and only Russia, Sweden, France, Germany, and Spain surpass it in size. Do you know that it has, in round numbers, between twenty-five and thirty million people, or more than three times as many as has all New England? Do you know that the Poles in America number more than four million and that for a decade prior to the World War they were sending back home more than

forty million dollars a year? Do you know that Poland is more thickly populated than almost any part of our country, and that it has more people to the square mile than has New York State, including New York City? It has more than fifty cities exceeding twenty-five thousand in population. Warsaw, the capital, is almost twice as big as Washington, D. C.; Lodz, the great textile centre, outranks Cincinnati; Lemberg has more citizens than Omaha, and Cracow, the old capital, is fast growing to two hundred thousand.

And perhaps you have forgotten that these Poles were once more powerful than the Russians or the Germans, that they had what was practically a republican government two hundred years before we declared our independence of England, and that even in the Middle Ages they were noted everywhere for their civilization and culture? I wonder, too, if you realize what kind of people are the Poles of to-day. You may have associated them with Protestant Germany or Greek Catholic Russia, but the majority of them are neither Protestants nor Greek Catholics. They are members of the Roman Catholic Church, and the new constitution declares Roman Catholicism to be the dominant religion.

Poland is also a land of the Jews, with forty times as many Israelites as there are in Palestine. It has more Jews than any other country in Europe, and just about one fifth of all there are in the world. More than one third of Warsaw is occupied by Hebrews. The city has a large Jewish quarter, containing six hundred synagogues. Its streets are thronged with people who look more like the typical Jew of the stage than those we know in our cities. The Polish Jew often appears in the ancient costume of his

people. He then wears a skull- or fur cap, with no visor, and a long black cloak buttoned up to the neck and falling almost to the feet. His face is covered with whiskers, and a long, spiral curl usually hangs down on each side of his face in front of his ears. This is according to the law laid down in Leviticus:

> Thou shalt not mar the corners of thy beard.

These people bear little resemblance to the well-dressed, up-to-date Jew of the United States. Their ancestors came chiefly from Spain and Germany, where they were persecuted. Their migrations began a hundred years or so before Columbus discovered America, and at a time when Poland welcomed all immigrants.

To-day the Jews do a large part of the business of Poland. In the past, every rich landowner had a Jew managing his property, buying and selling, and making his bargains. They are now the middle-men of the republic. They do not take to farming, and are essentially traders. I see their stores everywhere, and their business signs are quite as often in Hebrew as in Polish. They are interested also in politics, and have their representatives in Parliament.

Poland is a great plain of fat soil that before the World War was producing farm products equal in value to three times the gold output of the world. About half the people are engaged in agriculture, and they have under the plough an area twice as large as Ohio. The country raises millions of bushels of wheat, rye, oats, and barley, and its potato crop at times runs as high as eight hundred million bushels. It is a cattle-breeding country, and raises also hogs, horses, and sheep. The prairies and pastures would

Cracow, the ancient capital of Poland, is a city more than twelve hundred years old. Here the ancient Polish kings were crowned, and later buried under the two towers of Stanislaus Cathedral, where Kosciuszko's bones also now lie.

The Poles come of good racial stock, and are believed to have formed a part of the great Slav movement westward in the sixth century. The women, who are strong and sturdy, are accustomed to work as hard as the men on the farms.

make three states the size of Massachusetts, and the forests would cover the State of Virginia.

This republic is also one of the big mineral properties of Europe. It has something like two thousand square miles of coal lands, and is now mining millions of tons every year. The coal reserves of Upper Silesia exceed those of Great Britain, and their cession to Poland was a serious loss to industrial Germany. Poland has also deposits of iron, zinc, lead, and copper, besides some of the greatest salt mines of the world. One of the salt beds has been worked for centuries, and has, it is estimated, a reserve of twenty-three million tons. In the southern part of the country are rich deposits of petroleum.

As for its industries, before the War Poland was producing annually almost a thousand million dollars' worth of manufactures and had almost two million workers. It is to-day one of the great textile centres of Europe, making cottons and woollens for Russia, the Balkans, and other neighbouring countries. Its metal industries are important, too. Much iron and steel are used in Poland, and before the War the value of the annual exports of machinery to Russia alone ran into the millions.

On my way to Warsaw from Germany I made a trip through the coal and iron region of Polish Silesia, and stopped for a while in Kattowitz, the Pittsburgh of Poland. As we approached it we rode for miles with smokestacks in sight, passing many plants engaged in the production of steel, zinc, and lead. There are fifty coal mines here, employing one hundred and fifty thousand men, and there are an even larger number of workers in the factories and foundries.

The rolling mills, steel plants, and mines of Kattowitz

were developed by the Germans, who before the War owned this part of Poland and who did all they could to Germanize the people at the same time. They formed colonization societies to which the Polish peasants were practically forced to sell their lands. They established public schools in which only German was taught, and I am told that the teachers whipped the children for speaking Polish on the playgrounds. The officials tried also to prevent the use of the Polish language in any public meetings, and they changed the names of the villages, putting German signs over the railway stations.

What caused the most trouble was an attempt to prohibit religious instruction in any other language than German. In 1900 an edict went forth that even the prayers and the catechism must be recited in German. This caused a mighty sensation, and the children, backed by their parents, went on strike. They tore up the German catechisms and sang songs deriding the officials. They compared the Prussians to Pharaoh and Herod, and at one time there were one hundred thousand children who refused to say German prayers. The government tried to put down the strike; the children were punished with whippings, and their parents were fined. The Germans finally prevailed, but the feeling aroused against them was so bitter that it remains to this day. At present Polish is the language of the schools, but the German children may study in their own language, any one may speak whichever tongue he desires, and the Polish railway employees are required to know German.

If Kattowitz is the Pittsburgh of Poland, its Manchester is Lodz, which is in the region formerly governed by Russia. Imagine a great dreary plain, in its midst a

dreary city as big as Cincinnati. Let the city have a thousand smoke-stacks rising high above the houses, and let its buildings run for three miles along two narrow streets paved with cobbles. Put short cross streets here and there, and you have the sombre outlines of Lodz, the great textile centre of Poland.

A closer view shows a mighty factory under each smoke-stack, a mass of brick and glass that seems to wall in the gloom, making the scene more dreary than ever. The people resemble their surroundings. The town is composed of factory workers, and it seems to be Poverty's Kitchen. A large proportion of the inhabitants are lower-class Israelites who go about with unshaven faces, wearing the long gabardines that have been their costumes from time immemorial.

In the street traffic are quaint covered wagons driven by ragged peasants, droshkies without number, and ungainly carts loaded with huge bales of cotton and cloth. There are also carts pulled by men and shoved along by women walking behind. We see men and women carrying on their backs great loads, sometimes held on by a strap around the forehead, reminding us of the Mexican peons. The automobile and the motor-truck are conspicuous by their absence. Man-power and horse-power do most of the work.

It was some time after Napoleon was overthrown that Alexander I of Russia started the factories of Lodz by offering grants of forests and lands to German weavers if they would come here and set up their looms. They came by the thousand, and the industry was established under high protective tariffs. When the World War broke out Lodz had four hundred mills, which had sprung into being

at the command of the Czar. During the War this industry was destroyed by the German invaders. They captured Lodz in 1914 and went through factory after factory, looting each of its brass and copper. As a result, the city was left as bare as a bone. In the years since the Armistice every factory has been reëquipped with modern machinery, and some of the mills are now working three shifts a day. More than one hundred and twenty-five thousand men and women are employed, and the goods made are sold not only in Poland but in other lands of the Baltic, and in Rumania and Bulgaria.

In going through one of the mills I stopped and talked with the employees. The men looked much the same as those in our woollen mills, save that every one of them had a moustache. There were many women, old and young, and now and then I saw one with a baby. Most of the women had handkerchiefs around their heads and nearly all were bare-footed.

Many of these workers live in a tenement belonging to the factory. The manager said it contained accommodations for eight thousand people, and when I asked how many rooms were allowed for each family, he answered that some had one room and a kitchen, and others two rooms and a kitchen. The families are usually large, but all sleep in one room. The people have plenty to eat. The workingman's dinner is usually soup, meat, potatoes, and sometimes a salad. His breakfast consists of coffee, bread and butter, and meat, and he takes with him to work a lunch of bread, butter, and sausage. He goes to the mill at six o'clock in the morning, eats his lunch about ten, and stops work at two or a little later. When he gets home he has dinner, and along in the evening has tea or

Poland is a densely populated country and has many large cities even the names of which are hardly known in America. About one sixth as many Poles live in the United States as in Poland.

In the cities of Latvia many of the houses are built around courtyards, in each of which is a big pile of wood, which is practically the universal fuel in the Baltic republics.

coffee with what is left over from the big meal. He has beer and cognac to drink, and manages to live on his wages, which, with the depreciated value of the Polish mark, seem very low.

From Lodz I came on eastward to Warsaw, the capital of Poland. Founded in the seventeenth century, it has been fought over again and again, and has been occupied by Russians and Swedes, as well as by the rulers of the ancient Polish kingdom. To-day it is the intellectual, educational, and commercial centre of the new Polish republic, and as such is entering upon a new era of prosperity and importance.

CHAPTER XXIV

LATVIA, A WAR-BORN REPUBLIC

ON THE eastern shores of the Baltic Sea, south of Finland and the gulf of that name, and west of Russia, the former empire of which they were a part, are the three war-born republics of Lithuania, Latvia, and Esthonia. The lands claimed by Lithuania are almost as large as New England, Latvia is about half as big as the State of New York, and Esthonia is about twice the size of Massachusetts. All three countries are flat and covered with forests and farms, lakes and swamps, and numerous rivers.

Before the World War these republics belonged to Russia, and more than fifty per cent. of their areas were owned by a handful of noblemen who numbered less than two per cent. of the population. In Lithuania these rulers of the country were Poles, and in Latvia and in Esthonia they were Baltic barons, descendants of the Teutonic knights who conquered the country about three hundred years before Columbus discovered America. They divided the territory into huge estates, the average size of which was five thousand acres or more. There were many of ten thousand acres, and some, like the Dundaga estate in Latvia, contained one hundred and eighty thousand acres. The barons brought the lands under cultivation, and as time went on worked them by scientific methods and with the aid of modern agricultural machinery. Many of them

built mansions where they lived and entertained like feudal lords.

In the meantime, the masses of the people were held in a serfdom like that described in "Ivanhoe" and others of Scott's novels. From sun-up to sunset they toiled for the barons for little or nothing. Many of them lived on the estates, where each head of a family was allotted a plot of land for a garden, and a certain amount of food. In some cases, the wife of the labourer was expected to give seventy days' work a year without wages.

Then came the World War, and almost in a night the territory now occupied by these republics jumped from feudalism to the most advanced independence. At that time this region was ground between the upper and the nether millstones of Russia and Germany. For three years it was hemmed in by two great armies, each bent on possessing it. Germany came from the south, goose-stepping along with its machine guns, poison gas, and other weapons of war, to the very gates of Riga, the capital city of Latvia. At the same time, the Bolshevists, after holding Riga six months and stripping it bare, were in the eastern half of the country. But the Lett farmers and peasants, led by the students, fought off the Germans, drove out the Russians, and set up a new government for themselves.

With the founding of the independent republics, the peasants of Latvia and Esthonia arose against the barons and threw off their rule. Hungry for land, they seized the big estates from the few and divided them among the many. Every peasant wanted to own his own farm, and they wanted every noble to earn his bread, as the Lord said Adam should, "by the sweat of his brow." Each of

the former owners of the estates was allowed to retain only from one hundred and twenty-five to two hundred and fifty acres. In Lithuania, the Polish landowners were not so much looked upon as a separate class, and the division of the estates in that republic has not been so drastic.

It is in Latvia that I have begun my travels through these young republics. In this country there are fifty thousand more farms than there were in 1914. Hundreds of surveyors are still at work dividing the big estates, and the new holdings are being distributed as fast as the land can be measured. Not only the estates of the barons, but government lands also are being allotted, and an entirely new land system is in process of establishment.

In the minds of the peasants, the desire to own land is uppermost, and there are several applicants for every good piece of farm property. I am told that in Latvia there are at least one hundred and fifty thousand men who want farms. The parcels allotted are of different sizes, ranging from industrial sites near the towns, and garden patches of five and ten acres, up to the hundred-acre tracts for dirt farmers who expect to live on the land and support their families from it. The average size of the new farms is about fifty-five acres. In every case the land is sold at low prices, with long terms of payment. Many of the mortgages run for from thirty to fifty years, and for the first five years no interest is charged.

Each applicant must prove that he has enough help, besides horses and cows and sufficient machinery, to cultivate his holding. He must state his experience as a farmer and also furnish evidence of his thrift and good character. His application is brought before a local committee, and, if approved, is sent to the district committee, which passes

Riga, the chief city of Latvia, still serves as the western gateway of Russia, to which country it formerly belonged, and the port through which American machinery reaches the land of the Soviets.

Like her neighbours, Latvia is largely an agricultural country. The chief crop available for export is flax, much of which goes to supply the linen industry of Northern Ireland.

upon it and forwards it to the state central committee, which has the final decision.

I have just returned from a motor trip through the country near Riga, during which I visited some of the estates that are now being subdivided and talked with the farmers. The most allotments have been made in the three provinces of Livonia, Courland, and Mitau, where the customs and life of the people are much like those of Germany. In Latgale, which is near Russia and is inhabited largely by Roman Catholics, conditions are quite different. Land is worked much as in Russia, the farmers living in villages and going out to work on the farms.

As I drove over the country I could see new buildings going up all about, and new roofs being put on the old structures. The average farm has a house of two or three rooms, with outbuildings for stables and storage. Nearly every farm has a dug-out cellar where the potatoes are stored away and covered with straw to keep them from freezing in winter. All the houses have brick stoves so tall that they reach from the floor to the ceiling. Many of them have ovens, and in one six-room house I visited there was a brick stove on each side of the hall. Like many of the new farm homes, this house was unplastered. It has as yet no furniture, and its occupants slept on the floor.

Everywhere I went I saw women working in the fields with the men. It should be remembered that in the rebuilding of Latvia the labour supply is doubled by the number of women. They do everything the men do, and they work from daylight until dark. Even the children have their tasks, especially in watching cattle, sheep, and

hogs in the pastures. Most of these new farms have no fences, and old women, young girls, or a boy, may spend all their time herding two or three animals.

I saw many women spading and hoeing potatoes, and in some of the new fields they followed the ploughman to throw manure into the furrows. Many of them wear men's boots, and some have dirty coats of sheepskin with the wool on the inside. Their faces are tanned and their hair is bleached by the sun, although most of them have shawls wrapped around their heads. Seeing them as they labour in the fields, one can understand how the Balts, raised in luxury, came to look upon the peasants as a lower order of beings almost without human rights.

The Latvians are thoroughly alive to their agricultural possibilities and are doing all they can to educate their pioneer farmers. There is a college of agriculture in Riga and there are four agricultural high schools out in the country, together with several experiment stations and twenty elementary farm schools. Like the Danes, they have established a coöperative movement, and have hundreds of coöperative societies of different kinds. Tractors and modern farm implements are bought by these societies, and farm produce is being sold through them. The country hopes to follow the lead of Denmark in dairying and intensive farming, and it is already shipping butter and eggs to London.

The Letts have always been noted for their chemical, textile, and metallurgical industries as well as for farming. Before the World War, Riga, now the capital of Latvia, was as big as Pittsburgh. Situated on the Dvina River, with deep water out to the Baltic, it was the best place in this part of old Russia to handle incoming raw materials.

The city had more than three hundred factories, ranging in size from the Provodnik, which employed twenty thousand workers, to small machine shops. For instance, I went through a textile mill to-day that, prior to the war, had twenty-five thousand spindles and kept ten thousand people working two shifts a day.

When the World War began, the Czar, fearing the Germans would take Riga, gave orders that all its factories be made useless to the invaders. Experts were ordered to go through the various plants and disable every piece of machinery. They took out a nut here and a cylinder there and shipped these parts off to Russia, crippling the mills so that none was able to run. In the textile mill I visited every one of its twenty-five thousand spindles seemed in perfect order. Yet they are utterly useless. The same conditions prevailed in all the mills and factories of the city, save that in some whole machines were taken away and the buildings practically ruined. Nevertheless, many of the factories have now resumed operations, and Riga is again far along the road to prosperity.

Riga was born several hundred years before Columbus discovered America. It was in existence when Jenghiz Khan captured Peking, and four or five hundred years before Shakespeare acted his plays for Queen Elizabeth. It has risen and fallen, passing through war after war, but after weathering such storms it has always grown greater and stronger. It now has a population of perhaps three hundred thousand, or but half as many as there were before the War.

The city is one of the finest of all eastern Europe. Lying on a sandy plain, nine miles from the Gulf of Riga, which one enters from the Baltic, its towers and domes may

be seen far out at sea and long before one comes to it by rail. The harbour of Riga is open all the year round, and ships going up the Dvina River can land their goods at the wharves right in the city. There are eight miles of quays, and four hundred carloads of freight can be handled in a day. The railway trains come right down to the docks, and goods are unloaded directly from the ships to the cars. At one wharf this morning I saw one hundred locomotives for Soviet Russia being hoisted by cranes from the ship's deck to railroad flat cars. Farther on were large grain elevators, cold storage plants, and factories.

The city consists of the old town, which hugs the right bank of the Dvina, the St. Petersburg suburb with its fashionable dwellings, the Moscow suburb where the Jews live, and the Mitau suburb on the left bank of the river. I am staying in the old town, in a hotel facing the opera house, a structure that cost a half million dollars. My room looks out upon the wide park that has replaced the great wall built around Riga in the Middle Ages to protect it from invaders. Another remnant of the city's former fortifications is the Powder Tower, which stands at the junction of several streets.

One of the oldest buildings in Riga is the Hall of the Black Heads, which was built in 1330. The Black Heads were originally a group of merchants and traders who made this hall their clubhouse. At one time they were connected with the Order of the Teutonic Knights, those German crusaders who overran Esthonia, and they chose Saint George as their patron Saint. Later, the hall became a centre for the bachelors of Riga, who lost membership in the club when they married. I am told that the Black Heads still hold their festivals, the chief of which

takes place upon the Saturday before Shrove Tuesday, when there is a great drinking bout.

I have motored about through the streets of Riga, lined with their four- and five-story buildings, have shopped in Kalk Strasse, visited the University of Riga and some of the great churches, and have made my way through the Louse Market. Yes, the Louse Market! That is what everyone calls it, although it makes me itch to mention it. I have visited markets and bazaars all over the world. I have ridden my donkey through the streets of Cairo, and have brushed against the close-packed masses in the bazaars of Stamboul and Damascus. I have shopped in the cave-like booths of Tunis and Tripoli, and have dickered for silks and jewels with the Hindus in Delhi and the Burmese girls in Rangoon. I knew well the Ginga of Tokyo and the Chinese city of Peking. In none of them, however, have I felt as uneasy as in the Louse Market of Riga. It recalls the story in Exodus of how Aaron smote the dust of the earth and every grain sprouted forth legs and a mouth to afflict the Egyptians and soften a Pharaoh's heart.

I don't know where this name originated, although I suppose it is from the poor peasants who throng the place, buying and selling second-hand goods. The market is situated not far from the old walls and within a short walk of the principal hotel. Here, in a space covering four or five acres and surrounded by a high board fence, are long rows of little pine booths facing streets that run parallel from one end of it to the other. The crowds not only fill the enclosure but overflow into the streets adjoining, making a motley, dirty multitude such as one finds nowhere except in Eastern Europe.

As I move along I am besieged by those who have some-

thing to sell. Here a woman thrusts a worn pair of boots at me, there a man holds up a tablecloth, and at my next step I am accosted by a peddler with antique jewellery or second-hand clothes. One woman follows me trying to sell a pair of boy's trousers—what could I do with a pair of boy's trousers?—and another begs me to buy a gold-inlaid cigarette case that might have belonged to a Baltic baron whose estate is now in the hands of the peasants.

Everything under the sun is offered for sale, but the bulk of the goods are second-hand. There are long rows devoted to leather goods, including footwear of every description. I saw good hand-made boots for five dollars a pair and was offered thigh boots for ten dollars. In the metal bazaar I found all sorts of old junk, from broken hooks, nails, and locks, to every kind of machine. One booth sold only second-hand sewing machines.

I remember particularly two children who had toys for sale. Their wares were spread out on a table not much larger than a sheet of newspaper, and evidently all had been made in their homes. Their stock consisted of a half-dozen little clay birds with tail whistles, and several roosters with red combs, real bird feathers, and big glossy tails. I asked the little pinched-faced merchants the price of one of these roosters. It was only about seven cents. I bought two, and on giving them back to the girl was rewarded with her smile of delight.

I spent some time outside the market, making my way through a street one hundred feet wide and a thousand feet long, and packed from end to end with buyers and sellers. I could not get through without shoving, but as I elbowed my way along I was greeted only with smiles. In the midst of the crowd were men, women, and children sit-

ting on the cobbles with their wares before them. Most of the articles had been made at home. I priced some black leather caps of the softest and shiniest kid, such as would cost at least five dollars in any store in the United States. The amount asked was eighty cents, and the seller told me he had made the caps himself.

Next to this peddler was one of the pioneer farmers who had come in from the country. He was sitting in the gutter with two poorly clad little girls of five or six years beside him, each putting on a new pair of shoes. I imagine the purchase was the event of their lives.

There are more women than men in the markets, most of them selling little things they have made at home. They walk miles to bring their wares into town, and, when the market is over, trudge back home with what they have left. Indeed, there are women at work everywhere one turns here. The first sight that met my eyes as my train came into the city was a dozen flat cars backed up against a sandbank and a score of women—thirty, forty, and fifty years of age—loading the sand into the cars with long-handled shovels. I could see them bending over and forcing the scoops into the sand with their feet, and throwing it into the cars with a heave that showed their muscular arms. They were bronzed-faced and rough-looking, and each bore the marks of decades of toil. The sun was then rising and I venture their labour continued until dark.

A common sight from my hotel window each morning is the women walking over the cobbles, each with two three-gallon cans of milk fastened to the ends of a long pole that rests on her shoulders. She is on her way to the market to sell these six gallons of milk, or is delivering it to cus-

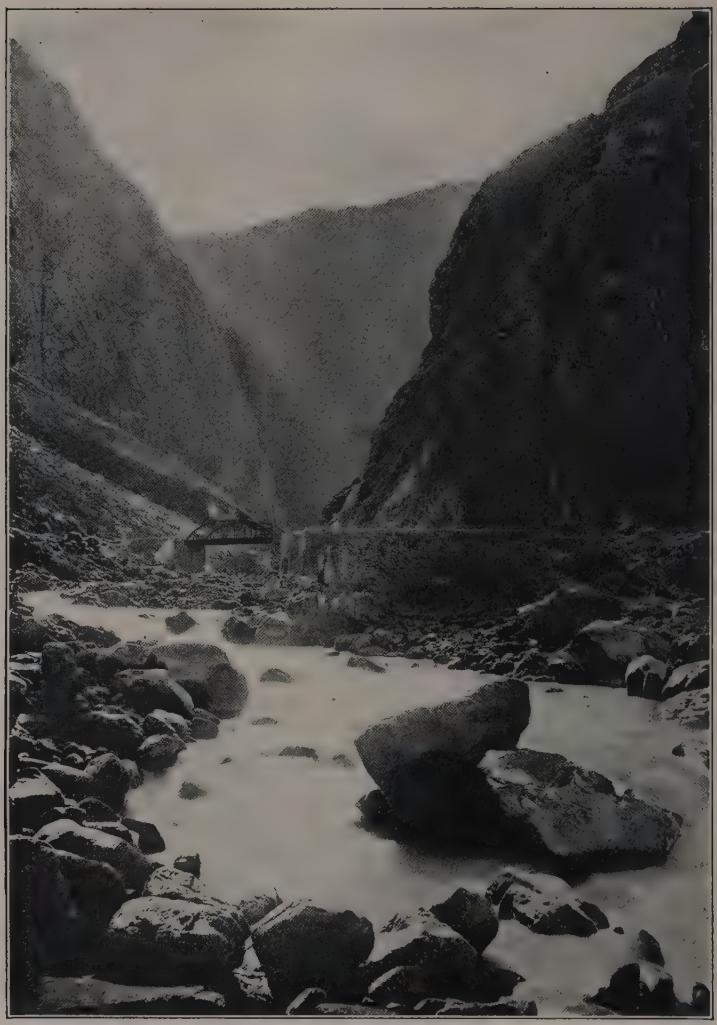
tomers, ladling it out to order at their doors. Other women, clad in homespun, their heads wrapped in rags, sweep the streets of the city, and others pull carts and shove wheelbarrows, bending over half double as they force their way along.

It has surprised me to learn that in proportion to its population, Latvia has fewer people who cannot read and write than there are in what we call our land of the free and the little red schoolhouse. The peasants, taken as a whole, are better educated than the farm dwellers of the United States. It is only among the Russians that much illiteracy is found. In 1910 but three out of every hundred of the recruits for the army could not read or write, and those were mostly Slavs. There are practically no illiterates among the adult Letts.

The University of Riga was formerly a technical school with one thousand pupils. The new government has made it a university, adding several colleges and bringing in more professors. When the new institution opened it had about twelve hundred students of both sexes. Now it has almost six thousand. The high educational standing of the republic is shown by its secondary schools, of which Latvia has more than Norway, Switzerland, Portugal, or Rumania.

The Ministry of Education has recently established a normal school for teaching English. This is an evidence of how fast our language is making its way over Europe. Here in Latvia, English is the only foreign language that is compulsory in all the schools, French and German being optional. The normal school has three hundred students of all ages, many of them former school teachers, and others who expect to teach. There are also government clerks

Although the Baltic barons kept for themselves all the good land and held the people in serfdom, they invariably practised good farming methods and brought modern agricultural machinery into use.



Despite her losses of territory, Russia has one seventh of all the land on earth, and the country is a world in itself, stretching from the frozen steppes of the Arctic to the Caucasus Mountains, higher than the Alps.

who wish to acquire a working knowledge of English, and some who would fit themselves for service abroad.

When I visited the normal school I found one of the classes studying Shakespeare, reading the play of "Julius Cæsar," and discussing the dramatic construction and the motives of the characters just as is done in our high schools and colleges. Another class was reciting in English grammar, and many of the questions they answered were puzzling to me.

Though they appreciate the value of English, the Letts are proud of their own literature, their music, and their artistic culture. The Latvian tongue is one of the oldest in Europe. It is so closely allied to the Sanskrit that a noted philologist who was recently here said he found so many Sanskrit words in the newspapers that he could almost read Lettish without having studied the language. Since the Latvians won independence they have published a huge collection of two hundred thousand of their folksongs composed by unknown authors of centuries ago. The work is in eight volumes of one thousand pages each, and it is considered an invaluable storehouse of Aryan culture for the ethnographer and the philologist.

The first Lettish book was published long before there was a settlement of any kind on the North American continent, and the first Lettish newspaper appeared more than one hundred years ago. When the World War began, there were fifty-nine periodicals being published in Lettish, and of these, twenty-seven were newspapers. In proportion to the number of inhabitants there were twice as many newspapers in Latvia as in Russia, and today Riga has ten Lettish dailies with an average circulation of from fifty to one hundred thousand copies each.

CHAPTER XXV

THE EMPIRE THAT WAS RUSSIA

IN RIGA I am in a city which for hundreds of years was one of the chief ports of the Russian Empire, and which remains an important gateway to the Russia of to-day. Its excellent harbour is a natural outlet for the products of the vast plains that stretch from the boundary of Latvia to the east and to the south, and its location on the Baltic makes it unexcelled as an entrepôt for northern Russia. Thousands of travellers now come here each year, seeking entrance to the Soviet Republic, and everywhere throughout the city one sees buildings, scenes, and modes of dress that speak of the mighty empire of which Latvia was once a part.

To-day, although the empire no longer exists as such, Russia, including its territory in Asia, is still an empire in size and extent. Covering one seventh of the land surface on the globe, and extending over a larger continuous area than any other nation on earth, it is more than twice as large as our forty-eight united states, and as big as the entire continent of South America. From east to west it reaches from the Pacific Ocean to the Baltic Sea, or farther than the distance between San Francisco and Hong-Kong, and from north to south from the Arctic Ocean to the Black Sea and the northern edge of India. The length of its combined coastlines is greater than the distance around the world at the Equator, and its land frontiers are almost half

as long. It is so vast that when it is eleven o'clock in the morning at one end of the country it is already six in the evening at the other.

Even European Russia alone is a world in itself—a world of vast plains, great forests, high mountains, and mighty rivers. Between the eternally frozen steppes bordering the Arctic and the warm, sun-kissed vineyards and olive groves of the Crimea, is every kind of climate and soil. South of the barren lands bordering on the Arctic are the forests, which cover much of the country from the Baltic to Moscow, and extend clear across Russia from east to west. Millions of acres in this region are so heavily wooded that one could wander through it for hundreds of miles without finding a sign of habitation. These forests for years have furnished the fuel for most of the locomotives on the Russian railways, but still seem to have enough wood to fire all the engines in the country for centuries to come.

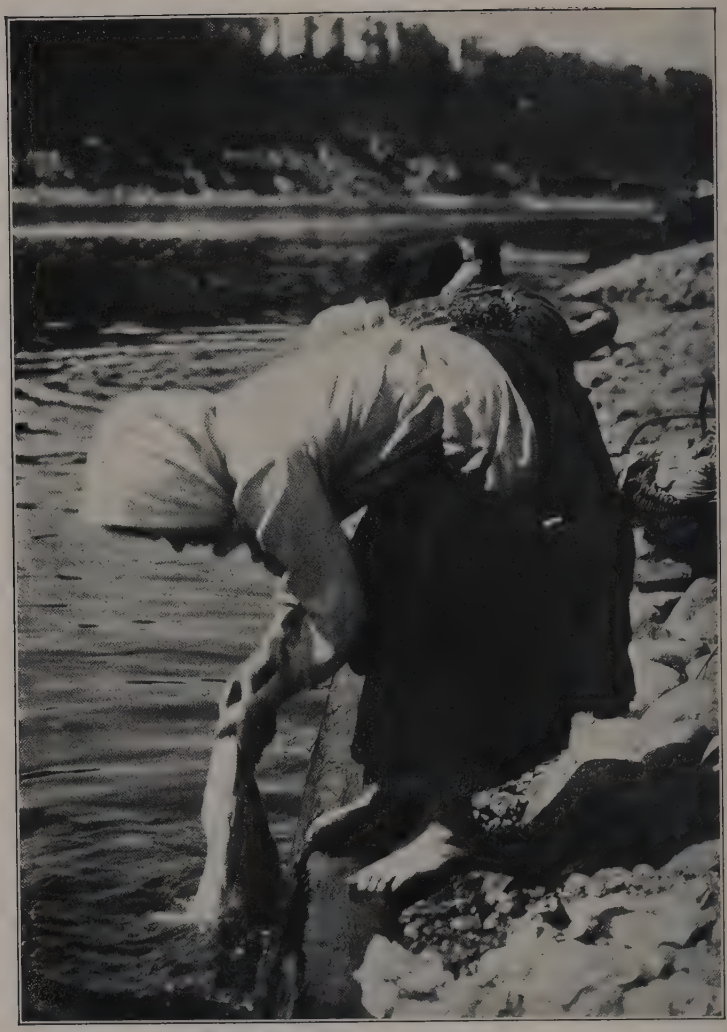
Extending between the forests and the pastures, or steppes, of southern Russia and Siberia, are the rich farming lands that make up the central plain. With the exception of the Valdai Hills and the Ural Mountains, it is practically unbroken by any of the natural barriers that have divided western Europe into so many separate nations. The richest part of this area is known as the Black Plain, which extends from Poland all the way across European Russia and far into Siberia. Its soil is as fertile as that of the Valley of the Nile, and in most places it is as flat as a floor. It is the garden of Russia, and it has been called the granary of Europe. Although cultivated in the most primitive manner, it has produced the richest of crops for countless generations.

The Black Plain is drained by numerous rivers and streams. Indeed, the river systems of Russia include some of the mightiest on earth! Five of them are each more than a thousand miles long. The Volga alone is continuously navigable for a distance of eighteen hundred miles. That river is the largest in Europe, and drains a basin three times the size of France. Rising in the northern part of the country not far from the Baltic, it provides a commercial highway clear across Russia to the Caspian Sea. The navigable waterways of Russia, including the canals, are so many that if they could be joined together they would reach twice around the world.

Russia is one of the great countries on earth in natural wealth as well as in size. It produces almost every temperate-zone and semi-tropical farm product. Before the World War its annual export of wheat alone was more than one hundred million bushels, or three fourths of the total amount of that grain exported by all Europe. In its production of flax it was second in the world. It raises also vast quantities of rye, oats, barley, potatoes, beets, hemp, tobacco, and sunflower seed.

In its mineral wealth, Russia is a Croesus among nations. In the south about the Black and the Caspian seas are immense oil fields. In the Ural and the Caucasus mountains, and also in other parts of the country, are unmeasured deposits of iron, copper, coal, manganese, platinum, gold, silver, zinc, salt, and mercury. Russia is noted for its precious and semi-precious stones, and many an emerald and diamond that grace the finest pieces of jewellery in the world came from there. Even its waters are a source of wealth, for its lakes and seas and rivers are teeming with fish.

Within the Kremlin in Moscow stands the ancient Cathedral of the Assumption, built in the fifteenth century on the site of a church two hundred years older. Here most of the monarchs of Russia were crowned.



For the women of Russia, life has continued much the same under Soviet rule as in the days of the Czar. Those living in the country still use the rivers and streams as laundries.

The people who live in this storehouse of natural riches number one twelfth of the human race, and are largely a nation of peasants. Before the World War eighty-five per cent. of them belonged to that class, and since then, with the downfall of the nobility, the proportion is much larger. They are of many races and types, from the Lapps and semi-barbarous Samoyedes of the Far North to the Muscovites, the Ukrainians, the Cossacks, and the White Russians of the more settled regions. Their religions are just as varied, including Orthodox, Catholic, Protestant, Mohammedan, and Jew.

I have visited the empire that was Russia more than once in the course of my forty years of journeys over the globe. I saw it first in the early '90's, when Alexander III was still on the throne. I went into the country from Germany and I remember how I was stopped at the frontier and the books and notes in my baggage thoroughly searched to make certain there was nothing in them derogatory to the country or the crown. Even the newspapers I had were examined, and those I saw lying about in hotels and stations were covered with black patches where the censors had blocked out parts they did not wish the people to read.

Since then I have travelled from one end of Russia to the other. I have ridden for days through the great Black Plain, where the crops stretched away from both sides of the railway track as far as my eyes could see. During another visit I went over this same Black Plain following a season of drought, and saw the people dying like flies over vast famine-stricken areas. I have ridden over the Trans-Siberian route from Moscow to far-off Vladivostok on the eastern edge of Asia, and have steamed down the Volga to the city of Astrakan on the Caspian. I have visited the

peasants in their log homes in many of the thousands of villages that dot the central plain, and have been in all the great cities and ports.

Turning back the pages of time, I find many a picture of old imperial Russia sketched vividly upon my memory. Take, for instance, St. Petersburg, the capital that Peter the Great created, almost Aladdin-like, on the marshes of the Baltic. I have gone through the magnificent Winter Palace on the banks of the Neva, have gazed in awe at the Cathedral of St. Isaac, wonderful in its symmetry of outline, and have explored from end to end the Nevski Prospekt, that once gay and beautiful street thronged on a winter day with the wealth and aristocracy of the city, wrapped in luxurious furs to keep out the icy cold, and riding in sleighs drawn by handsome, high-stepping horses. To-day the seat of the government is at Moscow, and the former brilliant capital of all the Russias is merely a ghost of its former self, falling into decay and desolation. Even its name has been changed, first to Petrograd, and then to Leningrad, after Lenin, who was until his death the outstanding figure of the Bolshevist régime.

From St. Petersburg, I have gone south through the old Russia visiting many a city almost as fascinating. In Moscow I have stood on the top of the tower built by Ivan the Terrible and looked down upon the fortress of the Kremlin and the great city stretching away in all directions from its five gates. In the grounds of the Kremlin I have gone through the old palace of the Czar and through one beautiful church after another, the Oriental splendour of their architecture revealing the influence of the Tartar invasion under Jenghiz Khan seven centuries ago. I have shopped in the markets of Nizhni-Novgorod, on the Volga,

where was held annually the greatest fair in the world, but in whose empty streets the grass is now growing. Traders came here from Siberia and Turkestan, from the Urals and the Caucasus, and transactions amounting to millions of dollars took place every year. I have seen something of the enormous commerce of Odessa, the port on the Black Sea; have steamed through the Caspian to Baku and its tall black oil derricks; and in the shadow of the snow-clad peaks of the Caucasus have journeyed through the semi-tropical fruit and cotton lands about the city of Tiflis.

But all this is now in the past, and the old Russia is no more. Everyone knows the story of its end—the revolution of 1917 that forced the Czar from his throne and overthrew an empire more than a thousand years old, the short-lived Kerensky revolutionary government, the murder of the royal family, and the seizure of the government by the Bolshevists, led by Lenin and Trotsky. Everyone knows, too, more or less of the bloody history of Russia during the years following, a period of national demoralization and degradation that has hardly any parallel in modern history. The aristocracy, the traditions, the religion, and the culture of old Imperial Russia were crushed to the ground, and in their place was instituted the communistic régime of the Bolshevists. The right to the ownership of private property was entirely abolished, the government taking over all transportation facilities, communications, industries, food, money, titles to lands, and stocks of merchandise. There were no public hotels, no restaurants, no shops or markets, and no wages paid except in rations or merchandise. Trading reverted to the barter of the Middle Ages, the goods manufactured in the cities and towns having been exchanged for the goods grown in the country,

where all the land was put under government ownership. All internal and external debts were repudiated, banking was made a government monopoly, and interest and dividend payments were discontinued. Valuables were confiscated from private individuals, and those who criticized or rebelled were lucky if they escaped the firing squad. Thousands of the hated nobility and upper classes were killed, and thousands fled from the country penniless and friendless. In the last few years I have seen scores of these Russian refugees in every capital in Europe and even in the Far East. Once members of the proudest aristocracy in Europe, they are now working as seamstresses and milliners, taxi-drivers and riding masters, waitresses, dancers, and cabaret entertainers.

In the meantime, during the years 1921 and 1922, the crop failure along the lower Volga had caused one of the most terrible famines in the history of Russia. During those dark times the American Relief Association alone fed eleven million Russians every day for a year; nevertheless, during 1922 the famine took a toll of five million human lives. Typhus, smallpox, cholera, and pneumonia raged throughout the famine area, and outside every town and city the bodies of the victims were piled up like cord wood.

It was at about that time, also, that the Bolshevist policies and the threatening economic crisis on state ownership almost precipitated a revolt of the peasantry. Such an outbreak was narrowly averted by Lenin, then the pilot of the new Russia's floundering ship of state. Under the New Economic Policy, which he inaugurated in 1921, free trading was restored, private retail trade again permitted, and individually owned enterprises tolerated, al-

In the land reforms since Esthonia won her independence from Russia, vast tracts have been taken from their hereditary owners and cut up into small farms that have been sold to peasants on long-time payments.

Reval, capital of Esthonia, used to rank third among Baltic ports. This mediaeval city once belonged to the Hanseatic League and later was held successively by the Danes, the Teutonic Knights, the Swedes, and Russia.

though the government still retained its title to all land, minerals, oil wells, forests, and other natural sources of wealth. The State still owns also the factories, mines, and railways, but under the new ruling it may lease them to private individuals or companies.

With the loss of Russian Poland, the Baltic states, and other areas, the Russia of to-day is more than a million square miles smaller in area than the old Russian Empire, and in population has lost about fifty million people. It consists of what is officially known as the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, together with several independent states and autonomous areas such as Khiva and Bokhara, which are bound by treaty with the Moscow government. The Union is divided into four parts, the most important of which is the Russian Socialist Federal Soviet Republic. This contains most of what we think of as Russia proper, also the greater part of Siberia, some of northern Caucasia, and the autonomous units of Turkestan, Crimea, and several others. In the southwest is the Ukraine, which is larger than California, and which, with its vast wheat lands, was the richest and most thickly peopled region of the Empire. The third division is White Russia, which lies along the Polish frontier, and the fourth is the Trans-Caucasian Federation, which contains the soviet republics of Armenia, Georgia, and Azerbaijan.

The smallest units of government in present-day Russia are the local soviets in the towns and villages, the members of which are elected by the people. The privilege of voting is granted to all citizens, irrespective of sex, nationality, or religion, who have reached their eighteenth year, and who earn a livelihood by productive labour or belong to the army or the navy. Russia is now a country of

workers, and even its flag, with its crossed sickle and hammer, is symbolic of this idea. According to law, the vote is withheld from those employing others for profit, those who live on unearned income, former agents of the Imperial police or secret service, members of the former nobility, monks and priests, and imbeciles and criminals.

The supreme government authority in Russia is the All-Russian Congress of Soviets, consisting of about fourteen hundred delegates from the smaller soviets. It meets once a year, and elects an All-Russian Central Executive Committee of nearly four hundred members. This committee is the chief legislative, administrative, and controlling body in the Soviet Republic, or Russia proper, and is similar to the government organizations of the three other constituent republics. It is presided over by a president, who is also the president of Soviet Russia.

The Central Executive Committee in turn appoints the members of the Council of People's Commissars, which may be said to correspond to our cabinet. There are commissars for Defence, Foreign Affairs, Foreign Trade, Communications, Post and Telegraphs, Food, Finance, Education, and several others. The chairman of the People's Commissars is also the premier of the Soviet Republic. It was this position that was held by Lenin, the late Bolshevist leader who was the idol of the people, and who now lies enshrined in a glass-covered coffin in the wall of the Kremlin.

Behind these commissars is the Russian Political Bureau, comprising the political "bosses" of the Communist Party and the real masters of Soviet Russia. These men hold official positions in the various government bodies, so that they are represented in every national activity

and can approve every decree of the Soviet. Many people think that this Communist Party embraces the majority of the Russians to-day. As a matter of fact, it numbers less than a million people, and has as members only citizens who have undergone a long period of probation when their every action and speech was spied upon and recorded. Once admitted to the Communist Party, it is these men and women who are given the most responsible and confidential government posts, and who are sent as diplomatic and commercial representatives to other lands.

Under such a mode of government, Soviet Russia is trying to work out its own salvation. It is still in a stage of experiment and undergoing constant changes, so that what is true of to-day may exist no longer than to-morrow, next month, or next year. How long the present organization of the country will endure no one can say, and time alone will show what is to be its destiny.

CHAPTER XXVI

ESTHONIA AND ITS CAPITAL

REVAL, the capital of Esthonia, is seven hundred years old and looks it. It was in existence in the twelfth century, and belonged to the Hanseatic League two hundred years before the New World was known. Its inhabitants were converted to Protestant Christianity before the *Mayflower* Pilgrims established their first church at Plymouth.

Although this country was until recently a part of Russia, the Esthonians were on a higher plane of civilization than the great mass of subjects ruled by the Czar. They are an old race, having come here somewhere between 500 and 700 A. D. They were the equals of the Scandinavians, and they joined in many of the Viking expeditions for trade or plunder. Along about the thirteenth century, when the Teutons and the Danes made war upon them, they fought for one hundred years before they were subdued by the German Knights of the Sword. The Germans oppressed them cruelly for six hundred years, with the exception of a short time when the Swedes brought in the Reformation and gave them some measure of justice.

In the eighteenth century, Esthonia was ceded to Peter the Great of Russia, and a few years before our Boston Tea Party the Diet here declared that the people were slaves in the Roman sense of the word. It was not until 1817 that serfdom was even nominally abolished by Czar Alexander

I. In 1860 the peasants were given the right to buy land, but the domination of the German Balts remained unchanged until after the Russian revolution of 1917. Notwithstanding all this, the Esthonians were able to get some education, and to-day they have about thirteen hundred common schools, several academies, and agricultural and technical institutes. The University of Dorpat, which was founded in 1632, was closed by the Russians before the World War, but has been re-opened by the new government as a national seat of learning. It now has almost three thousand students, of whom about one fourth are women.

Everywhere I go in Reval I see evidences of the Esthonians' hatred of the Russians. In one place I passed a granite pedestal on which was chiselled a tribute to Peter the Great. My guide told me that there had been a fine bronze figure of Peter erected there shortly before the World War, but that the people tore it down after the revolution, leaving only this block of red stone. I visited also a cathedral built by the Czar's government in 1910. At that time Russia was trying to suppress the free spirit of the Esthonians and to convert them to the Orthodox Church. The cathedral cost eight million dollars, or two million more than our Congressional Library at Washington. Its dome of copper is as big as a circus tent, and, like the four onion-shaped domes grouped about it, was once covered with copper plated with gold. To-day the roofs are painted green, the priests having torn off the gold-plated copper and sold it to replenish the cathedral treasury.

I find that Reval consists of two sections, one down near the harbour and the other on the heights known as Castle

Hill. In the Middle Ages there was a great fort on Castle Hill, and many of its stone walls are still standing. This hill is now the fashionable residential part of the city. Here also, the president and the other officials of the republic have their offices, and here the new capital building has been erected. About one fifth of Esthonia is covered with forest, and the finishings and furniture of the capitol are made of native woods. Much of the woodwork is in birch of a beautiful grain and so polished that it looks like the birch-wood pianos we have in America. The doors and balustrades along the stairways are carved to represent pine cones.

I went through this building with one of the congressmen. He told me that the Esthonian Diet consists of one hundred members, representing ten different parties. The two largest groups are the Labour Reformists, who have just now twenty-two representatives, and the Agrarian Party, with twenty-one. In addition are the Populists, the Social-Democrats, the Independent Socialists, the Christians, and the Bolshevists. There are four Balts in the Diet and one Russian. Along with its new constitution and parliament, the young republic has adopted also the national referendum, and any question may be put to a vote of the whole people at the demand of twenty-five thousand citizens.

As I strolled about Reval, I tried to realize that I was in the new capital of a baby republic. The streets of the city are paved with cobbles, and the sidewalks are so narrow that one has to step out into the roadway wherever any structure makes the slightest projection. The business buildings are of four or five stories, with sharp-ridged roofs of red tiles. There are few large show

windows and but little plate glass. The signs over the stores are in several different languages. The new nation insists that Esthonian must always be used, although inscriptions in other languages may be added if desired. In addition, every shop has a picture on the outer wall showing the goods to be had within. If a store sells butter or milk, its front may be adorned with a painting of a girl milking a cow, or perhaps with painted rolls of butter and cheese. On my way to the hotel I saw pictures of barbers at work shaving or bleeding their patients, of typewriters and adding machines, ploughs and cream separators, and of household goods of every description, all painted on the walls of the stores.

Reval has almost no automobiles or motor-trucks, and when I arrived, my trunks were loaded on a wagon hauled by a horse with a great bow over his head. As I walked behind this vehicle to the hotel, I passed numbers of Russian droshkies. Their drivers reminded me of those I saw in St. Petersburg more than twenty years ago. Each wore a cap with a visor that came well down over the eyes, a blue coat padded out to make the wearer look very fat, and a red sash around his waist.

The lower city down by the harbour is an interesting place. Along the water-front are numerous factories, one of them a locomotive works that is repairing engines for the Soviet government. I am told that the Russians send in two engines for each one repaired, the extra engine going to the factory as the price of rebuilding the other. The stores here are quaint, and the common people look like pictures out of the Europe of centuries ago. Not far from the docks is a market, a square of several acres filled with women who have brought fowls, vegetables, grain,

and other produce in from the country. Most of the buyers here are women also; many of them carry a peculiar shopping box in the form of a long cylinder of bright yellow birch-wood about as big around as my head.

As I motored out from Reval to see something of the country, I met scores of these peasant women coming into the city to market, driving horses harnessed to the boat-like wagons that are the typical farm vehicles of this country. These vehicles are so clumsy that they could not move quickly out of our way, and the horses were frightened by our gasoline demon. Sometimes the women drivers got down and wrapped their shawls over the heads of the animals to keep them quiet as we went by. Now and then a shaft snapped as a horse whirled at sight of our car, and milk-women driving colts turned their carts into the ploughed lands beside the road.

About ten miles from the city we stopped at the home of a *wirt*, or small landholder, one of the new farm proprietors of Esthonia. This man had eighty acres of well-cultivated land, a small barn of stone, and several sheds, all thatched with straw. His six-room house was built of stone and roofed with straw thatch. Above the straw rose the chimney, also made of stone, but, like all Esthonian chimneys, both in town and country, it was plastered over and painted white.

The soil of this farm was comparatively poor. Near Reval the country consists of chalk-like rock built up in thin strata as regularly as if laid by a mason. Much of the stone is, however, good building material. Farther back from the sea the soil improves, there is good pasture, and the land yields big crops of potatoes and grain. In the northern part of the country so many potatoes are

The streets of Reval are narrow, and their sidewalks are but little wider than footpaths. On Castle Hill are parts of the original walls of the great fortress built early in the Middle Ages.

Finland is a land of athletes, where physical training plays a larger part in the life of both boys and girls than it does in the United States. As a result the Finns usually score heavily in the Olympic games.

grown that Esthonia is called the "Potato Republic." The tubers thrive here as well as in Ireland and Maine, and are raised in vast quantities for making alcohol. Every good-sized farm has its distillery, and in normal times enough alcohol is produced to give a quart and a half to every man, woman, and child in the country.

Some twenty miles farther on we left the main road and entered one of the estates now being divided. It originally contained about six thousand acres, most of it in extensive fields surrounding a mansion where the owner once lived in much the same style as did our rich Southern planters of slavery days. The house was magnificent, with beautiful gardens, orchards, and broad lawns. A part of it is now used as a post-office for the country about. Going through it with the postmaster, I found on the lower floor perhaps a dozen large rooms well arranged for entertaining, and a wide entrance hall from which a carved staircase led to the floor above. Many of the rooms had big porcelain stoves. The floors were of polished hard wood, and I could imagine the balls given here by the Baltic barons of decades ago.

Near this palace were the log huts of the peasants, and not far away the huge barns of brick where the crops and machinery were stored. As I stood on the portico I could see new cabins going up in every direction, each forming the centre of a little farmstead. Most of these cabins are built of hewn logs from a near-by forest. Some are thatched with straw, and others are roofed with shingles or with overlapping splints. The chimney, made of bricks or stone, is so constructed that it forms a cook stove and oven, and a heater as well. The kitchen stove is often a low ledge built in from the wall of the adjoining room.

Many of these cabins are still almost bare of furniture, and some of the farms have just begun to be cultivated by their new owners, but all the workers were enthusiastic over their independence and their new opportunity.

CHAPTER XXVII

HELSINGFORS

I CROSSED the Gulf of Finland from Reval to Helsingfors, the capital of Finland, on a little five-hundred-ton steamer. We made the passage in only four hours, but the sea was so rough that, like the young monk in "Hypatia," "I loathed all manner of meat." As we came into the harbour we passed the red granite walls of the old fortress of Sveaborg on the island of the same name. We dropped anchor under the shadow of a magnificent Russian church, built on a rock perhaps one hundred feet above the water, and surmounted by crosses and domes. On one island near by I could see the pavilion of the yacht club, and on another a popular outdoor restaurant. Rising above the houses on the shore is Observatory Hill, surrounded by a luxuriant park.

Helsingfors is farther north than any other national capital on earth. Its latitude is that of Hudson Bay, and it is nearer the North Pole than Stockholm in Sweden or Oslo in Norway. Nevertheless, the climate is pleasant, and the people live comfortably here all the year round.

Just how well they live will surprise you. My hotel is the Kamp. It is a building of five stories facing a parked avenue four hundred feet wide, with a stone pavement on each side and green lawns and trees in the centre. I am fortunate in having the bridal suite, which costs me three dollars a day, or about one tenth of what I should have to

pay for similar accommodations in New York. The polished oak floor of my sitting room is covered with a rose-coloured rug, the furniture is of oak upholstered in blue brocaded satin, and the room has two full-length mirrors.

Every morning I order a fire, for although it is summer, the air is cold at daybreak. The hotel is heated by great stoves burning wood. The one I have fills a corner of my parlour and is half again as tall as I, with a firebox three feet square about the height of a chair from the floor. After a wood fire has been lighted, the shining brass doors are thrown open and one gets the effect of a grate.

This stove is beautiful to look at, and I am told that it cost four or five hundred dollars. It is made of ivory-white porcelain, with pink and gold decorations as gorgeous as those on any dish in your cupboard. The wood it burns is brought in by a boy six feet tall, but still wearing knee trousers, and the fire is made by a yellow-haired girl in a white apron, black dress, and light kid shoes. She tells me to leave the doors open until the birch wood has turned to red embers. After they are closed, the heated brick walls inside the porcelain will keep the room warm all day.

It seems strange to think of a city of two hundred thousand people being kept warm with wood fires, yet this is true not only of Helsingfors, but of every city in Finland, and also of Stockholm, the capital of Sweden. When I passed through the courtyard of the Foreign Office today, I found it filled with hundreds of cords of birch sticks, the winter fuel supply of the government offices.

Let us now go out on the Esplanadgaten and take a look at the street scenes of Helsingfors. The traffic is not unlike that of a Russian city, as almost all the vehicles are

A feature of the best Finnish homes is the porcelain stove, which usually reaches from floor to ceiling. Once one of them is heated with a wood fire, the bricks with which it is lined will keep a room warm for hours

Imatra Falls are the Niagara of Finland, which has so developed her waterpowers that even the farmers use electricity. At Tammerfors, the world's northernmost manufacturing centre, cotton, linen, and paper mills are operated by hydro-electric power.

drawn by horses. There are numerous droshkies, but only now and then do we see an automobile. The roadways are kept clean by women who sweep the dirt into baskets with brooms made of twigs. The people of Helsingfors look rosy, healthy, and hardy. Both men and women are noted for their love of athletic sports. The crowds on the streets are more polite than those of our cities, and there is more hat-lifting and bowing than with us. Soldiers in gray uniforms go by, saluting as they pass. The differences between classes are sharply defined. The well-to-do are smartly dressed, but the peasant women have shawls over their heads instead of bonnets or hats, and their skirts are so short one can see the tops of their boots, which often reach halfway up the calf. Many of them, carrying knitted bags filled with vegetables, are servants returning from market.

The chief market place of the city is on the harbour front, so close to the water that many purchasers buy directly from the skiffs and small boats that come in from the country laden with produce. The market is covered with booths and wagons, and men and women push about carts full of vegetables, flowers, and fruits. The crowds buying and selling move to and fro, and from ten until twelve o'clock the scene is a busy one. At the stroke of noon the market closes and every merchant begins to pack up. Within half an hour all have departed, and their places are taken by hundreds of pigeons that have flown down to pick up the scraps. The streets are then washed with hose and the women street sweepers scratch the dirt from the cracks in the cobbles. By one o'clock every sign of marketing has disappeared, and the square is so clean that one could almost eat a meal from the pavement.

The Dutch are noted for their cleanliness all the world over, but I truly believe that the Finns are cleaner, even though their doorsteps are not scrubbed every day as are those of Holland.

Helsingfors is a city of fine business buildings, most of them of granite four or five stories high. The architecture of some is almost barbaric. There are a number of large banks, some more than eighty years old. Every parish has its savings banks, and their records show that there is about one depositor for each family in the republic. The stores display many American goods and, like the cities of Sweden and Norway, Helsingfors has an American air.

An interesting feature of business in Finland is the co-operative stores, of which there are one hundred and twenty in Helsingfors alone, sixty-five per cent. of their members being working people. Such stores are to be found also throughout the country, and the farmers have five hundred coöperative dairies, three hundred clubs for purchasing farm machinery and tools, and more than seven hundred egg-selling societies.

Helsingfors has some fine churches, a Greek Catholic cathedral, a university with several thousand students, and public and private schools of every description. The Finns have always prized education. When Peter the Great ruled the country, the fugitives who took refuge in huts in the woods carved the alphabet on their tables and taught their children without books. At the time of the American Revolution the Finns passed a law that no one could be married until he had learned Luther's catechism, and parents who did not teach their children to read were fined. To-day Finland has only seven illiter-

ates in every thousand of its population, or a percentage of illiteracy only one tenth that of the United States, yet many of us think of this country as backward and less civilized than our own.

I have visited some excellent schools here in Helsingfors, and am told that there are almost equally good ones throughout the republic. The government prepares the plans for all the school buildings, and those out in the country have gardens for teachers and pupils. The Finns proudly claim that no home is more than three miles from a schoolhouse. In winter many of the children who live in the lake districts go to school upon skates. In all the farming districts there are people's high schools where grown-up men and women may learn the best agricultural methods. Nearly every town has its associations of young people who study travel and history, and every locality has its choral society and athletic clubs.

In going through the streets of Helsingfors one hears several different languages spoken. When the Russians took possession of the country in 1809, Finnish, which is now growing more and more popular, was considered a barbarous tongue, and the upper classes spoke Swedish. But soon after that Swedish scholars in Helsingfors began to study the Finnish language and to collect its folklore. Since then it has become widely used and it is now displacing Swedish. There are two hundred and seventy-four newspapers published in the native tongue, and only about one hundred in Swedish. In the University of Helsingfors are three academic languages—Finnish, Swedish, and Latin. The street names are printed in the first two languages, and public documents are in both tongues. Helsingfors has the largest book store north of the Baltic

and every town of any size sells English books. Our best fiction is translated almost as soon as it appears, and one can buy here the latest foreign works.

The republic of Finland is still so new that it has not yet built a parliament house, and so for the time being the Diet is meeting in a seven-story structure sandwiched in between stores. This building is unlike any other national capitol in Europe, consisting chiefly of a great tower, one side of which contains nothing but windows.

The assembly hall itself looks like the interior of a church. The furniture is of oak decorated with gold, and the floor is covered with a red carpet. Well up near the roof of the chamber is a wide gallery. The presiding officer sits at the back of the room under a ferocious-looking bronze lion, below which stands a statue of Justice. There are clerks on each side of him, and beyond them on the left are the seats of the cabinet ministers. Unlike the members of our cabinets at Washington, they take part in the legislative discussions. At the right is the press gallery, from which go out daily reports of the proceedings.

According to the Finnish constitution, every citizen becomes a voter at twenty-four years of age, and both men and women are eligible for election to the Diet. Women now occupy nineteen of the two hundred seats. They serve on all the committees and take an active part in making the laws and fixing the taxes. They are not afraid to speak out in meeting, and they speak forcefully. Looking down from the gallery, I did not find that these female legislators differ in appearance from our American women.

One of the leaders of the new woman movement in

Finland is Anna Furnhjelm, who began her cry for woman's rights in Sitka when her father was the Russian governor there. After Alaska was sold to the United States, the little girl destined to lead the women of this country was taken by her parents to their estates in Finland. She grew up here and became one of the most active workers in the fight for woman's rights. She holds a position of leadership to-day, ranking high among the representatives of the suffrage movement the world over.

When I asked about the position of the women members of the Diet, Miss Furnhjelm told me they made stump speeches and went out campaigning, and that they have an equal voice with the men in all legislation. Just now they are especially interested in a bill for a new marriage law that would give wives the same property rights as their husbands. According to the present law, the husband gains control of his wife's estate at the time of marriage and he has a superior parental authority over the children.

It was through Miss Furnhjelm that I became acquainted with one of the leading "Marthas" of Finland and learned of the wonderful work they are doing. The "Marthas" are named for the elder sister of Lazarus, who lived at Bethany with her affectionate but rather lazy sister, Mary. Martha was a good housekeeper, but Mary seems to have been something of a shirker. Martha believed it was her duty to serve, and "Service" is the motto of the "Marthas" of Finland. They are doing all they can for their country and people. The movement was started about twenty-five years ago when the Czar issued a manifesto depriving Finland of many of its rights. The women then organized themselves into bands and

did everything in their power to preserve and develop a national spirit. As time went on, they added to this patriotic work welfare and educational features, which are now more important than the stimulation of patriotism.

Thirty thousand women now belong to this organization, and the local branches number more than three hundred. In one year the "Marthas" established fifteen thousand new gardens and four hundred and sixty-six new courses in cooking. The teachers travel from village to village, going over the frozen lakes on skates and now and then gliding over the snow on skis. The local organizations offer prizes to mothers for healthy children. They have exhibitions of home industries, and in some respects take the place of the home economics demonstration agents of our federal and state departments of agriculture. Many of the local groups make and sell dolls to get money with which to carry on their work.

Besides publishing their own weekly journal in Swedish and Finnish, the "Marthas" issue cook-books and collections of songs. They are slightly assisted by the government and the local associations of farmers, and are now affiliated with the Northern Europe House Mothers' Alliance. The movement has proved so beneficial that it is spreading to Sweden, Norway, and Denmark.

Another interesting women's organization in Finland is the Latta Svard, a semi-military organization that is a sort of combination of the Russian Battalion of Death, our Red Cross and Y. W. C. A. women workers, and the Salvation Army lassies. Its members do not fight, but they wear uniforms, and are trained to do things that will help the soldiers. They are divided into sections, one of which

is devoted to sanitation, another to cooking, a third to outfitting the men and taking care of their clothing, and a fourth to raising funds for the army. Their annual encampment near Helsingfors is attended by women from all parts of the republic. At the last meeting there were some girls from Lapland who walked several hundred miles to the nearest railroad station and paid their own fares to get here.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE LAND OF TEN THOUSAND LAKES

LET me give you a bird's-eye view of this nation of Finland, which, like Minerva issuing full-armed from the head of Jove, has sprung from the Russian Bear. Its people came from Asia and were among the first to cross the Ural Mountains. They are said to have lived along the Volga about 700 A. D. A hundred years later they were crowded into Finland. A few centuries after that they were conquered by the Swedes and ruled by them for five hundred years. As a result of the wars between the Swedes and the Russians, Finland finally became a grand duchy under the Czar, and so remained until the World War. During Russian control, the Finns had their own parliament, made up of the nobles, clergy, burghers, and peasants; both sexes had the right to vote, and the country was permitted to manage its internal affairs.

The Finns have always been more in sympathy with the Swedes than with the Russians. Nearly all were Lutherans, and they stubbornly resisted the attempts of St. Petersburg to Russianize them. About twenty years ago the ministers of the Czar undertook to crush out Finnish business, culture, and religion. They sent in missionaries to establish Greek churches, tried to Russianize the civil service and the schools, and stirred up trouble between the peasants and the upper classes. They organized a spy

More than half of Finland is covered with forests, and her spruce trees go all over the world in the form of newsprint paper. Also, much of the depreciated money of Europe is printed on paper made in this country.

In Finland, as in Ireland, many of the women are expert lace makers. For cleanliness and neatness they excel even the Dutch, and their homes are spotless. Women are regularly employed to scrub the streets of the cities.

system, and many Finns were illegally arrested and sent off to Siberia. Such of the provincial officials of Finland as objected were thrown into prison. This state of affairs continued until the third year of the World War.

In 1917 the Russian troops attempted to incite a revolution in Finland. They broke into the prisons, armed the criminals with rifles, and looted the countryside and the larger estates. Their depredations kept up until the latter part of that year, when the Finns declared their independence of Russia and began to fight for their liberty. At first they had only tools as weapons, but they disarmed the Russian garrisons, and under the name of the White Army routed the Russian troops and the Finnish Red Guard. By the middle of 1919 they had adopted a constitution and established a parliament.

The Finns can hardly be compared to the Russians. They look, think, and act differently, and have had a different experience and civilization. The Russians are naturally communists. For generations their peasants have lived in villages where much of the land was held in common. The Finns, on the contrary, have always owned their lands. They are individualists, and have long enjoyed a large measure of freedom. Even before the War they had an assembly, through which they demanded their rights of the Czar and of the duma at the Russian capital. They were not subject to the Russian draft, and most of them succeeded in keeping out of the Czar's army.

The Finlanders are an interesting people. Living as they do, away up here on the roof of the world, their hard struggle with Nature has made them one of the strongest of races. Their country is in about the same latitude as Alaska, but while Alaska has less than fifty thousand

white citizens to exploit its undeveloped resources, Finland has more than three millions and does a manufacturing and commercial business running into tens of millions of dollars a year.

The republic is about one fourth the size of Alaska, and if our northern territory ever does as well as Finland it will have a population twice that of Holland, with fine cities and towns and factories of every description. If all the railways of Alaska and the Yukon were joined together they would not equal the distance between New York and Cincinnati. Finland has enough railroads to reach from Boston to Great Salt Lake, with some mileage to spare. In addition, there are something like five thousand miles of public roads, many of which are macadamized, so that it is easy to go almost everywhere by motor.

Scientists speak of this country as the Finnish Bridge. It is a huge peninsula hanging down from the Arctic Ocean into the Baltic between Russia and Scandinavia, and its upper portion forms an isthmus, or bridge, from one to the other. The bridge is a huge granite plateau, and one can dig down anywhere here and find rock fit for his tombstone. In coming up the Gulf of Finland I sailed most of the way between red granite islands, and the whole coast seemed walled with that stone. The tomb of Napoleon under the Hôtel des Invalides in Paris is built of Finnish granite.

In the holes gouged out of this rock when the glaciers moved down and covered half of northern Europe are now the lakes of this country. Finland has been called the "Land of Ten Thousand Lakes," although this name gives but a faint conception of its inland waters. It has by

actual count more than thirty-five thousand lakes, and its canals and streams form such a network that one can travel through most of the republic by boat. Saimo, one of the largest lakes, contains a thousand islands, and is connected with the sea by a canal.

Many of the rivers have falls, making Finland a land of water-power. The Falls of Imatra are the Niagara of Finland. They have a drop of only sixty feet, and the stream is so narrow that a stone can be thrown from one bank to the other, but the roar of the water as it plunges over the rocks can be heard five miles away.

The water-powers of Finland are being developed. Most of the homes and barns of the people are lighted by electricity, and electric current runs the farming machinery, grain mills, and sawmills. Large stations are now being erected to supply power to regions hundreds of miles in extent, and at some of the falls industrial plants have been established.

I spent a part of this week in Tammerfors, one of the liveliest of the manufacturing centres. It is situated about one hundred and sixteen miles northwest of the capital, and I went there by rail. I was about the only first-class passenger, although the second class was well filled. The railroad is excellent and the service good. My ticket was printed in Finnish and Swedish, and all the signs at the stations were in those two languages. Our locomotive was a wood burner, supplied from the great piles of cut logs kept at each station.

The stations are substantial wooden buildings, painted white, with platforms of cobbles held in place by copings of granite. Exhibits of the local industries are often displayed at the depots to advertise the communities. Al-

most every station has its restaurant and a store selling books and newspapers.

The food in the restaurants is good, and is also cheap. One is expected to help himself. Tea is served in glasses just as in Russia, and coffee in cups. The man who wants cream in his coffee or tea takes as much as he pleases from the pitcher on the counter. My last lunch at a railroad station consisted of a sandwich and some rolls, cakes, and coffee, all of which cost a nickel.

Tammerfors is the Manchester of Finland. It is a textile centre, with large cotton factories, linen and paper mills, and a steel plant. The town is perhaps the farthest north manufacturing centre in the world. It is about one hundred miles or so from the Baltic, and its latitude is about that of our Mount McKinley. It lies in the midst of forests at the junction of two long, narrow lakes connected by the Tammerkoski River. This river has here a fall of twenty feet, which furnishes water-power for running some of the mills of Tammerfors. One of them, which I visited, was a cotton mill with eight hundred employees, mostly women and girls. Some were young and many were good looking. They wore blouses and short skirts, with bright coloured handkerchiefs bound around their heads. Almost all went barefooted.

This mill makes calicoes, tablecloths, sheeting, and every kind of cotton material demanded by the Finnish market. It manufactures in competition with the plants of Manchester, England, and with those of Germany as well. It buys raw cotton from the United States, some of it direct and some via Liverpool. Before the World War, it was supplied from Russia, and the blockade made it impossible to get in American cotton by way of the

Baltic. Nevertheless, the Finns kept their mills going, bringing ships from New Orleans into the Arctic Ocean, and hauling the bales south over the ice and snow. There were three hundred miles of sledding between the port and the railway, and eight hundred horses were used in hauling the loads.

Leaving the cotton mills, I went through several of the big paper factories, all the machinery of which is operated by electricity. One of these mills was founded before our Declaration of Independence was signed. It furnishes most of the paper on which the cheap money of Europe is printed, and makes also book paper for England and fancy writing paper for Paris. Some of the other mills are making wood pulp, to supply paper factories in all parts of Europe. Tammerfors ships news print to Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires, Yokohama, and Shanghai, and just now Finland is furnishing a great deal of paper to Russia, because of the increase of newspapers under the Soviet government.

Others of the factories of Finland use steam power generated by wood fuel, which is floated down the lakes in barges and boats. Most of the logs are hauled to the water on sleds, which, I have noticed, here largely take the place of farm wagons. They are used both summer and winter, as the runners are so broad they do not sink into the earth.

More than half of Finland is covered with woods, thirty million acres of which are on state lands. It is said that the government has counted the trees on these lands and knows at all times just how many big logs it has available. It has more than twenty-six million large pines, thirty million smaller ones fit for railway ties, and fir trees and spruce for wood pulp and paper. Finland has about three

hundred sawmills, and there are woodworking factories of every description.

With so much of the country covered with forests and lakes, only about one twelfth of Finland can be cultivated. Still, there are nearly three hundred thousand farms, ranging in size from eight acres to seventy-five thousand acres. The comparatively few large estates are being bought by the government for re-sale to small farmers on long-time credits.

Motoring out into the country over the excellent roads about Helsingfors, I saw everywhere an air of prosperity and thrift. The fields are well cultivated, and the crops seem equal to those of the good agricultural regions of our country. The farms are divided into long strips separated by drainage ditches, and the ground is so moist that to make hay the grass has to be dried upon racks as in Norway and Sweden. Finland is now raising annually tens of millions of bushels of rye, oats, and potatoes, and large quantities of hay, hemp, and flax. It is a live-stock country, having cattle, sheep, and goats by the hundreds of thousands, and its dairy cows annually yield several hundred million pounds of butter for export.

The people live simply. The food of the peasants consists largely of rye bread and fish eaten dried, fresh, salted, and raw. The bread in some families is baked only once every three months, or perhaps twice a year. The loaves are round, hard, and of about the circumference of a flour barrel. Each has a great hole in the centre so it can be hung on a pole and stored away under the roof. Such bread is jaw-breaking, but it may be because of the exercise it affords that the lower classes have such excellent teeth. The people are fond of coffee, and drink a

great deal of it. Of late, they have been eating more of their butter and cream, and the standard of living is undoubtedly rising.

No farm home in Finland is considered complete without its bathhouse, which seems to be a national institution. Such a house has a small window and door, and there are wooden platforms all around the walls. It is usually heated by a stove or oven at one side of the room. After a big wood fire has been lighted and allowed to burn down to embers, water is poured on until the room is filled with steam. In the meanwhile the bathers have come in and disposed themselves on the shelves, getting down now and then to beat themselves and one another with little brooms of birch twigs soaked in hot water. This brings on a profuse perspiration, after which each person is rubbed down and massaged.

Out in the country the steam bath is usually followed by a plunge in a lake, or stream, and often in winter by a roll in the snow. In the towns, the bathrooms are heated by steam pipes, and women are employed to do the switching and rubbing. I understand that every village has its professional masseuse. In the remote districts, it is said, men and women bathe together.

This kind of bathing dates far back into the history of Finland. The "Kalevala," the national epic poem of Finland, tells in detail how the hero, about to be married, calls upon his sister Aniki to fix his bath. She

> Heated secretly the bathroom,
> With the boughs the wind had broken,
> And the thunderbolt had shattered.
> Stones she gathered from the river,
> Heated them till they were ready.

Cheerfully she fetched the water,
From the Holy Well she brought it,
Broke some bath-whisks from the bushes,
Charming bath-whisks from the thickets,
And she warmed the honeyed bath-whisks,
On the honeyed stones she warmed them,
Then with milk she mixed some ashes,
And she made him soap of marrow,
And she worked the soap to lather,
That his head might cleanse the bridegroom,
And might cleanse himself completely.

The "Kalevala," which, as you have noticed, has the same metre as Longfellow's "Hiawatha," was formed of the songs and tales of the people, passed on through succeeding generations for centuries before it was reduced to writing. Among other things it contains instructions to husbands as to how to keep their wives in their places. According to the poem, a husband should administer no corporal punishment until after the third year of marriage. Up to that time the bridegroom is told:

For a whole year thus instruct her,
Thus by word of mouth advise her,
With thine eyes the next year teach her,
And the third year teach by stamping.

The poem goes on to say that if this does not bring the wife to the proper degree of submission, the husband should spend the fourth year whipping her lightly with reeds, and if that does not suffice, he should cut a birch rod in the thicket and use it effectively. The poem warns him just where to lay on the blows. I quote:

Do not beat her in the meadow,
Do not whip her in the cornfield,
Lest the noise should reach the village,
And to other homes the quarrel;

Always strike her in the shoulders,
On her soft cheeks do not strike her,
On her eyes forbear to strike her,
On her ears forbear to touch her,
Lumps will rise upon the temples,
And the eyes with blue be bordered,
And the brother-in-law will question,
And the father-in-law perceive,
And the village ploughman see it,
And will laugh the village women.

The present-day marriage laws in Finland set the minimum age of the groom at eighteen and that of the bride at fifteen, but if a man takes so young a girl he must prove that he needs a wife to help carry on the work of his farm. The banns are always published beforehand, and the wedding takes place at the bride's house. The groom is expected to give presents to his father-in-law and mother-in-law, and he also presents to each bridesmaid a pair of stockings as costly as he can afford. When the family is well-to-do, the wedding feast lasts for two days, some of the guests bringing food with them. If the families are poor, they spend as much as they can possibly afford and sometimes more than they should.

All weddings are solemnized before a minister, civil marriages having been unknown until the new republic was formed. Sometimes a couple will advertise in the papers that they are married, and such an announcement is considered legally binding. Theoretically, no one can marry until he or she can read and write, just as none is supposed to be admitted to church communion unless he can pass the same test.

THE END

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